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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND MINISTRY

OF THE REV.

THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D., LL.D.,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

BY

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TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION

ASSEMBLING IN

GREAT GEORGE STREET CHAPEL, LIVERPOOL,

WHO CHERISH THE MEMORY OF

THEIR LATE MINISTER AND FRIEND,

THESE MEMOIRS ARE INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

THE duty which I have endeavoured in the pages of this biography to discharge was undertaken in compliance with the unanimously expressed wishes of my father's friends, who were anxious to possess some record of his active life in Liverpool for more than half-a-century. I do not publish the book with any exaggerated estimate in my own mind of its intrinsic interest to the public at large, for, to a great extent, its details mainly concern those with whom he was associated in the work of his life, and the religious community with which he was more especially identified. At the same time, his liberal sentiments towards all whom he considered to be working for the glory of God and for the spiritual or temporal welfare of his fellow-men, his literary and antiquarian tastes, his family connexions, and his genial temperament, together with the frequent opportunities which he embraced for foreign travel, led him occasionally into social intercourse with those who were quite outside the limited circle of his own denomination; and these

circumstances may tend in some degree to give a more general interest to various scenes of his life than this biography would otherwise have possessed.

It has been my aim throughout the book to leave the subject of the memoirs to tell his own story, so far as was possible, in his own words. The diaries and journals which my father was in the habit of keeping—in early life somewhat copiously—and the numerous letters which have been preserved by members of the family and a few other friends, who have kindly forwarded them to me, gave me ample materials. The circumstance also, that he was in the habit of retaining copies of his letters on important or interesting matters has greatly aided me, and saved me the necessity of applying in various quarters for the original documents. My object has been simply to construct a connected narrative of his life, introducing occasionally, in its earlier portions, a few sketches of character by friends who knew him in his younger days, and adding my own reminiscences of later periods in his history as, from time to time, they have occurred to me. The few autobiographical recollections, which, with much difficulty, he was persuaded to commit to paper in old age, are introduced in their chronological order, and will, I feel certain, be deemed most interesting.

I trust that I have been enabled to present a faithful portraiture of him, whose memory I have undertaken in these pages to perpetuate. It is, perhaps, a difficult task

for a son to become the impartial biographer of a father. But I am not conscious that I have omitted anything from a desire to present only the pleasing aspect of his character. There was, in truth, little that was otherwise, but a careful reader of this biography may glean from its contents a knowledge of his few failings, equally as of his many virtues.

The preparation of this book for the press has fully occupied, for many months, all the time which I could spare from the discharge of the laborious duties of a responsible office. The pressure of public engagements must be my apology for any imperfections or marks of haste, which, had I possessed more ample leisure, might probably have been avoided. But I was anxious that the publication of the volume should not be delayed.

I have to return my best thanks to many friends who have favoured me with letters in their possession or sent me memoranda of their recollections of my father, and to others who have kindly aided me by suggestions or corrections in the progress of the work.

T. S. R.

LIVERPOOL,
September, 1864.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

REV. THOMAS RAFFLES,

D.D., LL.D.

Chapter I.

1788 — 1804.

FAMILY—BIRTH—SCHOOL-LIFE AT PECKHAM—CLERK IN DOCTORS' COMMONS—RETURN TO PECKHAM, WITH A VIEW TO THE MINISTRY.

THE family of Raffles makes no claim to distinction in the annals of the genealogist. The name frequently occurs in the oldest registers of the Minster and of St. Mary's Church, at Beverley, in Yorkshire; and it is on record that one of its citizens, John Raffles, an alderman of the borough, became Mayor A.D. 1583, and died during his mayoralty.* Family tradition, ignorant of the fact recorded by the historian, and indeed anterior to its publication, assigned the earliest known residence of its forefathers to the same place, and asserted that they afterwards removed to Berwick-upon-Tweed, and in the

* Scaum's "History of Beverley," vol. i. p. 399.

time of Thomas Raffles, grandfather to the Rev. Dr. Raffles, and after whom he was called, settled in London. During the last half-century the eminent public services of Sir Stamford Raffles have rendered the name familiar to every student of the political history of his country, and in any future sketch of its religious life, a reference to the long and successful ministerial labours of the subject of these memoirs would not be irrelevant.

Thomas Raffles was born at the house of his father, Mr. William Raffles, in Princes Street, Spitalfields, London, on the 17th of May, 1788. He was an only son. His father was a solicitor, for many years a partner in the firm of Parnell and Raffles, and he filled for seventeen years, as is recorded on his tombstone in the churchyard of Christ Church, Spitalfields, the office of joint vestry-clerk to that parish. He was a man well known and much esteemed in his own neighbourhood for his upright and honourable character during nearly half a century, and his punctuality was so proverbial that his son used to tell his own children, that the neighbours were in the habit of setting their watches by his father as he daily went home to his early dinner. This virtue was certainly one which descended to his more distinguished son. His mother was an excellent woman. She belonged to the body of Wesleyan Methodists, and the circumstance that she was in the habit of taking her boy with her to chapel had considerable influence in forming his religious character, and in early directing his inclination towards the ministry. For both his parents he ever entertained the most filial regard. He was a kind and attentive son to them while living, and he affectionately

cherished their memory when, in a good old age, they died.

Their son Thomas was baptized at the parish church, as appears by the following extract from the register of baptism :—

"June 13, 1788, Thomas Raffles, son of William, Attorney-at-Law, Princes Street, by Rachel, his wife, 28 days old."

He appears to have been by no means robust as a child, and gave small token of the wonderful constitution which, in after-life, enabled him to go through so much work, and to endure so much fatigue. Perhaps he was too tenderly brought up. His only sister was accustomed to say so, and the circumstance that he was not allowed to leave his father's house for the purpose of education till he was twelve years old favours the supposition. During these years of childhood it is most probable that what little instruction he received was imparted at a day-school in the vicinity of his home. It may be interesting to note the earliest recollection of his boyhood, written shortly before his death, and therefore nearly seventy years from the date of the occurrence to which it relates. It is a remarkable proof of his excellent memory. He says :—

"Amongst my earliest reminiscences—perhaps the earliest of which I have a vivid impression still upon my mind—is that of what we used to call 'the great fire of Ratcliffe.' It happened in July, 1794, and was the most extensive conflagration London ever experienced, except that which is commemorated by the Monument on Fish Street Hill. In the fire to which I now refer, 630 houses were destroyed, amongst which was an East

India warehouse, with 35,000 bags of saltpetre. The entire loss was estimated at more than a million sterling. The poor people, who were driven from their homes, found a temporary refuge in tents provided by the government, in a field adjoining Stepney Churchyard, and I distinctly remember being taken there by my nurse to see them. There was a very remarkable circumstance in connexion with that fire. A Mr. Bere, who occupied a large house in the midst of that fearful conflagration, when he saw the flames rapidly approaching and threatening to surround him, locked his gates and suffered no one to go in or out, and continued to hang wet clothes and blankets down the walls till the danger was over, and so marvellously escaped without sustaining the slightest injury. That house I saw in the midst of the smoking ruins, and its appearance remains still distinctly impressed upon my mind."

He seems to have been unusually sedate as a child, and to have become the subject of religious impressions very early in life. An old friend of the family,* after mentioning a circumstance illustrative of this fact remarks; "it appeared evident that the Lord had called the child. From this time, as he was nearly my own age, I observed his conduct, which I thought peculiar, so unlike the boys by whom he was surrounded." Among his playmates was Daniel Wilson, afterwards the excellent Bishop of Calcutta, "who" writes the same lady, "was often at our house, but, although a favourite with my dear mother, he was far more boisterous than his young friend Raffles." He became a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society soon after the completion of his tenth year, and so continued till he joined the Independent Church at Peckham.

* Mrs. Morgan, now of Reading.

In the year 1800 he was sent to a large boarding-school at Peckham, conducted by the Rev. Martin Ready, a Baptist minister. At this school young Raffles became acquainted with the Rev. Richard Slate, for many years, and up to the present time, a much esteemed Independent minister at Preston, and then pursuing his studies at the same school. Though nearly a year older than his friend, Mr. Slate has survived to mourn his loss, and in a funeral sermon which he preached in Grimshaw Street Chapel, Preston, on the evening of Sunday, August 30th, 1863, he has given some interesting particulars of his friend's school-life, from which the editor, who has been kindly permitted to make use of Mr. Slate's manuscript, extracts the following account :—

"At the time we were there, the number of scholars was about seventy, many of whom were the children of Christian parents residing in London. Those boys who were seriously inclined soon became familiar associates. It was a good custom that the elder scholars were required to give an account of the sermons they heard on the Lord's-day. By this means the master became acquainted with those who took a greater interest in religion than the rest, and, as far as he could without partiality, he endeavoured to encourage their religious intercourse with each other. The result was, that, from among those who were inmates of the school at the same time, four of us became ministers of Christian Churches, three amongst the Independents, and one amongst the Baptists. At the period we were at Peckham, the Rev. William Bengo Collyer came to be the minister at the old Presbyterian Chapel in that village, where for many years only Arian doctrines had been preached. In consequence of the change in the ministry and of the proximity of the school to the chapel, the scholars were regularly taken to

attend the preaching of the new minister. This was an event of great importance to many precious souls, especially to the young persons who constituted a large portion of the congregation.

It was the custom of the school at Peckham for an annual meeting to be held just before the Christmas vacation, when various pieces were recited by some of the scholars, which had been carefully prepared for delivery. Many of the parents and friends of the pupils attended, and, on various accounts, the meeting was anticipated with very great pleasure. On one of these occasions Thomas Raffles delivered his piece with such wonderful interest and effect as to surprise and delight the whole assembly. The Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Collyer was present, and the thought occurred to his mind, that if this youth were truly pious, what an impressive and useful preacher, in all probability, he would become. The thought was evidently suggested to him by the Spirit of God, for eventually it led to the adoption of means by which he became a student in Homerton College, and entered upon that course of ministerial duties in which he was so eminently blessed for a period of more than fifty years."

Young Raffles did not long continue to enjoy his advantages at Peckham. Often in after-life did he lament his imperfect early education. But his father's means were very moderate, and he was speedily compelled to do something for himself. In 1803, he became a clerk in Doctors' Commons, a circumstance probably owing to the fact that his grandfather, of whom mention has been already made, held an important post, for many years, in the Prerogative Office there. One of the earliest letters in the editor's possession, addressed to his friend Slate, is dated from Doctors' Commons. Written by a boy of fifteen it is not without its interest, looking back over the events of his life, and bearing in mind two of his most marked characteristics—his punctu-

ality and his love of nature, both of which are indicated in this brief note :—

"Dear Slate,—I forgot to tell you last night that you are to breakfast at our house to-morrow morning, as it will be much the best way, and then we can set out together. You had better come soon. At half-past eight I shall expect you, as we shall sit down to breakfast at twenty minutes before nine in the morning precisely. I have given my mother a commission to buy us two tongues, and we can take a couple of rolls, and we can carry each a roll in one pocket and a tongue in the other, and I hope we shall have a comfortable day, and we will, I think, fix the top of Forest Hill for our table, and the grass for chairs, from which we shall have a charming prospect. Adieu! God bless you and keep you, that we may meet with much joy in the morning.

"Sincerely and ever yours,

"Doctors' Commons, T. RAFFLES.

"Saturday Afternoon, 6 o'clock."

Not an indiscriminating eye for the picturesque, it will be admitted. Did he ever call to mind his pic-nic with his old friend Slate on Forest Hill, as his eye wandered over the same glorious landscape from the terraces of the Crystal Palace, which now overlook it, but whose realization in those days existed only in the tales of the "Arabian Nights?"

But he was not destined to pass his days within the dismal precincts of Doctors' Commons. His occupation was uncongenial. This is thoroughly apparent on the perusal of a letter from the Rev. W. B. Collyer, with whom young Raffles regularly corresponded, and in whose welfare Mr. Collyer ever maintained a strong interest. Writing to his young friend, on the 10th of August,

1803, when he was anticipating his return to Peckham, Mr. Collyer says:—

"I am most sincerely sorry that you are so little at ease in your present situation; or, rather, that your present situation is such as to afford a mind like yours so little ease; for I rejoice that while such causes exist, such effects in you are produced, for I should weep in silence, could I imagine that a place where God our Saviour is not known could prove a place of repose and tranquility to you. God forbid that this should ever be the case! The persecution you suffer is nothing but what was to be expected, for while the human mind is enmity against God, and the human heart remains unchanged, this enmity will manifest itself in hatred to the image of God wherever it appears. It is 'no strange thing' that has befallen you, and however unpleasant and distressing it may appear, yet it is no real ground for sorrow, but rather rejoice that you are counted worthy to suffer in any degree for the dear Redeemer. I hope to see you a 'good soldier' for Jesus Christ; and as such you know you must 'endure hardness.'

"I write as to my own son; for although another was your spiritual Father, yet you *are* MY Timothy, and as such I feel for you, and will endeavour to labour for your good. Timothy knew the Scriptures experimentally from his youth, yet he is called Paul's *own son.*

"I long for your arrival at Peckham, and I look forward with some pleasing expectations that your conduct will have a gracious and happy influence upon some, at least, of your elder companions. * * * * When you return, remember that you do not return merely as a schoolboy, but as a candidate for the Christian ministry. Your good sense will tell you what use to make of this remark. Be seriously attentive to your studies, and remember that you wish, so soon as shall be deemed proper, to enter into Church membership. You will feel the weight of all these awful obligations, and let them impress your conduct and conversation. Every eye will now be more peculiarly fixed upon you, for the reasons of your return to Peckham will be well known."

Young Raffles finally left Doctors' Commons on the 3rd September, 1803, as appears from the postscript of a short note to his friend Slate of that date, and again took up his old quarters at Peckham. In a letter to his parents shortly after his return thither, and dated 6th October, he says, in the warmth of his affectionate heart towards all in the dear home he had left :—

"When I parted from you in the Kent Road on Monday, I felt a secret pang, which in whispers told me I had parted from all that on earth was endearing to me, but I was determined to act the man, yet I could not banish from me the thoughts of you, my dear parents, and my dear sister. Tears unbidden fell down my cheeks, and for some minutes I was absorbed in sorrow. You say, perhaps, 'foolish boy!' Ah! say not so; a heart which does, and I trust ever will, feel unbounded affection for you could not part from those so dear to him as you are without a sigh, and the recollection of an absent father, mother, and sister must cause emotions in the bosom of a dutiful and affectionate son. But when I recollected the end for which I came here, the anxiety which you have felt and will feel for me, I was determined to forget sorrow, and supply its place by prayers to the Almighty Disposer of all events for you. Oh! may He ever watch over you for good! May He grant you strength in every trying hour, and bring you at length safe to the haven of eternal rest! * * * * Thank God! I am very well; never better in my life. I sleep in the same room with ——— and he and I continue very good friends. I am endeavouring to improve my time, and I labour hard, for after so long a cessation it seems rather tedious and irksome to me. * * * * Last night the editors of the 'Juvenile Magazine' begged I would write them an address to the public, to appear at the commencement of their work. As I wish to please all, and improve myself, I complied with their request, and wrote one much to their satisfaction. You shall see it when I see you again. I have not yet seen the Rev. Mr. Collyer, but expect

to see him, when I shall remind him of his promise to give me themes to write, which I hope to perform to his satisfaction."

Writing to his friend Slate, who had at that time gone into a house of business in London, on the 8th of October, he says :—

"May that God who delights in the efforts of the young mind, and who will not despise the day of small things, smile upon these our early endeavours to strengthen each other in the path of duty, of virtue, and religion! O Slate! may He be the guide of our youthful days; and though surrounded by snares and difficulties on every side, may His Almighty arm be our support; at His gracious throne may we often be found asking those things which are well-pleasing in His sight; and though distance prevents us from assembling together as we were wont to do in the house of the Lord, yet let us by our prayers remember each other at the throne of grace, and beseech that gracious and wise Disposer of all events who has seen fit in the course of His providence that we should be separated, to preserve us; and although you daily mingle with the busy multitude who are eagerly seeking after profit and gain, yet may you have grace to use the world and not abuse it, and learn this lesson from all that is around you—that though many are seeking happiness in the things of time and sense, yet none have found, and never will find therein, real unsullied felicity. And while I, tired of the busy noisy scenes of business, have retired to the peaceful shades of Peckham, there to obtain an introduction to the several branches of literature which may render me fit for the exalted station which (please God) I am destined to fill, pray to your heavenly Father that He may seal instruction on everything which I shall there attain to, that He may preserve me from sinning against Him, and that He may make me abundantly useful in my day and generation. Ah! Slate, the farther I advance the more I tremble at myself. What am I, to be entrusted with an office so important, so arduous, the ties of which are so awful, so binding, so strong? Surely it is a station which needs the peculiar aid and assistance

of the Almighty, to discharge with fidelity and zeal. Then when you offer your evening and your morning sacrifice of prayer and praise, remember that at Peckham you have a friend who needs your prayers, and who entreats you to pray for him to your Father who seeth in secret, that He may reward you openly. * * * *

"Thank God! I am well and in good health. I am, on the whole, very comfortable; indeed, much better than I expected. I am treated with difference, and enjoy many privileges to which the rest are strangers. I have a study to which I can at all times resort. I go out and come in when I please—that is, out of school-hours—and am not treated as a schoolboy."

Even thus early in his career he had begun to cultivate the muses. Young, Pope, Beattie, and Cowper were then his favourite authors, and the attachment he formed for the works of these poets in his early youth continued through life, and their influence was perceptible in his own compositions. Subsequently, Scott, Byron, Pollok, James Montgomery, and a few others may have modified his taste, but he was ever somewhat intolerant of the modern school of Wordsworth and Tennyson, and continued faithful to his first love, being to the last in the habit of repeating favourite passages from them, especially from Young and Cowper, with great effect. One of his early compositions appears to have been thought worthy to appear in print. It is entitled "Ode to Contentment, delivered at the annual recitations at Peckham Academy, 1804, by Master Joshua Cooper, written by Master Thomas Raffles, printed by request." The lines are not without considerable merit, viewed as the production of a schoolboy, and gave good promise for the future—a promise which was subsequently

fulfilled in the production of many beautiful hymns and poems of various kinds, some of which still exist only in manuscript.

Before leaving Peckham he became a member of the Independent Church. On this occasion he writes :—

"To the Rev. Mr. COLLYER and the Church under his pastoral care.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—Since I received my first serious impressions, I have purposed, at a proper age, publicly to avow my regard to Jesus Christ by becoming a member of some Christian Church. Ever since I sat under your ministry, which is now upwards of three years, I determined, if my life should be spared, and if it should meet with the approbation of yourself and the members of your Church, to unite myself to you."

"My reason for applying for admission so young arises principally from my views of future employment in the work of the ministry, which has been the constant object of my desires ever since I was able to form a wish for myself; and as I have the prospect of soon becoming a student, I thought it would be proper for me to become a member of a Christian Society.

"You informed me that there would be a propriety, from the peculiarity of my situation and prospects, in my stating to the members of your Church what reason I have to think that I have been seriously impressed, and my views of the holy ordinance of which I wish to become a partaker. With respect to the former, I will endeavour, to the best of my ability, to relate the gracious dealings of the Almighty with my soul in as plain and concise a manner as I am able."

Mr. Raffles then proceeds to narrate the circumstances under which he received his early religious impressions, but as a similar account is more fully given in the course of his ordination service at Hammersmith, which will be found in the third chapter of this biography, it is omitted here. He afterwards goes on to say :—

"With respect to the holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper, of which I wish to become a partaker, I would say, that I believe it to be the principal, the most sacred and the most refreshing of all the ordinances of the Lord's house, and the duty and privilege of every Christian to become a partaker of it. It is certainly a duty, because we have our Lord's own express command—'Do this in remembrance of me;' we should do it publicly in memory, and as the last institution of our dying Lord, to show our attachment to Him, and to revive the almost expiring flame of devotion. It is our privilege, because it is spiritual food for the soul, by by which we are refreshed as with the body and blood of Jesus Christ, because Christ frequently makes Himself known in the breaking of bread, and it is the principal means by which the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, exercises His office upon the soul.

"I am, Rev. and Dear Sir,

"Yours respectfully and affectionately,

"THOMAS RAFFLES."

This document is without date, but it was most probably written towards the close of 1804, or very early in 1805, as Mr. Collyer was then engaged in arranging for his young friend's admission into Homerton College. The arrangements were shortly afterwards perfected, and at Christmas young Raffles finally left Peckham school.

Chapter II.

1805 — 1809

HOMERTON COLLEGE—VISITS TO ASHFORD AND SOUTHAMPTON—INVITATIONS TO HANOVER-STREET, LONG ACRE, AND HAMMERSMITH.

MR. RAFFLES entered Homerton College early in 1805. This ancient institution for the education of young men for the ministry among Congregational Dissenters was then under the care of the Rev. Thomas Hill, as resident tutor, and of the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) John Pye Smith, as theological tutor, a man of universal reputation as a theologian and scholar, and of great attainments in several departments of science. Mr. Hill died in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, not very long after Mr. Raffles had settled there; but Dr. Pye Smith lived to a good old age, and while he was ever strongly attached to his pupil, and greatly rejoiced in his subsequent eminence, his pupil, on his part, ever cherished for his old tutor sentiments of the most profound esteem and of the warmest affection.

Early in the same year, Mr. Raffles lost his valued friend and schoolmaster, Mr. Ready, and upon this occasion he seems to have embraced the opportunity for the exercise of that kindly sympathy which, during his

whole life, was ever at the command of the suffering or the bereaved, and proved to be one of the closest bonds of attachment to those with whom he was thus brought into contact in the exercise of his ministerial office. He writes to Mr. Slate, under the date of February 20th, 1805 :—

"I should have written last week had not the death of our dear and valued friend, Mr. Ready, prevented it. I have been backwards and forwards the whole of the week, doing what was in my power for Mrs. Ready. It is an awful stroke, and so severely has it struck me, that I have not yet recovered it. I attended his remains to the grave yesterday, and took a long farewell of a man who has laboured for the benefit of all around him, and particularly *for me*, and whose memory I am bound ever to revere. Ah! my friend, see how our friends drop one after another, and fly to that world from which there is no return. Thither *we* are hastening, and the voice of our departed friend crieth from the tomb, "Be ye also ready." We are young and in the vigour of our days, and yet we cannot tell whether we, however young, may not be called next. Then let us, in the days of our youth, apply our hearts unto wisdom. Yet why do I say this much? I know that you feel all these awful truths impressed upon your mind. I have reason to believe—yea, I know that you have chosen that better part, and that in the midst of youth you are looking forward to and providing for the approach of death. Yet do we not need to be stirred up—are we not young and inexperienced—and ought we not frequently to meditate upon that awful season, and by so doing to prepare for its approach?

"As to our departed friend, I have no doubt of his felicity. His life was literally spent in doing good, and having the testimony of a good conscience, and the sure and certain hope of a blessed eternity, on his dying bed the good man smiled—fair presage of his approaching joy. * * * * As he lived beloved, so he died lamented, and the whole village seemed to mourn. In testimony of their esteem for their old master,

some of the old scholars (of whom I was one) at their own expense attended the funeral, and many of the bystanders dropped the tear of regret over the departed, and of sympathy for his distressed widow and fatherless children, to whom may the Almighty prove both husband and parent."

Mr. Raffles appears to have continued at Homerton for about four years; and, to judge from the manuscripts, consisting of outlines of his tutors' lectures and other memoranda, which still exist and can only be referred to this period of his life, he must have made a good use of his time. The precise date of his first public service cannot exactly be ascertained, but that he began to preach very early in his college career is certain—too early, he used to say in after-life, for his own benefit, as he had to prepare for the pulpit during hours which should have been devoted to the business of the class-room. His tutors strove against it, when his services were required in other than quiet country places, as far as they could; but his popularity as a preacher was at once so decidedly established, that they were compelled to give way, in a great degree, and to allow him to occupy several of the metropolitan pulpits much earlier than was customary. One of his fellow-students at this period, the Rev. J. N. Goulty, of Brighton, writing to the editor says:—

"Raffles could hardly be said to have been a *close* student; he was more *thoughtful* for preaching, and was happy in these exercises. He had unquestionably a respectable acquisition of general and classical knowledge; but he was more the speaker than the linguist or philosopher. His aim was always high, that he might fulfil his ministry with success in preaching the gospel. He was always loved and respected by us; he was ever the students' friend."

In 1806, however, as appears by several letters relative to preaching engagements, he had fairly begun the work to which he had consecrated his life. In the first instance he tried his powers of public speaking at country places in the neighbourhood of London, but in the following year his visits extended further, and we find him, towards its close, preaching to crowded congregations at Ashford, in Kent. He did not enter upon the work of preaching, young as he was, without having deeply pondered upon the important and responsible position which, as a Christian minister, he would be called upon to occupy. In the course of this year (1807), he had delivered at the annual college examination an address, which is still extant, entitled, "The character and conduct of Jesus Christ as a public teacher improved, as an example to Christian Ministers," in which it is apparent that he had studied closely the marked characteristics of our Lord's teaching, and had held them up to himself as models for his own instruction, while, so far as was possible, he had striven to imbibe their spirit. With what success he carried out these early aspirations during his long and laborious life, aided by the Divine blessing, which he ever humbly sought, the subsequent chapters of this biography will, in some degree, reveal.

The earliest entry in the first diary which he kept relates to his engagement to preach at Ashford. He says:—

"Oct. 19, 1807. Mr. Smith called me into his study this morning, and put into my hands a letter which he had just received from the Rev. Mr. Gurteen, of Canterbury, requesting me to go down to Ashford, in Kent, to preach to a destitute

Church there, with a view to the exercise of the pastoral office amongst them. After some conversation, Mr. Smith has given me till to-morrow to ruminate upon the matter, when I am to acquaint him with the result of my meditations. O! that God, with whom are all possible stores of wisdom, would be graciously pleased to guide and instruct me by His unerring spirit, and that I may in this, and in every future step of life, be enabled to pursue cheerfully the path of duty, and act as shall ultimately tend to the promotion of His glory, the everlasting good of precious and immortal souls, and my own best interests, both for the present life and for that which is to come."

The following are further extracts from his diary:—

"Oct. 20th. Mr. Suckling, under whose hospitable roof I was kindly entertained during my stay at Dunmow, favoured me with a call this morning. He was, indeed, the bearer of good tidings, since he gave me the pleasing intelligence that one of the sermons I preached during my short visit to that place had been, through the mercy of God, made exceedingly useful to one of his apprentices. O may the impressions made upon the mind of this young man be permanent! If there really is a divine work begun in his soul, may that work be graciously carried on, until at last it is finally completed through the renewing and sanctifying energies of the Holy Spirit! If it please Thee, O indulgent Father! let this be a seal to my early ministry, my joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord! O! what a delightful, noble employment is that which lies before me, the service of God in the ministry of His Gospel! What can possibly exceed the luxury of doing good? Who does not envy the feelings of the philanthropist, who makes it his business to seek out the suffering sons of wretchedness and want, that he may kindly administer to their temporal necessities, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, soothe the mourner? Such a man has within him a perpetual feast, of the deliciousness of which they can form no adequate idea who never tasted it themselves. But if such be the feelings of the man who only, after all, supplies, and that but in a partial degree, the temporal wants of his fellow-men, how

great, how amazing an honour has God conferred upon us in that He makes us instrumental in administering to the far more pressing necessities of the soul, that better, nobler, immortal part, destined to appear at the awful and impartial bar of God, and built for an eternity of happiness or woe! * * * * O! my God, 'who is sufficient for these things?' and hast Thou, indeed, called me to this highly exalted though arduous employ? Alas! I shrink back at the thought of my own unworthiness. O! should I ever be suffered to bring reproach upon that glorious cause which I have thus publicly espoused! I shudder at the thought. The stain would be doubly deep in one placed under such peculiar obligations as I am to superior holiness and devotedness to Thee. Even now the eyes of the world are upon me. Lord! grant me Thy upholding, Thy restraining grace; arm me completely for the holy fight. I have, indeed, abundant reason to be thankful for what God has already done on my behalf. When I look back on the way by which He has hitherto led me, I am truly astonished at His goodness. The work is, indeed, arduous; little as I know it, I have found it so, but the Lord has been pleased to afford me every possible encouragement to excite my gratitude and stimulate to zeal and perseverance. Whilst I am thankful for these kind tokens of His favour, may I be kept more humble at His feet, ever remembering that to me no share of praise can possibly belong, since, whilst Paul may plant and Apollos water, the increase, after all, is alone with God!

"Oct. 25th. Another Sabbath has now fled from me for ever! It has gone to give its faithful testimony at the bar of God of my improvement or misimprovement of its delightful duties and highly exalted privileges. * * * * I have this day again had the distinguished honour of proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation; this morning at Mr. Humphrey's, in the Borough, and in the afternoon at the Adelphi, in the Strand. In the former part of the day, I felt myself much at home, and enjoyed, I trust, in my own soul the subject on which I preached. In the afternoon, alas! it was not so. I spoke with much labour, and with but little comfort to myself. O! that it may have

been with profit to those who heard. With God all things are possible. May my poor, unworthy labours be accompanied with a Divine blessing, and rendered truly useful in the promotion of His glory, whose name I bear, whom I would ever serve, and to Him only will I ascribe the praise! Amen! Amen!"

The following extract is of interest, as it refers to his preaching at Hammersmith, at which place he was ordained to the ministerial office, as successor to the Rev. William Humphryes, and resided for three years:—

"Nov. 1st. Went yesterday to Hammersmith; was kindly entertained beneath the hospitable roof of the Rev. Mr. Humphryes, whom I find to be a very agreeable, intelligent, and pious man. This morning I preached at Hammersmith with tolerable comfort to myself; with how much profit to others another day will determine. I trust that I had a single eye to the glory of God, and to the fructifying showers of His grace I must look for the desired increase. It is to our consolation that the work is His, and that, however unworthy be the instrument, He can, and assuredly will, accomplish His own designs. In the afternoon, I preached for Mr. Robert Winter, at New Court.

Mr. Raffles decided to accept the invitation to Ashford. His diary records his journey thither, on the 7th of November, where, with occasional visits to neighbouring towns and villages during the week, he remained till after the Christmas vacation, exciting an unwonted degree of interest among the people, who requested him to prolong his stay.

The following are extracts from his diary during his residence in Kent:—

"Nov. 27. Wrote to Mr. Smith to request permission to prolong my stay at Ashford till the coming Christmas vacation is past. The people are very anxious for my stay, and indeed,

under present circumstances, I should myself leave them with very great regret. The prospects are truly pleasing. The place heretofore almost deserted is now, in an evening at least, crowded with attentive hearers. An amazing degree of interest is excited in the town, and the prejudice of the people is, in many instances, remarkably removed, insomuch that the evening congregation—perhaps three parts of it—is composed of Church people, who seldom or never entered the meeting-house before. It is my earnest wish that my request and the united desire of the people may be granted, and that I may be continued here to be the honoured instrument of promoting His glory to whom I have devoted myself in the glorious Gospel of His Son."

"Dec. 6th. (Sunday). Preached three times. We had most excellent congregations through the day, and in the evening crowded more than ever; the aisles and every place where there was standing-room seemed occupied; the heat was insufferable, and many went away when they looked in and saw the crowd. This is indeed a new sight in Ashford. People were there who had manifested the most determined hatred to Dissenters, and many notoriously wicked heard the word with seriousness and attention. O! my God, let me not labour in vain. Let me behold an abundant harvest springing up to the glory of Thy adorable name; let me but see of the travail of my Redeemer's soul and I am satisfied!"

In a letter to his old friend and schoolfellow Brown,* dated December 22nd, he gives a summary of his labours in Kent. He says:—

"I should have written to you before now, but really my time has been so completely occupied that it has not afforded me an opportunity. Since I left London I have been indeed in travels oft and in labours abundant. I have visited Canterbury twice, and preached there in all five times to very large and attentive congregations. The chapel there will seat about 700 people, and

* James Baldwin Brown, Esq., LL.D., Barrister-at-Law of the Inner Temple, who afterwards became his brother-in-law.

the last time I preached it was so full that many stood in the aisles. I visit Canterbury again next week, and preach there on Thursday se'nnight a sermon to young persons. The week before last I travelled to Hythe, Sandgate, and Folkestone, and am very much wished to visit the latter place again to give them a sermon in Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, but cannot. Next week I go to Lenham, a town about ten miles from Ashford, where I am to preach on Monday evening; on Tuesday I proceed to Canterbury, where I preach on Thursday. On Friday I return to Ashford, where I preach in the evening. On Saturday I go to Cranbrook, 20 miles, and preach for Mr. Skinner, the minister there, on Sunday, and he comes to Ashford to preach for me and administer the Sacrament. On Monday following I return to Tenterden, where I expect to preach for the Methodists (tell my mother this), and on Tuesday back again to Ashford, so that you see I am not idle.

But you ask 'how do you go on at Ashford?' O! my friend, my success has exceeded all my most sanguine expectations. It would indeed delight you to see how the chapel is thronged with attentive hearers. On a Sabbath evening, every place where an individual can stand is occupied, even up to the pulpit door, and though 'tis winter time, and very cold, yet last Sabbath there were so many standing in the passage to the place, in the open air, as by their numbers to keep each other warm."

It will have been noticed that, in this letter, he desires his correspondent to tell his mother, to whom he well knew the intelligence would be most gratifying, that he was going to preach for her friends, the Methodists, at Tenterden. By the following extract from his diary, his good intentions appear to have been frustrated:—

"Jan. 5, 1808. (Tuesday). Rode to Tenterden. At Tenterden I solicited the pulpit of the Methodists, which I was refused, though, I am persuaded, much against the general wish of the people. It appears to have been altogether the work of the assistant preacher, who it seems had not so much liberality as

his people. It would have been a great gratification to me to have given the Methodists a sermon, as, under God, I owe them much, and still bear them, as a body, the highest respect. Having been rejected by the Methodists, I preached in the evening at the Baptists' place of worship. The house was full, and the people were remarkably attentive. I was since told that many were seriously impressed.

"We had a great many Methodists who on my account had postponed their prayer-meeting, which was to have been held that night. They afterwards informed me that, in future, whenever I came that way, their pulpit should at all times be at my service."

He preached his last sermon at Ashford on Sunday evening, January 10th. He says in his diary:—

"Preached this evening my farewell sermon. Never, I think, did I see a place so completely crowded or a congregation more attentive. The place was filled at a little after five, and when I went, a few minutes before the time of beginning, I was nearly pushed down in the passage by the people coming away. It is now ten Sabbaths since I was first called in Providence to labour here, and, during that period, I trust it has been my main concern to acquit myself to the Master whom I serve as a 'workman needing not to be ashamed.' In reviewing my unworthy labours I find, indeed, much cause for thankfulness. I have seen, during my stay, the congregation most astonishingly increase; when I came, I found but a handful, but that handful has now become a crowd. I have seen prejudice in a great degree removed, and in the hearts of some I have solid reason to believe that the Holy Spirit has begun a work of grace. O! may that work be carried on and perfected! If God has made me useful, and blessed my poor endeavours to promote the best interests of my fellow men, to His precious name be ascribed all the glory and all the praise!

Upon the last evening of his stay at Ashford, he writes in his diary:—

"As I left they expressed to me their earnest and unanimous wish that I would soon pay them a second visit and ultimately settle among them. To the former request I most readily consented, but declined for the present coming to anything like a determination upon the latter."

Mr. Raffles returned to town on the 12th of January, and resumed his studies at college. But after a stay of a few weeks he was appointed to go down to Southampton, to preach for two Sundays at the chapel above Bar, of which the Rev. William Kingsbury had been minister for more than forty years, and who was now anxious to obtain an efficient colleague.

The following are extracts from his diary while at Southampton :—

"March 6th..(Sabbath-day). Preached afternoon and evening. Mr. Kingsbury, who has been pastor of this Church for forty-three years, preached in the morning a plain, judicious, and excellent sermon. The meeting-house is large, calculated to seat 800 persons; the congregation is at all times good, and remarkably attentive.

"8th. (Tuesday). Set sail this morning in the packet for the Isle of Wight. * * * * The day being fine I enjoyed the walk from Cowes to Newport, where I dined with my friend Bruce.* * * * * * I preached this evening at Newport for him. The meeting-house is confined, though very neat, and I understand, on the Sabbath evenings, is crowded with attentive worshippers. The Church is unanimous in their choice of Mr. Bruce, and he is to be ordained in about a month.

"11th (Friday). Walked this morning to Mrs. Taylor's, at

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* The Rev. John Bruce, subsequently for many years chaplain at the Necropolis, Liverpool, who had been a fellow-student with Mr. Raffles at Homerton. Mr. Bruce, though the senior in age, still survives to mourn the loss of his old friend, whose ministry he attended to the last.

Portswood, where I spent a most agreeable day, and, in the evening, I preached to a congregation of rustics in her domestic chapel. The family occupied a small parlour which opens with folding doors into the chapel, which is benevolently devoted to the free accommodation of the villagers and others who may feel disposed to come. In the chapel is a good organ, which was played by Mr. John Taylor. To this worthy family Mr. Romaine and the venerable Mr. Newton were for many years accustomed to pay an annual visit.

"17th. (Thursday). Spent the morning in visiting the people with Mr. Kingsbury, with whom I dined. Wherever we went I met with the most flattering reception. I record this with gratitude, but would supplicate humility.

"20th. (Sabbath-day). Alas! we are certain of nothing in this changing world. After morning service, I received a letter from my father, earnestly entreating that I will hasten to town on Tuesday, at furthest, as circumstances are such as to require my presence. I am grieved, as the people are so anxious for my stay. It is an encouraging circumstance that both parties are equally gratified with my labours among them, and alike desirous for my continuance. I would fain have continued with them another Sabbath, but must submit, convinced of this, that God orders all things well. I have engaged to preach on Monday evening, previous to my departure. The congregation this afternoon was very numerous and attentive. I would record it with thankfulness, that, in every place wherever I have hitherto been called to labour, God has been pleased to grant me acceptance and, in some happy measure, to make me useful. *Non nobis Domine!*

"(Evening). Preached in the evening from Luke xvi. 23. I never saw a congregation more attentive; the silence was at times truly awful, and the impression made, I feel persuaded, will not be easily forgotten. O! my God, how great will be my joy if, in the heavenly world, I should meet but one single soul converted to Thyself under the preaching of this sermon! * * * * The people have expressed an earnest wish that I should spend as many Sabbaths with them as possible at Easter.

Mr. Raffles, on his return to London, consulted with his tutors, and it was arranged that he should return to Southampton, agreeably to the wish of the people, for a second visit. In the meantime, he seems, from the entries in his diary, to have been extensively engaged in preaching in and around London.

"April 3rd. (Sabbath-day.) Had a very fatiguing day. Walked in the morning from Spitalfields to the Adelphi and preached. Dined with Mr. Yockney, and walked to Walworth, where I preached for the Rev. George Clayton to a very crowded congregation. From thence I walked to Charing Cross, and preached in the evening at Orange Street Chapel, Leicester Square. It is a large and elegant place. The congregation was very attentive. I preached with great ease to myself, and found my voice quite equal to the place."

Upon the 6th of April, Mr. Raffles returned to Southampton.

"6th (Wednesday.) Set out for Southampton this morning by the long coach, where I arrived, thank God, safe, about seven in the evening, and found a hearty welcome from the people. May I have wisdom and grace imparted to me that I may so conduct myself as that Thy glory may be promoted and the people abundantly edified and instructed! May I be enabled to declare with affection and fidelity the whole counsel of God, and to know nothing among them but Jesus and Him crucified; and O! may the preaching of the cross prove to many the power and wisdom of God to their salvation, that I may have given to me in this place some seals to my early ministry, some happy pledges of a future abundant harvest! O, that I felt my own weakness more! Yet, why should I be surprised? the work is not mine but Thine, and Thou canst work by the meanest instruments, and by the most unlikely means accomplish the purposes of Thy sovereign will. Make bare Thine almighty arm on my behalf. I am but a little child in wisdom and in strength. O! let Thy Spirit be

my instructor, Thine overshadowing wings my shield, and, if Thou art with me, I will fear no evil."

After preaching twice in the week, he thus records his first Sunday's services:—

"10th April. Preached afternoon and evening. In the afternoon we had a very good congregation, but in the evening the place was remarkably full. Many were standing in the aisles. I am informed that I was honoured with the presence of many families who were not accustomed to attend. My text in the evening was 'Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away,' and I gave notice, that next Sunday evening I should make the final judgment the subject of our meditations.

"11th (Monday). * * * * I called on two or three of the people, among whom was ———. I received some pleasing intelligence respecting the good success of my labours yesterday. Mr. ———, who, for some time past, has been a remarkably dissipated young man, was much impressed. Formerly he came to worship only to make sport of what he heard; yesterday, hearing that I was to sup at Mr. ———'s, he invited himself to meet me. Mr. ——— also was deeply affected, and, for the first time, on his return home in the evening, called his family together, and spoke of the sermon he had heard. O! my God, let not these impressions be as the morning cloud and early dew! May what they heard be as a nail fastened in a sure place!

"Read this morning the first canto of Walter Scott's "Marmion," esteemed his masterpiece. I was much delighted; his poetry is beautiful, and the subjects which he chooses are admirably adapted to his romantic genius and glowing imagination. When he attempts any other, he fails: his eulogies on Pitt and Fox are very flat.

"13th (Wednesday, at Salisbury). In the morning attended at the ordination of Mr. Sleigh. Mr. Bennett, of Romsey, delivered a most excellent and faithful charge; and never, I think, did I hear such a sermon as Mr. Thorpe, of Bristol,

preached to the people. He said some of the strongest and most striking things I ever heard; 'twas utterly impossible to hear without emotion; at some periods the whole assembly was agitated."

On the day following Mr. Sleigh's ordination, Mr. Raffles went to Stonehenge; for he never, through life, omitted an opportunity of seeing all that was curious and interesting in the neighbourhood of the places he visited. His diary contains a most circumstantial account of this wonderful monument of ancient superstition, the sight of which highly gratified the antiquarian taste which so strongly characterised him to the last.

In his autobiographical recollections, already alluded to, there are the following remarks, which may well be introduced here, as they refer back to this period of his life, and to his visits to Salisbury and the Isle of Wight, which followed close upon each other :—

"When I was a young man I was very fond of strolling into churchyards and carrying away, for the most part in my memory, the curious and interesting epitaphs which I found there. My memory, at that time, was equal to almost anything, and much that was then committed to it is still most tenaciously retained. I often wonder, indeed, how it could so quickly receive and so long preserve things so queer and unconnected as some of these epitaphs are. I will give one or two examples. It must have been 55 years ago that I saw the following in a churchyard in Salisbury. I ascertained that it was the composition of a barber in that city upon his son :—

"Immortality embellishes divinely great,
To prescience co-egence sublimely great,
In the benign perfecting vivifying state,
So heavenly guardians occupy the skies.

The pre-existing God, omnipotent, all-wise,
He can surpassingly immortalize thy theme,
And permanent thy soul celestial supreme;
When gracious refulgence bids the grave resign
The creator's nursing protection* be thine;
So each perspiring æther will joyfully rise
Transcendently good,* supereminently wise.'

"About the same time that I discovered this precious *morceau*, I met with another of much the same kind in the churchyard of East Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. There was no name nor date upon the stone, but it was entirely covered with these lines:—

'Ah! revolving wife! a point of time, what's life?
Seeing extensive darkness has fallen upon her brow,
So human souls stumble upon their fate.
Resistless fate decreed various the road,
Bears no proportion, O! the life of God.
On God she called, oft said her glass was run,
Her guardian angel to be her first-born son;
Her son being sent, as from her mouth was said,
So through destruction man to bliss must wade.
I'll here record it with an iron pen,
Death's a terbullion to sure and certain gain;
Command your passions, let reason sit as judge,
Soon you'll be angels, though here for meats you trudge:
The will of God unknown to inspecting creature man,
Thus natural died the mother, unnatural died the son,
So by passive obedience the righteous will of God,
Man heedlessly stumbles on, O! most blessed abode!'"

The above were two of his favourite illustrations when the subject of epitaphs, of which he had a large collec-

* Dr. Raffles recited and has transcribed in his recollections the epitaph as above given, with the exception of two words. He said and wrote "providence" for "protection" in the last line but two, and "great" instead of "good" in the last line. In the original copy in his diary, written probably on the spot, the words are as in the text.

tion in his memory, was broached in conversation. Many who may read these lines will remember them.

Mr. Raffles remained at Southampton till the 3rd of May. During his stay he writes to his friend Mr. Brown:—

"It is with pleasure and gratitude that I tell you of my increasing prosperity in the great work in which I am engaged. Since I have been here, I have seen every Sabbath an increasing congregation; in an evening we are very much crowded. * * * * I received, on Wednesday, a formal invitation from the Church at Southampton to remain with them for three or four months. I feel inclined to accept, as I think I discern in it the hand of Providence. I have written to Homerton to make them acquainted with the circumstance, and to learn how they would have me to act. This week I also received a letter from Ware, in Hertfordshire, informing me of the resignation of Mr. Venner, and inviting me to come over to preach to them. This is the fourth invitation I have received within these few months."

Mr. Raffles decided to accept the invitation to return to Southampton, and he declined to go to Ware on the ground that they were anxious to have a settled minister, and, with a view to such a result, he did not feel at liberty to visit them. He accordingly again went down to Southampton in the middle of June, and remained there till the middle of September, with still increasing popularity. On the 11th of July he writes to his father:—

"I have now taken to working very hard, as needs I must, in composition. I have hitherto written two sermons a week. Last Sabbath evening I preached from the words of Jesus to Martha, 'Thy brother shall rise again.' The text was suggested by the death of a very promising and amiable young man of this town.

I had a large and very attentive auditory. The congregations on a Sabbath evening are always much smaller in the summer than in the winter time, and this is the case with most places in the country. I have also preached two sermons upon the foundation, the nature, and the blessedness of trust and confidence in God. You would like them: they are experimental, I assure you, and many of the people said they thought I must myself have felt, and keenly too, or I never could so faithfully describe the feelings of others. They spoke truly."

Before closing the history of his connexion with Southampton another extract may be given from his autobiographical recollections. He says:—

"I remember when I was at Southampton, about the year 1808, assisting the Rev. Mr. Kingsbury, that the circumstance occurred which I am now about to relate. A very decent, respectable man, a journeyman baker in Southampton, was engaged to be married to a young woman in the same town. They were very poor, and prudently postponed the marriage till they should have something like a fair prospect of being able to support a family. Meanwhile, one night, the man dreamed that a certain number came up a prize of £20,000 in the lottery, which was then legal in this country. He awoke with the number distinctly impressed upon his mind. He did not think much of that, however, but shortly fell asleep again, when he dreamed a second time that the same number turned up a prize. Again he awoke with the same number distinctly impressed upon his mind. This did arrest his attention, and as he lay for some time pondering the matter, again he fell asleep, and, strange to say, dreamed the same dream the third time. This was too much for him. He could sleep no more, but determined, immediately and at any sacrifice, that he would raise the required sum of money, and, if the ticket still remained unsold, purchase it. He accordingly ascertained from the lottery agents at Southampton that the ticket was still in the market, and bought it. Not many days elapsed before an express

arrived at the agent's door with the intelligence that the number had actually come up a prize of £20,000. I think I still hear the merry peal that the bells rung out, that evening, on the joyous occasion. The fortunate man proved faithful to his chosen one. They were married, and I saw the house which he was building for his residence just ready to be covered in when I left the town." *

The desire of the people to whom Mr. Raffles had been preaching at Southampton to secure his services, as the colleague of their venerable minister, had continued to increase during his third visit, and was cordially seconded by Mr. Kingsbury, whose affectionate letters to the young student are full of the most judicious counsel, and manifest the kindest feeling towards him. The result was, that an invitation to visit them again for twelve months speedily followed Mr. Raffles to London, in September. He seems to have felt great doubt and perplexity in regard to the answer which he should give to this proposal, as he pondered it for two months before he replied, in the negative, in the following letter:—

"To the Church and congregation assembling Above Bar, Southampton.

"Your invitation, brethren, I have regarded as demanding from me the most serious and deliberate consideration; had I not so viewed it, I should certainly have formed my decision and made you acquainted with it, long ere this.

"At length, however, after having viewed the subject in all its various connections, and having obtained the advice of the

* The Editor is informed by the Rev. Thomas Adkins that the house in question still exists, and is called Lottery Hall. Mr. Adkins in 1810 became minister of the chapel Above Bar, and still continues in that position, universally esteemed and respected.

most experienced and judicious of my friends, and, above all, having sought the direction of the Father of Lights, the result of the whole is a decided conviction, that it is not my duty to accept your invitation to return to Southampton.

"At the same time, allow me to express the sense which I feel of the honour you have done me by this application. Be assured that, as a Church and people, I shall ever bear you in affectionate remembrance at a throne of grace, nor, when I bow the knee before the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, shall I cease to pray for your increasing prosperity and peace.

"May the great Head of the Church vouchsafe to you His gracious presence in all your deliberations, crown your mutual and united efforts to promote His glory with success, and soon may He direct your attention to some one of His faithful servants in whom all your hopes and wishes may unite; who may share with your worthy, and, to me, much endeared pastor, the heat and burthen of the day, and be made the honoured instrument of building you up in faith and love, and of adding to your number multitudes of zealous and devoted converts!

"This is the ardent desire, and this shall ever be the fervent prayer of

"Your truly obliged, affectionate, and humble servant,

"Homerton, Nov. 15th, 1808." "Thomas Raffles.

The reasons which influenced Mr. Raffles in declining an invitation to a place which he evidently regarded with favour, and where there was every probability that he would have permanently settled, do not appear. It may be imagined, however, that the attractions of a wider sphere of labour in the metropolis prevailed, for he was now a constant and popular preacher in and around London, and amongst other places had very frequently occupied the pulpit at Hammersmith, which became, ere long, the scene of his stated labours for three years.

Previous, however, to his settlement at Hammersmith he received an invitation to become the minister of a chapel in Hanover-street, Long Acre, London.* The Church assembling at this place was not, it would seem, strictly of the Independent order, as appears by the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Raffles to Mr. William Taylor, with whom Mr. Raffles was in communication on the subject. In answer to the query put to him, whether, if he were to be invited to become the minister, he would deem it necessary, that the mode of admission to the communion should be altered to that of the Independent Churches, Mr. Raffles answered thus :—

"As to the question which you have proposed, which is certainly of no small importance, I believe I answered it when I had the pleasure of dining with you ; but, for your satisfaction, I cheerfully repeat it.

"Were I to accept an invitation from your Church to become its pastor, I should not certainly attempt an alteration in its form of government, unless the Church itself saw its propriety and were willing to concur with me in that alteration. As to the mode of admission to the Lord's table, I am not bigoted to any. The nearer we can come to the apostolic plan the better ; though, on the whole, the Independent form does appear to me the best. On one point, however, I am decided, namely, that none should be admitted to communion who do not give full and satisfactory evidence that they love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and are in heart and life devoted to Him. Such, and such only, have a right to eat and drink at His table in remembrance of Him."

Upon the 20th of January, 1809, the same gentleman

* One of the old English Presbyterian places of worship, now extinct.

writes to inform Mr. Raffles, that he had been, on that day, chosen to be the minister of the Church in question. In consequence of the absence of Mr. Raffles, who was then on a visit to his old friends at Ashford, in Kent, he did not receive Mr. Taylor's letter till his return to Homerton. Meanwhile he had made arrangements to take the vacant pulpit at Hammersmith for six months, from January to June, and it was very soon evident that his labours there would, long before the expiration of that time, lead to an invitation to become the minister. Influenced, therefore, as may fairly be concluded, by the circumstances in which he found himself placed in respect to Hammersmith, he declined the invitation from the Church at Hanover-street, Long Acre. In his reply, dated February, 13th, and addressed to Mr. Taylor, he says:—

"Your communication of the 20th January did not come to hand till many days after its date, as, when it reached Ashford, I had left that place for other parts of Kent, where I was, for a length of time, detained by illness. Notwithstanding this, however, I should certainly have acknowledged the receipt of it earlier, had not severe indisposition and other circumstances caused delay. And now, my dear Sir, I have to request that you will take measures to convey to the Church assembling in Hanover Street, Long Acre, the deep sense I feel of the honour they have done me by making me the object of their choice, to fill the solemn and important office of pastor over them in the Lord, now vacant; at the same time, to assure them that my situation at present is such as altogether to preclude the possibility of my acceding to their proposal, having recently formed an engagement with a neighbouring Church, which binds me to them till Midsummer, and which, I believe, they intend as introductory to another more solemn and permanent. In the

meanwhile, the Church in Hanover Street may assure itself of no small share in my best regards. To promote its interests in any way within the compass of my limited ability, will always afford me the sincerest pleasure, nor shall I ever cease to pray for its prosperity and peace."

It remains now to narrate the circumstances which led to the final decision of Mr. Raffles in favour of Hammersmith. The venerable minister of that place, the Rev. William Humphryes, died on the 28th of September, 1808, and on the 30th of that month the Rev. Robert Winter writes to Mr. Raffles:—

"Since I wrote to you this morning, I have seen some friends who feel interested in enquiring whether you have such prospects in reference to Southampton as render you inaccessible to an application from another society. In perfect confidence, I venture to say, I refer to Hammersmith."

From this date up to the end of the year, Mr. Raffles preached almost continuously at Hammersmith. The place was attractive in many respects. The congregation was highly intelligent and influential, and a mutual attachment speedily sprung up between the young student and the congregation to whom he was called to minister. Before the end of the year a letter was addressed to him requesting to be favoured with his services for six months. It is the first of a series of documents coming from the Church, relating to the invitation given to Mr. Raffles, and to his subsequent settlement. The editor feels reluctant to curtail them, not only as they refer to a most important period in his father's history, but because the quaintness of their style

and the revelation which they make of the forms considered to be necessary among certain Churches of the Independent order in those days render them intrinsically interesting :—

"The Church of Christ late under the pastoral care of the Rev. William Humphryes, meeting in George Yard, Hammersmith, to the Rev. Thomas Raffles.

"Dear Sir,—We have reason to believe that your labours amongst us have been generally acceptable; it is, therefore, our unanimous request that you will continue to supply us six months longer, in order that you and the Church may be able to judge of the propriety of forming a more intimate union, and we sincerely pray that you and we may be directed by the great Head of the Church.

"Given at our Church meeting, Dec. 23rd, 1808, and signed, by order and for the Church, by us—

"WILLM. SEARLE, } Deacons."
"EDWD. HARLAND, }

In January, 1809, Mr. Raffles answered as follows :—

"Your communication, brethren, of the 23rd of Dec., 1808, has had from me all that serious deliberation which its importance does certainly demand. The apparent usefulness and various pleasing circumstances which, under the blessing of God, have already attended my labours amongst you are highly gratifying to my feelings as an individual, and encouraging to me as a minister. Your invitation I cannot but regard as the voice of Providence, and, therefore, I now write to say that I cheerfully accept it. The engagement now formed between us I consider as commencing with the first Sabbath in this month, and terminating on the last Sabbath in June. May every blessing from the Father of Lights rest upon you as a Church and people, nor cease with me to implore of the great Head of the Church that the engagement may be honoured with His sanction, and terminate to our mutual satisfaction and profit.

"With my warmest wishes and ardent supplications for your prosperity and peace, I have the pleasure to subscribe myself,

"Your truly obliged and faithful servant in Christ,

"THOMAS RAFFLES.

"To the Church of Christ meeting in George Yard, Hammersmith, late under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. Humphryes."

Mr. Raffles accordingly entered upon his six months' engagement, but the half of that period had not elapsed, when it became evident that the determination of the Church and congregation to secure, if possible, his permanent services as their minister was already fixed. The following letter announced to Mr. Raffles the conclusion at which they had arrived:—

"The Church of Christ assembling for religious worship in George Yard, Hammersmith, to the Rev. Mr. THOMAS RAFFLES.

"Dear Sir,—As you have ministered to us the word of God for several months with very general satisfaction, and we hope with profit to the souls of many; and as you have partly resided among us, and obtained a general acquaintance with the congregation at large, and with the temper and spirit of the members of the Church (as we judge we also have of yours), we earnestly entreat you to accept this, our unanimous invitation, to take the pastoral charge over us in the Lord, and that you will shortly signify it, and obtain your dismission from the Church to which you now stand related, in order to be admitted into full communion with us, that you may receive a call to the pastoral office, and, as soon as convenient, be ordained and solemnly set apart to that office.

"Given at our Church meeting, the 24th of March, 1809, and signed, by order and for the Church, by us—

"WM. SEARLE,
"EDWD. HARLAND, } Deacons."

Mr. Raffles having decided to accept the invitation of the Church, addressed the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Collyer :—

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—Having received an unanimous invitation from the Church of Christ assembling in George Yard, Hammersmith, to take the pastoral charge of them in the Lord, and having been requested to obtain my dismission from your Church, to which I now stand related, that I may be received into full communion with them, I have to request that you will grant me such letter of dismission from the church at Peckham, to that at Hammersmith. Truly grateful for the instruction I have had the happiness to receive under your invaluable ministry, and for the many privileges I have enjoyed in the bosom of that religious society over which you preside, and earnestly praying that the best of blessings from the Father of Lights may rest upon you and the people of your charge,

"I am, Rev. and Dear Sir,

"Your affectionate friend and faithful servant
in our common Lord,

"Homerton, March 28th, 1809." "Thomas Raffles.

Dr. Collyer, in reply, addressed the following letter, to the senior officer of the Church at Hammersmith :—

"My Dear Sir,—I received a few days since a letter from Mr. Raffles, requesting a transmission from the Church assembling at Peckham under my pastoral care, to the Church of Christ at Hammersmith, that he might be received into the full communion of that society, with a view also to another relation between them as pastor and people. My Church not having been formed upon principles strictly Independent as to form and government, all such testimonials, when they have been required, have been given by letter from myself to the Churches asking them, and under my signature alone.

"I have mentioned this circumstance, that the apparent infor-

mality of this attention to the requisition of Mr. Raffles may not be deemed disrespectful to that pious and most respectable body with whom he wishes to unite in Church fellowship.

"To the Church of Christ, therefore, assembling at Hammersmith, through your medium, I wish to say, in my own name and in that of the religious society over which I preside—

"That Mr. Thomas Raffles was admitted into the Church of Peckham as a member, in February, 1805; that he was received with affection, arising from our entire conviction of the soundness of his religious principles and of his personal holiness; that he has not only continued to merit our esteem, but has increased our regard for him during an union with us of more than four years; that we hereby release him from all ties to our Church, excepting those of brotherly affection, which we hope ever reciprocally to feel; that we most cordially pray for his usefulness and comfort, and for the peace and prosperity of the Church into which he now enters, and over which we hope and believe he will preside with honour to himself and for the glory of God.

"Signed, in the name of the Church assembling at Peckham. "W. B. COLLYER.

"Blackheath Hill, Kent, April 5th, 1809."

Upon the receipt of this letter Mr. Raffles was admitted a member of the Church at Hammersmith, and subsequently formally invited to become its minister in the following letter:—

"The Church of Christ meeting in George Yard, Hammersmith, to the Rev. Thomas Raffles.

"Dear Sir,—We thank you for your very kind acceptance of our invitation to unite yourself with us in Church fellowship, in order that we might give you a call to the pastoral office. We have received your dismission from the Church of Christ at Peckham, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Collyer, and have admitted you into full fellowship with us in the Lord.

"Being thus united in the bonds of the Gospel, it is with

peculiar pleasure we unanimously and earnestly give you, our dear brother, a call to the pastoral office, believing that in this, we have been under the direction of the great Head of the Church, who, in His tender mercy, has heard our prayers, and is repairing the breach made among us, by sending you to fill up the place of our late highly esteemed and dearly beloved pastor, the Rev. Wm. Humphryes.

"We hope soon to be favoured with your answer, signifying your willingness to accede to our call, that we may proceed to fix a day, and invite ministers to assist us, in a public and solemn manner, to ordain you to that office, and invite messengers from sister Churches to join with us in imploring the Divine blessing, and to behold our order.

"Given at our Church meeting, April 28th, 1809, and signed, by order and for the Church, by us,

"WM. SEARLE,
"EDWD. HARLAND, } Deacons."

Mr. Raffles returned his answer in the following terms:—

"To the Church of Christ assembling in George Yard, Hammersmith.

"Beloved brethren,—Your communication of the 28th of April I received with no common emotions. Most deeply do I feel the high honour you have thus conferred on me, by your unanimous selection of myself to fill the place of your late deservedly revered and beloved pastor, the Rev. Wm. Humphryes, a man so eminent as a Christian, so amiable as a friend, and so highly respectable as a minister of the Gospel. When I call to mind the many admirable qualifications which he possessed in so eminent a degree, and contrast them with my own comparative inexperience and ignorance, I cannot but shrink from the arduous though honourable charge to which, by your unanimous voice, I am called. But when, on the other hand, I reflect that the great Head of the Church can, and not unfrequently does, by the use of the meanest instruments

accomplish His mighty purposes; that His ministers have the promise of superior wisdom to direct and superior power to support in the discharge of their various and important duties, and when, in connexion with such reflections, I think on the unanimity and mutual affection which subsists amongst us, as a Church, and the many pleasing circumstances which have already attended my unworthy labours amongst you, I cannot but look to Hammersmith, as the spot which, after many invitations—some from the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis, and others from distant parts—God in His providence has designed for my future labours. With such an impression as this, then, and in firm reliance on the grace and strength of my great Master and Lord, and as in His awful presence, I now solemnly declare my most cheerful acceptance of this, your unanimous invitation to take the pastoral charge of you as a Church and people; and from this hour, in the presence of Him at whose tribunal we must all appear, and to whose scrutiny are exposed the remotest and most secret springs of action, I solemnly and willingly consecrate to you, my beloved brethren, my time, my talents, my strength, the best of my days, the ardour of my youth, to be expended for the promotion of your best and dearest interests, anxious only to watch over you, with unwearied diligence, as an affectionate yet faithful shepherd, that, at the consummation of all things, I may present you before the throne of God with exceeding joy; or, if any perish—a catastrophe in the anticipation of which I shudder—I may be acquitted of their blood. And now, with the deepest humility, I bow the knee before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, commending you most affectionately to His care, imploring most earnestly His blessing on the transaction of this day, and His sanction to the union thus solemnly formed between us; that he who has thus become the object of your choice may daily increase in the possession of your cordial and affectionate co-operation and esteem, adding to your number converts, whose lives shall be an honour to their profession, and their example a blessing to the Church, and establishing those who already believe in the faith and love of the Gospel. In such

wishes and in these supplications, I am persuaded you will all most heartily unite with, beloved brethren,

"Your most affectionate and faithful friend and servant in our common Lord,

"Old College, Homerton. "THOMAS RAFFLES.

"May 24th, 1809."

A few days later Mr. Raffles left Homerton College. He records his feelings on leaving his little study thus:—

"In this cell, I, Thomas Raffles, have passed four years of my life; many a delightful and many a dreary hour have I spent in its solitude. Here I have brooded over sorrows with which a stranger could not intermeddle, and here, in this retirement, I have tasted the purest bliss. The memory of scenes, events, and characters with which this little cell is connected will be ever dear to my heart, and various are the emotions it will awaken. How can I, after having inhabited it so long, but leave it with regret? May 30, 1809."

Chapter III.

1809 — 1810.

ORDINATION—LIFE AT HAMMERSMITH—VISITS TO CAMBRIDGE, NORFOLK, BRISTOL—FIRST PUBLICATION, DEMONSTRATION SERMON TO THE JEWS—INVITATION TO SALTER'S HALL.

MR. RAFFLES was now anxiously anticipating his approaching ordination. In the meantime he was indefatigable in preaching. The services on Sunday, at Hammersmith, were held in the morning and afternoon; and, almost invariably, he officiated in the evening at some chapel in London, while, during the week, he had several services.

His ordination took place on the 22nd of June, 1809, and was held in the chapel of the Rev. John Leifchild at Kensington, being more convenient than his own for the purpose.* The Rev. Joseph Brooksbank, an old friend, who, conjointly with Dr. Collyer, had interested himself in securing Mr. Raffles's admission to Homerton, commenced the services by the reading of the Scriptures and prayer. The introductory discourse was delivered by the Rev. John Humphrys, in the course of which Mr. Searle,

* The account of his ordination, and the extracts which are here given, are taken from the published Services. London, 1809.

the senior officer of the Church, detailed the steps which had been taken to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Rev. William Humphryes, and which had resulted in the invitation to Mr. Raffles, full particulars of which have been given in the preceding chapter. Mr. Searle added :—

"We have reason to adore and admire the goodness of God, in His gracious appearance for us, that, immediately upon the demise of our dear pastor, Mr. Raffles was sent among us, whose ministry very soon appeared to be generally acceptable to the Church and congregation, and in whom all are happily united, and that he directed the Church in the choice of our brother to be our pastor, and inclined his heart to accept the office among us."

Mr. Raffles having also publicly signified his acceptance of the invitation of the Church and congregation to become their minister, then proceeded to answer the questions usually put to candidates for ordination among congregational Dissenters. In reply to the question, "What encouragement he had to hope that he had experienced the special grace of God," he answered,—

"Called on thus publicly to give a reason of the hope that is in me, I would do it with the deepest humility and reverence, although I cannot but be gratified in having an opportunity afforded me of bearing my feeble testimony to the riches of Divine grace, before so large an assembly as this. Soon as reason had dawned within me, the first impressions I remember to have received were of a serious kind. At that time, I was accustomed to attend the chapels in the connexion of the late Rev. John Wesley, and to the public instructions there received, enforced with unwearied and unremitting diligence and care by a pious and tender mother, I cannot express the deep and lasting obligations under which I lie, for neither were the public preaching of the gospel nor the private and affectionate prayers and admonitions of the parent in vain. Often, when in the house of God

I have been melted into tears; even at that early age I delighted in secret prayer, and I well recollect that the interesting parable of the Prodigal Son, whenever I perused it, awakened in my tender mind, feelings and emotions which no language can describe. But although I cannot but look back to these early emotions with pleasure and delight, as introductory to something more decided and permanent, yet do I remember nothing that deserves especial notice here, till I reached the tenth year of my age. About that period a sermon preached by a plain but pious man—the mention of whose name* always awakens within me emotions of the highest veneration and esteem—from Hebrews iv. 16, 'Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need,' was the instrument, in the hands of the Eternal Spirit, of producing within me impressions which have never been erased, and eventually a change, the effects of which you this day behold. On that memorable occasion, the scenes of which are as familiar to my recollection as though they had but yesterday existed, I hastened from the sanctuary home, with a heart breaking with contrition and a conscience bowed down by guilt. The moment I reached it, I fled to my chamber, and there, as I imagined, unnoticed by any human being, falling on my knees, could only utter, 'Lord, save or I perish.' I saw myself a sinner ruined and undone. I beheld Jesus a Saviour, Almighty, ready to deliver, and in resting upon His atoning sacrifice for pardon and acceptance with God, I found comfort and peace. Nor were these emotions the mere offspring of enthusiasm, uncertain and transient, for the change wrought within me was soon visible to all. Jesus became the object of my supreme affection, and the study and practice of His will my ambition and delight. Soon after this I became a

* It seems strange that Mr. Raffles did not mention the name of the Wesleyan minister to whom he here refers. There is no doubt, however, that he alluded to the Rev. John Aikenhead. Two of his letters to Mr. Raffles, when a boy, are still extant, in both of which he signs himself, "Your affectionate father in the Gospel:" and Mr. Raffles, in an entry in one of his diaries, some years later, terms Mr. Aikenhead "his spiritual father."

member of the Methodist Society, and continued so till my removal to Peckham, about three years after, introduced me to the ministry and friendship of the Rev. Dr. (then Mr.) Collyer, who appears before you this day, as the affectionate friend and faithful pastor, by whose private converse and public instructions my mind became more and more enlightened, my acquaintance with the doctrines of revelation more extensive and accurate, and my views, habits, and character, more decided.

"Thus, then, you all, and especially the people among whom I am to labour, behold me, a trophy of Divine grace, a monument of mercy, a brand plucked from the burning. On that foundation and from that source which it already has been, and it ever will be, my delight to recommend to them, do I build all my hopes for eternity and draw all my consolation and joy—the atoning blood and perfect righteousness of the dear Redeemer. Thus, whilst I am humbled, be the riches of His grace extolled, to which I owe all that I possess, and by which I have been preserved till now.'

In answer to the question, "What considerations had induced him to enter upon the work of the ministry," Mr. Raffles replied:—

"The Christian ministry was, from my childhood, the object of my warmest wishes and desires, and the choice of my earlier years was approved and confirmed by the judgment of maturer age. To recite the long train of circumstances and events by which my wishes were accomplished (contrary to my fondest expectations), though it would tend strikingly to illustrate the providence of God, would be tedious here, and rather sketching the history of my life, than giving an answer to your question. So far, Sir, as I am acquainted with my own heart, I think that I can conscientiously declare, that my final choice of the ministry has arisen from the purest principles. A participant, as I humbly hope I am, in the riches of Divine grace, I esteem it the honour and glory of my existence, that I am permitted to consecrate whatever talents or ability for public labour I may possess to the service of Him, who hath 'loved me and given himself for me.' To win souls to

that Saviour, beneath the shadow of whose cross I have sat down in peace, I do, and ever shall, consider as the highest and noblest end of my being; and if, at the great day, but *one* soul shall hail *me* as the instrument of its salvation, whatever may have been the calamities, or however severe may be the trials attending my passage through this world, I shall consider it glorious to have lived; and whilst mine is the satisfaction and joy—the highest, the sublimest of which humanity is capable, the praise shall be ascribed to Him, who not unfrequently works by the most unlikely methods, and displays the sovereignty of His grace in the meanness of the instruments by which its mighty purposes are brought to pass."

Mr. Raffles was then desired to state why he proposed to exercise his ministry among Protestant Dissenters, rather than in the Established Church. He enumerated various reasons, which may be shortly stated thus:—

"He regarded as unscriptural the acknowledgment of any human being, however dignified and exalted, as head of the Church, Jesus Christ, its founder, being its lawful Sovereign, and as such, alone entitled to frame its laws, decree its forms, and receive the homage of its members.

"He regarded the Holy Scriptures as the only standard of faith and rule of conduct, and objected to all human creeds.

"He held as sacred the right of private judgment, especially in matters of religion.

"He considered the union of Church and State as opposed to the genius and spirit of the Gospel.

"He objected to forms and ceremonies, and held that plainness and simplicity in worship was the glory of the Gospel Church.

"He objected to the mode of Church government, and especially to the system of patronage.

"And lastly, he declared that he could never bring himself to subscribe and swear, *ex animo*, to his belief in a form which he could not but consider as, in many parts, incorrect, and, in some,

containing errors too glaring not to be evident to all who would pause to reflect, and of a nature too serious and important not to be productive of the worst effects in those who ignorantly believed."

Being then asked what were his purposes, by the help of the Lord, as to fidelity and perseverance in his Christian and ministerial work, he answered:—

"As my strength shall allow and God shall assist, it is my firm resolve in everything faithfully and fully to discharge the arduous duties of the sacred office to which I am this day solemnly ordained:—to be diligent in my private studies and unwearied in my public labours; frequenting with mingled fidelity and tenderness the beds of sickness and of death:—by pastoral and friendly visits, ascertaining the state and circumstances of my flock, that, when gathered in the sanctuary, I may be the better able to distribute to each a portion in due season. Especially shall the young be the objects of my most earnest and affectionate regard, whilst it is also my endeavour so to conduct myself in all the walks of life, as well in private as in public, as that the aged and experienced shall have no just cause to despise my youth. Whatever acquirements I may make by reading, by observation, or by study; whatever energies or talents I may possess, it is my desire, cheerfully and without reserve, to lay them at the feet of Jesus, esteeming them only as they may be rendered tributary to my usefulness in His cause. Thus would I live wholly devoted to the service of my Master, and thus honourably engaged may I be found when summoned by death from this scene of exertion and toil, to give an account of my stewardship at the tribunal of heaven. Pray for me, that I may be enabled to finish with joy the ministry I now receive, and find mercy of the Lord at that day."

He was then asked for an outline of his religious faith, and to state what he intended to make the chief subjects

of his ministrations. He replied at considerable length. It may be sufficient to say that his answer comprised the expression of his belief in the Supreme Being pervading, sustaining and controlling the universe, whose existence is to be gathered from the works of His hand around us, but is mainly made known in the revelation which, by the lips and in the writings of holy and inspired men, has been, through His mercy, given to the world in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments; in the doctrine of the Trinity; in the creation of man in the image of God, and in his subsequent fall, and consequently corrupt state by nature; in the perfect obedience and sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, the second person in the adorable Trinity, who shed His blood to atone for the sin of man, which atonement God the Father did graciously accept, as signified by our Lord's resurrection from the grave and ascension up to heaven, where He sits as our gracious Mediator; in the doctrine of election, the regeneration of man by the influence of the Holy Spirit, and the final perseverance of the saints; in the responsibility of man, notwithstanding the decrees of God; that a Church is composed of a number of believers united in the faith and order of the Gospel, comprising only two classes of officers, bishops or pastors, and deacons, the former to oversee the spiritual, the latter to manage the temporal affairs of the Church; that in the Church there are two standing ordinances, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, the former to be administered to all who profess faith in Christ and their offspring, the latter to be received by all who profess love to the Redeeemer

in commemoration of His love to them; and, finally, in the immortality of the soul; in a future state of rewards and punishments, in the general resurrection and the final judgment, and in the eternal bliss of the righteous and misery of the wicked.

The ordination prayer, accompanied by the imposition of hands, was offered up by the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith, and the charge to the young minister was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Collyer, from Acts xx. 28, last clause, "Feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." In one of the earlier passages he says:—

"The circumstances under which I am addressing you, my brother and friend, are not without interest. We have long known and loved each other; we have shared our pleasures and anxieties mutually and for some years; we have formed as clear conceptions, and obtained as perfect a knowledge of each other's character as it is possible to possess in the present state. In whatever points this charge may be deficient, I am sure it will not be in affection."

The whole discourse is characterised by the mingled fidelity and affection of the sincere friend, and is full of the most judicious advice. It is impossible to read it without feeling, that he to whom it was addressed strove to realise, in his future career, the ideal of the Christian minister pourtrayed by Dr. Collyer in his charge to his friend, and held up for his imitation.

The services were concluded by a sermon to the people from the Rev. Dr. Winter, who had himself, for twelve years previous to the incumbency of Mr. Humphryes, been minister at Hammersmith Chapel. His old interest

in the scene of his former labours had not unnaturally prompted him, as already stated, on the death of Mr. Humphryes, to open a communication with Mr. Raffles in regard to the vacant pulpit.

Mr. Raffles had now fairly entered on his ministerial and pastoral duties. Only a leaf of his diary during the first nine months of 1809 can be found, but if he continued to keep up his preaching engagements at the rate indicated by the facts recorded on that leaf, he was, as a settled minister, equally as when a student, most abundant in his labours. On the Sunday following his ordination, he preached in his own chapel for the London Missionary Society, and on the first Sunday in July, for the first time, administered the sacrament to his own people, whilst he still continued to occupy some pulpit in London in the evening, and undertook, in addition, various week-day services.

But in other respects he was not idle. He began now to form the nucleus of the valuable library, which, after many years, he accumulated, and which was especially rich in old and curious theological books. His fondness for antiquarian literature was maintained throughout his life. He delighted in poring over an old book-stall, and was familiar with every place in London, where there was a chance that anything curious might be met with, and occasionally his perseverance was rewarded. He acquired a very considerable knowledge of books, and could talk learnedly about rare and curious editions. Topography was always a favourite branch of study, and he was in the habit of collecting materials for history, some of which have already appeared in the works of

others,* at whose disposal he placed them, and some still remain in manuscript.† The classical authors were not forgotten, and occasionally served to wile away a vacant hour. In proof of this, there remain some elegant translations into English verse, made about this date from the odes of his favourite Horace, some of which were afterwards published in a book entitled "Poems by Three Friends." He often referred, in after life, to this period of his history with much pleasure; and, though he never entertained a doubt that he had done right in removing to a more active sphere of ministerial duty in Liverpool, he might well be permitted, amidst the cares and trials of his responsible position there, occasionally to cast back a lingering sigh over the recollections of his tranquil life at Hammersmith.

In the month of October he took a short holiday, and went with his mother into Norfolk, where her relatives resided, spending one day at Cambridge on the way. As may be supposed, he was highly gratified by his visit to this famous seat of learning, and especially was he charmed with the University library. The "Codex Bezæ" is particularly named in his diary. He remarks, with the zest of a genuine lover of books, "I was pleased to observe the high state of preservation in which it appears, and to behold it wrapped in the same leathern cover, and dressed in the same binding as that in which it was

* See Baines's "History of Lancashire."

† Some of these MSS. are now in the hands of the Rev. Dr. Halley, and the editor learns, with much pleasure, that he has undertaken to prepare a History of Nonconformity in Lancashire.

presented by its illustrious donor to the University 200 years ago." He was not idle on the Sunday, as appears from his diary :—

"Sunday, Oct. 10. Preached at Burnham Market, morning and afternoon; congregation remarkably thin, but very attentive. I was conveyed to a village called Docking, about six miles from Burnham, where I preached in the evening to a crowd of people, many of whom, perhaps, had never heard the Gospel until then. The throng was very great, and many could not get near the door, yet they were very attentive and decent in their behaviour, and we had no interruption except that, now and then, a bumpkin pressing to the door, as to a puppet-show, cried, "Let me zee; I wool zee." After preaching, I was conveyed about three miles further, where, beneath the roof of a comfortable farmhouse, I was kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained."

During the week, he visited, among other places, Houghton, once the princely seat of Sir Robert Walpole, now the property of the Cholmondeley family, and Holkham, then the residence of Mr. Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester, and returned for the Sunday to Burnham, where he preached twice, and again at Docking, in the evening, to the country "bumpkins," when "the crowd was greater and more disorderly than the night before."

In the summer of 1810 he paid his first visit to Bristol, a place with which he ever after maintained very friendly relations. Writing to his father, he says, in a letter dated, "Tabernacle House, Bristol, July 15th" :—

"Yesterday, I commenced my ministerial labours here. In the morning, at half-past seven, I preached to about 700 people, who listened with the deepest attention. After breakfast, a horse

was brought me and I rode to Kingswood, which is about three miles distant, and preached morning and afternoon to about 900 or 1,000 poor colliers and their wives and children. What an interesting spectacle it was! How would it have delighted you to have seen these poor creatures, once scarcely humanised, now decent in their appearance, filling the house of God and eagerly catching one's words as they fell! When I reminded them of former times, and told them of Whitfield and Wesley, who first brought the Gospel to their dark corner of the earth, I thought they would hardly have contained their feelings. They have got a Sunday-school amongst them of upwards of 200 children. I dined in one of the cottages with their teacher, and gave them an address after dinner. After preaching in the afternoon, I rode to Bristol. Matthew Wilks preached at 'Tab.'* in the evening, and, as he was very unwell, I prayed for him before sermon. I am to preach at 'Tab.' to-night and on Friday night, and I am going to preach somewhere to-morrow night, but I can hardly tell where—the people are to conduct me; I believe it is somewhere near the new passage."

Mr. Raffles occupied the Tabernacle pulpit for four Sundays, and, during one of the weekly intervals, availed himself of the opportunity to make an excursion into Wales, of which he says in his diary:—

"Spent the whole of the following week in Wales, travelling sometimes on horseback, sometimes in the mail, and sometimes on foot, as far as Aberystwith, a watering-place situated in the centre of Cardigan bay. Met my friend Collyer at Aberystwith; saw the mighty Plynlymmon visited the wild and romantic grounds of Hafod, and dined within sight of the sublime and awful scenery of the Devil's Bridge."

The following are extracts from his diary on his return to Bristol after his week's holiday:—

* A contraction for Tabernacle.

"29th. (Sunday). Morning, at half-past seven, preached in the Tabernacle, Bristol; after breakfast rode to Kingswood; preached in the morning and administered the sacrament, and preached again in the afternoon.

"30th. (Monday night). Preached at the Tab., Bristol.

"31st. (Tuesday evening). Met the society in the vestry, admitted two members.

"1st August. (Wednesday). Preached in the Tab.

"5th. (Sunday morning). Preached and administered the sacrament. 500 communicants. Afternoon, preached at Castle Green for Mr. Thorpe, and in the evening, preached again at the Tabernacle.

"6th. (Monday evening). Took my leave at Bristol."

These extracts from his diary will suffice to show that he was no idler in the work to which he had devoted himself. Eleven services in eight days! In the month of August, he preached, in London, one of a series of sermons to the Jews, which was subsequently printed by request. Of this production he says, in the last article of his autobiographical recollections, written within four or five months of his death :—

"My first publication was what was called, in that day, a 'Demonstration sermon,' one of a series preached to the Jews, the object of which was to demonstrate the Messiahship of Jesus of Nazareth. The course was instituted by the Society for the Propagation of Christianity among the Jews. That Society flourished more than half a century ago. It was catholic in its spirit and principle, being composed alike of Churchmen and Dissenters. It certainly was useful in awakening the attention of the religious world to the condition of the Jews, and exciting a sympathy unknown before in behalf of that interesting people. But the Society was reckless in its expenditure, and became involved in debt to a large amount, but was freed by the munificence of a private gentleman, on condition that the Dissenters

were cast off, and it became therefore a Church of England association exclusively. My sermon was preached in what was then known as the French Church, Spitalfields. It was built by the French refugees, who fled from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and, bringing the silk-trade with them, settled in Spitalfields, giving employment to the people around them and becoming, many of them, wealthy. I look back upon that service, on many accounts, with considerable pleasure, at this day. Within a stone's-throw of that church I first drew the breath of heaven, and my voice, when preaching, had there been no obstruction, might have been heard in the room in which I was born. In the parsonage-house of that church I learned French. It is a noble edifice, capable of accommodating from two to three thousand people. On the occasion now referred to, it was crowded in every part, and to the then juvenile preacher presented one of the most impressive scenes it was ever his lot to witness. That sermon was my maiden publication. It sold rapidly, and was well spoken of by the critics of the day. It passed through two editions, and might have had a still further sale, had I been disposed to put a third edition to the press. The church has long since passed into the hands of the Wesleyan Methodists."

Among the places in London where Mr. Raffles was in the habit of preaching occasionally, was Salters' Hall, in the city, and, in the course of this summer, an effort was made to secure his permanent services, as morning preacher, on every Sunday save the first, when the stated minister officiated. In answer to the request laid before him by a deputation appointed for the purpose, he sent the following reply :—

"Hammersmith, Aug. 31, 1810.

"Gentlemen,—It would have been injustice both to you and to myself had I not given the proposal, which the Society at Salters' Hall, by your medium, conveyed to me, the most deep and deliberate attention. That my decision upon a point assured of

involving in it, at the present early period of my ministerial labours, the most serious consequences, might not be the offspring of inconsideration or rashness, I solicited, at your hands, the length of time for deliberation which you most generously afforded me, but the expiration of which renders my present communication necessary.

"From the most mature reflection upon the subject, which you may well suppose has not ceased to occupy my mind, since it first demanded my regard, I have come to a resolution not to accept of the invitation with which the very respectable society at Salters' Hall has been pleased to honour me, since I find that, in order to fill the pulpit as morning preacher there, I must resign my pastoral charge at Hammersmith, where I have an affectionate people, whom I highly esteem and whom I cannot consent to leave; for I feel a conviction that the duties of the two situations, so distant from each other and both of them so important, will be too much for one individual faithfully and conscientiously to discharge. At the same time, suffer me, gentlemen, by your hands, to convey to the Society at Salters' Hall the very deep and grateful sense I feel of the high honour they have conferred on me by their very flattering proposal, and my best and warmest wishes, associated with my sincere and fervent prayers, for their truest interests and growing prosperity.

"I am, Gentlemen, with sentiments of unfeigned esteem and respect, your obliged and faithful friend and servant,

"To the Committee of the Salters' Hall Society." "THOMAS RAFFLES.

From this date to the end of the year his diary presents nothing of interest beyond the almost daily records of preaching engagements. There is a somewhat curious entry on—

"Nov. 27th. Preached this morning at Wild Street a sermon in commemoration of the great storm of wind which happened

on the 27th of November, 1703, in memory of which an annual sermon has been preached according to the will of a Mr. William Taylor, once a member of that place, and who providentially was saved from the most imminent peril in that awful catastrophe."

From his correspondence about this date the editor finds that the friendship had already commenced between Mr. Raffles and Mr. M'All, afterwards the Rev. Dr. M'All of Manchester, which the former ever esteemed to be one of the greatest privileges of his long life, and without due mention of which these records would be most imperfect. He never spoke of Dr. M'All but in terms of the warmest attachment, and the affection was mutual. The two men thoroughly understood each other, and esteemed themselves fortunate, when, in after life, they were placed in important positions, in opposite quarters of the same great county, and thus enabled mutually to co-operate, in many ways, for the glory of God and the welfare of their fellow-men. What was the foundation of the friendship the editor knows not, but in the earliest letter of Mr. M'All to Mr. Raffles, the former writes, with all the warmth of his genial disposition, of kindness shown to him by his friend at a time when he needed it, and never to be forgotten. And it never was forgotten. The testimony borne by the Rev. R. W. M'All, now of Leicester, in a recent letter to the editor, fully confirms all that he has said:—"I know your father ever held the very first place of all with my father in the attachment of friendship." And never was friendship more cordially reciprocated.

Chapter IV.

1811.

VISIT TO EDINBURGH—DEATH OF SPENCER—FIRST VISIT TO LIVERPOOL—INVITATION TO NEWINGTON CHAPEL.

THE opening of the year 1811—a year fraught with events of the greatest moment in the personal history of Mr. Raffles—found him pursuing his ordinary round of duties at Hammersmith. Beloved by his people, prospered in his work, happy in the society of his family and friends, he seemed to have all the aspirations with which he had entered on his ministerial career fully realised. During the earlier part of the year, he remained at home, but, in the month of June, we find him in Edinburgh, where he appears to have made himself popular, alike in his public ministrations and in private society. While upon his visit there, one of the officers of his Church writes to him:—

"Whenever you return, you will find no diminution in the people's love and affection towards you: you will return to a people who are stretching out their arms to receive you, and who long for your return, as affectionate children anxiously expect the arrival of a beloved parent, after a longer absence than usual. May the angel of the covenant protect and guide you in your absence, and, whether at home or abroad, may health of body and prosperity in your soul attend you!"

From the same letter it would seem that a scheme had been set on foot for the enlargement of the chapel, which was inconveniently crowded, but its prosecution had been hindered by difficulties in dealing with those who held the adjoining property required for the purpose.

Letters followed him, on his return, from friends in Edinburgh, evidently bent upon removing him, if possible, to Scotland. One friend writes on the 24th August :—

"I can assure you, with all truth, that if your visit was gratifying to you, it was no less so to us. It would afford all of us unfeigned pleasure to see you once more amongst us, and to hear your voice. Your sentiments, your style, your address, were all acceptable to us, and not to us only, but to those of other connexions who attended, and we have good reason to think that your labours have been truly blessed. We have had many such enquiries as these :—Is Mr. Raffles really fixed in England? Is he immoveable? Would he not come down to Scotland? Would an unanimous call, and the importance of this station, and the good he would do, not induce him to come to Edinburgh? In short, it appears you have quite gained our hearts. I hope you will turn the matter seriously in your mind, and let us hear your deliberate sentiments upon it after you have made it matter of prayer."

Another friend thus writes on the 18th September :—

"Your old friends here are often with me, and seldom do we meet and part without mentioning the name of our much-beloved and esteemed Raffles. We have been much edified and impressed with the solid and judicious discourses of Dr. Winter; he is truly a good man and a faithful minister, and I hope his labours here will be crowned with success, and that some persons will have to bless God through eternity that ever he was sent to 'Auld Reekie;' but, notwithstanding the high esteem of the Church for him, I can say, from known experience, you are the

object of their warmer affections, and were it possible for you to be removed to Edinburgh, it would be the happiest day the Church ever enjoyed, besides to many others not yet connected with it. I am, indeed, happy to hear, what I am sure will give joy to your heart, (praise to our Divine Master!) that you have left behind you some who have already been added to the Church, and others who, we hope, will follow, who date their first religious impressions from what they heard from your lips of the truth of the Gospel. Now, my dear Sir, might I be permitted to solicit your serious consideration of this important matter? I do it wholly of myself and in confidence; but I know the mind of the Church, and nothing prevents them giving you a call but the fear of the want of success; but should the Lord turn your heart towards this small Church, I have no doubt but they would increase and flourish in an abundant manner."

But it was not to be. God had, in His providence, otherwise decreed. Before either of the letters, from which extracts have just been given, were written, an event had occurred which was destined to change the whole current of Mr. Raffles's views, and to turn them in a totally new and different direction. On the 5th of August, 1811, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, the youthful and gifted minister of Newington Chapel, Liverpool, was drowned while bathing in the river Mersey. The sad event plunged his attached Church into the deepest grief, a feeling shared, indeed, by the whole community among whom his lot had, for a brief period, been cast, and who had been alike charmed by the eloquence of his pulpit ministrations, and impressed by the fervent piety of the youthful preacher. The melancholy story need not be enlarged upon here. The tale has been well told by him whose life-course the event so powerfully influenced, and it has gone home to the hearts of thousands who

know Spencer only through the medium of the pen of his biographer and successor.

It, at once, became necessary for the bereaved Church to take steps to fill the post so awfully and suddenly made vacant. The circumstances in which they were placed were somewhat startling. The immense popularity of Mr. Spencer had rendered the building of a new and larger chapel imperative. The project was being carried out, the first stone of a building calculated to contain 2,000 people having been laid by Mr. Spencer in the month of April preceding his death. Where was the man to be found who was qualified to meet the exigencies of the case under this new and unanticipated state of things? It was not long before the attention of the people was directed to the youthful minister at Hammersmith. The following entry in his diary is interesting:—

"Aug. 17.—Saturday. This morning I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Hill,* now at Liverpool, of a most important nature, confidentially apprising me of the intention of the people recently bereaved of their pastor by Mr. Spencer's melancholy death, to invite me to supply them, with a view to becoming his successor. I must confess the communication, so unexpected and sudden, for a while confounded me. I laid the letter before God in prayer, and went immediately to town, as the matter brooked no delay, Mr. Hill requesting an immediate answer, to consult with my father on the important affair. He returned with me to Hammersmith. The situation in which I am thus unexpectedly placed is critical indeed. The God who has hitherto conducted me by an unerring hand will, I hope, conduct me with prudence and safety to a determination

* One of his late tutors at Homerton College.

respecting it, honourable to my profession as a Christian minister and useful to the Redeemer's cause."

Mr. Hill's communication was speedily followed by a letter from Mr. Nicholas Hurry, for many years one of the officers of the Church at Great George-street Chapel, Liverpool. After some little delay Mr. Raffles made the following reply :—

"Hammersmith, Sept. 9th, 1811.

"Dear Sir,—Most sincerely do I sympathise with you and your afflicted Church at Liverpool, in the severe and unexpected stroke with which your Heavenly Father has been pleased to visit you. * * * *

"I should have answered your very friendly letter of the 24th of August earlier, but that my peculiar circumstances, just now, compelled me to pause at forming an engagement upon which, indeed, my inclination did not hesitate one moment. Though I have been so lately seven weeks from home, my people sympathise not less than I with you in your distress, so that I shall, I hope, be able to give you three Sabbaths without much difficulty. In order to suit Dr. Winter, whose services will be most acceptable to our people, and who has kindly consented to give us one Sabbath in my absence, I shall, if all's well, be with you by the second Sabbath in November, which will be the 10th day of the month, provided this arrangement should suit your convenience and be agreeable to your wishes, of which I hope you will give me immediate notice, that I may know precisely how to act.

"Deeply as I feel the untimely loss of your amiable friend, I feel strongly mingled emotions in the journey which I now anticipate to you, and the melancholy of which I am persuaded I shall be the subject, on entering your bereaved town, causes me to shrink from the engagement I have formed. Let my visit to you be preceded by your prayers, and be assured that you are not forgotten at a throne of grace by your obliged and faithful humble servant, "THO. RAFFLES.

"N. Hurry, Esq."

In the meanwhile Mr. Raffles continued to discharge his usual ministerial duties, and fulfilled numerous preaching engagements in and near London. In addition he had undertaken to edit a translation of Klopstock's "Messiah," afterwards published in three volumes, which, with his ordinary work, and the attention he had to devote to the tuition of a young Swedish gentleman in the English language—his first and last pupil—gave him ample occupation. Negotiations also were going on relative to the enlargement of his chapel, and there was nothing to indicate that his residence at Hammersmith was drawing to a close. There are no entries in his diary relating to Liverpool, from the date of that already given till his arrival there in November, according to his promise; but rumours were prevalent to such a degree that both he and his congregation were annoyed by them. An extract from his autobiographical recollections will best describe the situation of affairs:—

"No sooner, however, was it noised abroad that I had received an invitation to Liverpool, than the sentiment prevailed and was universally expressed, that I should be invited to succeed the lamented Spencer; that I was the right man to occupy the vacant pulpit, and that, in the event of receiving an unanimous call, I ought to go, and should do so accordingly. But I was foolishly and, I have thought sometimes, sinfully opposed to such a measure. I, indeed, never entertained the idea of receiving such a call, and, even if I should, it was my purpose not to go. So prevalent, however, was the opinion that I should, that it became most annoying both to my people and to myself, insomuch that I felt constrained to contradict the rumour publicly; while, in further confirmation of my purpose to remain, on the morning of my departure for Liverpool, I took a new and

more commodious house, to which I intended to remove on my return. But 'God's ways are not our ways, neither are our thoughts his thoughts.' My ways and thoughts were to remain at Hammersmith; His that I should go to Liverpool."

On Sunday, November 3rd, Mr. Raffles preached twice, and administered the sacrament to his own people, and preached again in the Borough in the evening; and on Monday morning left London on his way to Liverpool in company with his friend and pupil, Mr. Omsted. They travelled, by Oxford, Birmingham and Shrewsbury, into Wales, and on the 6th, he wrote to his sister from Mallwyd, in the heart of the mountains, and in one of the wildest districts in Wales, giving her a glowing account of the scenery, and describing his ascent of Cader Idris in most enthusiastic terms. The travellers reached Liverpool on the 9th. Mr. Raffles closed his letter with a postscript on his arrival:—

"By the good providence of a gracious God, I have just arrived in health and safety from another journey. We crossed that *fatal** river the Mersey with ease in ten minutes.. I have been at Mr. Hurry's. * * * * I am overwhelmed. When I first saw Liverpool, my feelings were beyond description, and when I entered the house of Mr. Hurry, I thought my heart would break. They talked directly of poor Spencer, till I could not contain myself, and turned from them to find relief in a flood of tears. How I shall stand to-morrow, I know not, and yet, God is all-sufficient and I trust in Him. Many will pray for me, and you will not forget me."

When the labours of the day, which he anticipated with so much feeling, were over, he wrote to his father:—

"Sunday night, Nov. 10. As I have the privilege of sending

* In allusion, doubtless, to Mr. Spencer's death by drowning.

this by a friend, who leaves Liverpool for London to-morrow, I cheerfully embrace the opportunity of writing, though late on Sunday night, and I am much fatigued. I have, thank God! enjoyed a glorious day. Never have I felt so much, never have I enjoyed so much. The morning poured with rain, but the congregation was good. I entered the pulpit with trembling knees and a beating heart. I preached from 'All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose,' upon the whole, with much comfort; but this evening the crowd was dreadful—many could not get near the doors. I preached from 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be *anathema maranatha*.' The attention of the people was breathless, the silence awful; and how I preached I can hardly tell, except that the deep attention and animated countenances of the people told me that they felt every sentence that was uttered.

"Monday morning. I was overcome with sleep last night, and could not finish what I had begun, but I am happy to say that, after a good night's rest, I rise this morning much refreshed. I now write to you upon the table which stood in poor Spencer's study, and the drawers of which are still filled with his papers; and this morning I am about to give myself a melancholy indulgence in visiting, first, his lodgings, and then going to the spot where he died. It will be a valuable, though painful, lesson to me, and I hope it will stir me up to more ardent attachment to eternal things, and to a more faithful and diligent discharge of my high and important work. Will you write me, my dear father? I wish to know how my mother is. Give my warmest love to her, and tell her that she may allay her fears; the Mersey is crossed, and I am safe! 'O! bless the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.' A thousand thoughts at this moment occupy my mind; and this seems likely to prove one of the most interesting journeys I ever took. O! may my God keep me, make me humble and useful, and then I cannot but be happy."

In his autobiographical recollections he writes:—

"My first sermon in Newington Chapel was on the morning of the second Sabbath in November, 1811. I do not think it too much to say—though I say it with all humility and yet with perfect confidence—that *that* sermon made me the pastor of the Church at Newington, and fixed my residence at Liverpool. Such was the opinion of everyone there, I believe, without a solitary exception. At any rate, they often told me so."

The following are additional extracts from his diary while at Liverpool :—

"Nov. 17 (Sunday). Preached at Newington Chapel; congregation large; text Coloss. iii. 3. Much comfort! thank God, and trust Him more. Evening. Another Sabbath-day is gone. Bless the Lord, O! my soul! Preached this afternoon at Byrom Street. I should suppose 2,000 people were present, of whom 500 were school children. Preached this evening at Newington. The place was full half-an-hour before the time of beginning. The subject was the Last Judgment. The attention was deep. I preached for nearly an hour, but though the crowd was so great and the heat so intense, I saw no symptom of fatigue or weariness in the people.

"Monday, 18th. Mr. Davies, of Haverfordwest, breakfasted with me at Mr. Hurry's. After breakfast, rode on horseback along the seashore, and round by Walton and Everton home. Dined at Mrs. Hurry's, in Bold Street, with the Lairds and Galbraiths. Spoke at the prayer-meeting in the evening, and supped with a large party at Mr. Bulley's. Too much visiting, too little meditation; no reading, no retirement in this busy Liverpool; and yet, I cannot but feel thankful for the success which seems to crown my public ministry here, and the kind friendship which I am perpetually receiving in private life.

"Tuesday, 19th. Called on Mr. Job and dined. In the course of conversation, he asked me, seriously, my views with respect to a settlement in Liverpool. 'Twas what I distantly anticipated, but what I dare not suffer my mind to reflect upon. O! my God! I need the communication of Thine heavenly

wisdom and strength to perceive clearly and follow promptly where the finger of Thy providence shall point.

"Wednesday, 20th. Made several calls. Rode on horseback with Mr. James Hurry, and dined at his house. In the evening preached at Newington to young people, from 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.' The crowd was great; hundreds could not get in, but the attention was solemn, and the impression great.

"Sunday, 24th. This morning I preached at Newington Chapel, and administered the sacrament to that bereaved Church. It was a solemn season; the place crowded. I preached from 'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' In the afternoon preached for Mr. Charrier at Bethesda, from 'How should man be just with God?' In the evening, preached at Newington again. The crowd was literally dreadful. The streets were lined with people coming away as I went thither, and they told me that three quarters of an hour before the time the place was full. The noise and press at first was distressing, but when I had admonished them and commenced, all was still. I preached from 'He is not a Jew which is one outwardly, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew which is one inwardly, and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit and not of the letter, whose praise is not of men but of God,' to the most deeply attentive audience I ever addressed. Collected, £40 1s. 6d., for the new Congregational school.

"Monday, 25th. Evening. I have just taken my leave of these dear people, for dear they are to me, in spite of myself. I should suppose 500 were at the prayer-meeting. It was truly a melting season. The congregation was one universal sob, when I spoke of my departure and commended them to God in prayer, and my own heart was ready to break. I think I shook hands with them all, and some could only wring the hand I gave them, and burst into tears. O! my God! let Thy name be glorified, and sinners saved, and the unworthy instrument sink!

"Friday, 29th. I arrived safely in Hammersmith this

afternoon. I left Liverpool on Tuesday morning by coach for Manchester; from thence came to Leicester on Wednesday morning. I spent the morning with Robert Hall, in his study. In the evening I preached at Mr. Mitchell's, and collected for the Congregational school. Mr. Hall came and spent the evening with me at Mr. Nunneley's, where I slept. On Thursday, about eleven, left for Northampton, and preached there in the evening for Mr. Blundell, jun., the Baptist minister, in the meeting-house that was once the famous John Ryland's; arrived in town this evening in time to take tea with my deacons and attend the Church-meeting. O! how much have I to be thankful for on a review of this journey! The kindness of friends, the success of my ministry, the comfort in preaching, the protection in travelling, are all loud calls for gratitude and praise."

He writes:—

"Saturday, Dec. 7th. This has been a most fatiguing week, but one most eventful and important to me. Several interesting and affectionate communications from Liverpool, and on Thursday, an unanimous call from the Church and congregation to be their pastor. O! my God! now, indeed, I need the faith I have so often preached to others, to trust Thy wisdom in this most critical state of my affairs. Suffer me not to disgrace myself, the ministry, or Thy cause. May I act with prudence and discretion, and consult rather Thy glory and the interests of Christ's Church than my own connexions, inclinations, or ease!"

The original document, containing the invitation of the Church and congregation, with all the signatures attached, now lies before the editor. It is as follows:—

"The Church of Christ assembling at Newington Chapel, Liverpool, to the Rev. Thomas Raffles.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—The solemn impression made upon our own minds, and the great pleasure expressed by the crowds who

came to hear the Word of Life while we enjoyed your labours, with the strong recommendation of several pious and intelligent friends, induced our deacons to assemble a special meeting of the Church members, on Friday last, to ascertain their sentiments respecting a successor to our late worthy and beloved pastor. We had a very full meeting, and, after praying to the great Head of the Church for direction and counsel, the attention of every individual was fixed upon the Rev. Thomas Raffles, as being well qualified to fill this important station. After numerous enquiries were made respecting your engagement with the Church at Hammersmith, and comparing the contracted sphere of usefulness there with that which presents itself at Liverpool —where there are above one hundred thousand inhabitants, a chapel, nearly finished, which will contain above 2,000 hearers, and every prospect of its being full under your ministry—with one unanimous voice the Church concluded they should act consistently in earnestly entreating that you would become their pastor. Ever since the death of our much-lamented Spencer, we trust we have been looking to the great Disposer of events for His blessing in the momentous business of choosing a successor, and we would humbly consider it as an answer to our prayers, that there was not one dissenting voice. We, therefore, with much affection, beseech you to take upon yourself the pastoral charge over us, and it will be our happiness to receive you with Christian affection, and to esteem you very highly in love for your works' sake.

"We propose to give you £300 per annum for your support, with the prospect of an increase, and, by our conduct to our minister, to prove that we remember him who has the rule over us in the Lord.

"The great spirit of hearing and the solemn attention which pervade this large town, and which were so eminently displayed while you were here, are a loud call for us to exert ourselves to have a stated pastor as soon as possible, and we look, with anxious expectation, to your coming amongst us.

"Our earnest prayer shall be, that you may be guided by the great Head of the Church in this important affair, and, hoping

soon to hear that you have determined to break the bread of life to us, and to be our pastor, we remain,

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"Most affectionately and sincerely yours in the Lord."

[Signed by 60 members of the Church.]

"We, whose names are hereunto affixed, being subscribers, usually attending public worship at Newington Chapel, beg to express our approbation of the annexed invitation, which we hope you will accept; and we shall be ready, on our parts, to endeavour to render your residence amongst us comfortable and agreeable.

[Signed by 88 persons].

"It is with peculiar pleasure we have to announce that the greatest unanimity prevails in the congregation.

"THOS. MERCER,
"RICH. RANKIN, } Deacons."

The situation in which Mr. Raffles now found himself was most painful. Whatever might be his decision he could not fail to do violence to his own feelings. He had gone to Liverpool, as has been seen, with a determination not to leave Hammersmith. Did there appear to have been any doubt of it—and there could scarcely be a doubt after the extract given from his autobiographical recollections—the strongest confirmation is furnished by a letter which his father wrote to him at Liverpool, on the death of his uncle, Captain Benjamin Raffles,* wherein he says, speaking of the efforts which would be made to draw him to Liverpool, "but your determination being already irrevocably fixed to remain at Hammersmith, one steady, firm, and decided answer

* Father of Sir Stamford Raffles.

will relieve you at once from the fierce assault, and render your mind more tranquil afterwards; but, my dear Tom, I say thus much, on the presumption that your original resolution to continue at Hammersmith remains unshaken." The old gentleman might well put in the saving clause, when he pondered over the glowing accounts which must have reached him, ere he wrote, of his son's popularity at Liverpool.

Let us hear what were his own recollections in old age of this crisis in his history:—

"In due time, I received the unanimous and earnest call of the Church, accompanied by a document from the congregation, expressing their cordial concurrence in it. To these were added many private letters from the heads of families and others, urging my favourable consideration of the matter.

"And, now, what was to be done? I had no desire to leave the neighbourhood of London; on the contrary, everything conspired to meet my wishes and to keep me there. The chapel in which I preached at Hammersmith was, indeed, small, but the Church and congregation were most select, and remarkable for piety and unanimity, intelligence and wealth, including some gentlemen of high standing and great excellence. And then, my services at Hammersmith were on the morning and afternoon of the Sabbath only, so that I usually preached in London, or in some place in the immediate neighbourhood in the evening, either on behalf of some public institution, or at some evening lecture, as the Sunday evening services were then usually termed. In all respects, and in all departments, I had great encouragement in my work; I was more than contented, I was thankful and happy, and could not contemplate a removal without reluctance."

Those who have lived in London — and perhaps only those—can thoroughly enter into the conflict of

feeling which Mr. Raffles now experienced; but the invitation to Liverpool under such peculiar circumstances, could hardly fail, on calm deliberation, to produce the determination which, before the end of the year, forced itself upon Mr. Raffles's mind, as is evident from the following letter to Mr. Rankin, one of the officers of the church :—

"Hammersmith, Dec. 31st, 1811.
"Midnight.

"I write you amid the ruins of the old year, and standing on the threshold of a new period of time. The season is solemn, and well adapted to the frame of my own mind, which has, of late, been rendered peculiarly thoughtful by the momentous subject which has so powerfully solicited its regard. What have been, and still are, my feelings, I am persuaded you often picture to yourself with much friendly sympathy, and many fervent prayers. Change of situation to a minister is a most serious and important circumstance in the history of his life, since, for the most part, it either materially elevates or sinks his character. To ascertain the path of duty too, where each has its claims and arguments, is often a matter of anxious and agonizing search. And then, to leave at once an endeared circle of friends, an affectionate family, and scene of active usefulness and flattering prosperity, for new and arduous scenes of action, requiring peculiar talents, diligence, and care, superior grace and special endowments, is no easy or inconsiderable subject of deliberation or decision. Such you know, my dear friend, has been my case. When I look at Liverpool—and there is not an hour in the day in which it is not before me—see its affectionate church, its vast population, its large chapel, its bereaved state, I feel all its claims, and its condition of deep necessity overwhelms me. But when I look at myself, and see how little mental endowment I have to answer such claims and meet such necessities, I am often depressed at the prospect, and am ready to retire from the contemplation of it in despair. But then again, the scenes I witnessed whilst among you, your unanimous call, the general sentiment of the people

of God that I should go, seem to leave me no alternative. Then, my afflicted people at Hammersmith rise before me, and seem by their tears and distress to forbid my departure;—indeed, their feelings are most poignant, which not a little heightens my uneasiness and perplexity. But, in the midst of all, the voice of God, for so I cannot but deem your call, seems to prevail—nay it must finally prevail. And thus, soon, I hope, this distressing state of anxiety will terminate for His glory, and the eminent promotion of the Redeemer's cause. I trust I have that cause more deeply at heart than my own fame, connexions, emolument, or ease; and, in the event of my coming amongst you, with such views and designs, I can leave everything of a subordinate kind to Him. I hope I shall find usefulness in Liverpool as well as in London; friendship, I am persuaded I shall find, and often meet in your affectionate regard and kind solicitude, a solace amid the anxieties that will prey upon a pastor's heart, and the labours that must occupy his hand. Besides that, you must supply the place, in the kind offices of friendship, of those I shall leave 200 miles behind. Let our attachment be formed upon the love and resemblance we bear to Christ, and it must be permanent, disinterested, and warm. I can truly say, that such an attachment I have formed for you, your excellent partner and endeared family circle. Give my most affectionate remembrance to them all, and tell them that their friend Mr. Raffles anticipates with pleasure the day when he shall see them all again. * * * * Still bear me in remembrance, where only I can look with confidence for effectual aid in this most critical and trying hour, and believe me, &c."

To close in the words of his autobiographical recollections:—

"And so, after many conflicts, and many prayers, and multitudes of thoughts within me, balancing the rival claims of Liverpool and London, and earnestly desiring to be conducted to the right decision, I came to Liverpool; a step which, I thank God I can say with truth, I never regretted, and where, by His unfailing help, I continue to this day."

Chapter V.

1812 — 1813.

ANSWERS TO INVITATION TO LIVERPOOL—FAREWELL TO HAMMERSMITH—SETTLEMENT AT LIVERPOOL—OPENING OF GREAT GEORGE STREET CHAPEL—LIFE OF SPENCER—VISITS TO LONDON—LEEDS—YORKSHIRE SCENERY—POEMS BY THREE FRIENDS—VISIT TO BRISTOL—ILLNESS.

THE answers of Mr. Raffles to the Church and congregation at Newington were despatched early in January. They were in the following terms :—

"To the Church of Christ assembling at Newington Chapel, Liverpool.

"Beloved brethren,—Your important communication of the 3rd of December last has been the subject of anxious consideration and fervent prayer, ever since it came to my hands. I feel, most sensibly, the high honour you have conferred on me, in your unanimous election of myself to fill the vacant office of your late amiable and deservedly beloved pastor ; but I am ready to shrink from the arduous charge, the solemn responsibility, the varied labours, which the enjoyment of that distinguished honour must involve. The scenes I witnessed and the emotions I felt, during the short period in which I had the pleasure to minister amongst you, often overwhelmed me with astonishment and joy, and I preached at Liverpool under the impression of new and strange feelings. Since that time Liverpool has ever been present to my view : every circumstance in the procedure

of this momentous business; every reflection on the hours I spent in public and in private whilst with you; every interview with pious and intelligent friends since my return; and every communication with which I have been favoured from individual members of your respected society, has tended to heighten my conceptions of its vast importance, and to add force and argument to your solemn call. So that, when I consider the narrowness of my present sphere of action in Hammersmith, the injury my health is likely to sustain by the multiplied engagements of the metropolis, the important and critical situation in which, as a Church, you are at present placed, the sphere of extensive usefulness which promises to unfold itself before me in Liverpool, the wonderful success which attended the ministry of your late most excellent pastor, and your pleasing unanimity in the choice of me, I can no longer regard the communication as from you alone, but as the voice of God. And, with such an impression resting with sacred awe upon the mind, I bow to the evident intimations of Jehovah's will, and in His great and revered name, in calm reliance on His grace for aid, I most cordially accept the office which you unanimously tender me, and consent to take upon myself the pastoral charge over you in the Lord. This determination, my beloved brethren, is not the resolution of an hour, but the sober and dispassionate result of a long series of close investigation and anxious thought. My own harmonious and affectionate Church at Hammersmith, the important dissolution of a pleasing connection with them which must first take place; the new and untried scenes into which I am about to enter; my endeared family and early connections in London, and my widely extended circles of usefulness in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, were so many monitors, calling upon me to pause and ponder the solemn step I meditated. I have done so, and, during the period in which my mind was held in painful suspense, I had the opportunity of ascertaining that the concurrent sentiment of the Church of Christ, the views of the most judicious and enlightened of my friends, the convictions of intelligent and thoughtful individuals in the bosom of my own Church, the workings of my own mind, and the perpetually disclosing inti-

mations of Providence, were all in favour of your united wish. An accumulation of evidence so vast and complicated, attended through all the stages of its increase by unremitting prayer to the Father of Lights for the guidance of His gracious Spirit, has at length fixed my mind in the resolution, which, with the tranquil satisfaction of a spirit relieved of its distressing burden, and resting on the assurance that it obeys the will of God, I cheerfully communicate to you.

"But arduous is the work that lies before me, and I cry, 'who is sufficient for these things?' I enter into the labours of one, eminently qualified for the station that he filled, crowned with extraordinary success, and early called to his reward. That solemn state, into which he has already entered, I too anticipate. In prospect of the scenes which there shall be disclosed, cease not, my beloved brethren, to pray for me, that *I* may be found faithful unto death; whilst it will be the most fervent desire, the fondest wish of my heart, that you, as a Church adorned with grace and enlarged in numbers, may prove a source of triumph to the dear Redeemer and of joy to me in the great and final day.

"And now, my beloved brethren, to the guardianship and paternal care of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, to the tender solicitude of the great High Priest of our profession, and to the sanctifying influences of the Eternal Spirit, the Comforter, I solemnly and affectionately commend you, whilst I remain,

"Your faithful and devoted friend and servant, for Jesus' sake,

"Hammersmith, Jan. 11, 1812. "THOMAS RAFFLES."

"P.S. That nothing may remain uncertain in our future arrangements, allow me to say that, in becoming your pastor, I consider my public duties to be—preaching, morning and evening, on the Sabbath-day, once during the week, besides prayer-meetings and other pastoral engagements. The pulpit, I regard as my own, having, with affectionate deference to the opinions of others, the privilege of opening it to such only as may appear suitable persons to fill that important station. I

must also express my desire of six weeks' yearly absence from public duties in Liverpool, for the necessary purposes of change of scene, relaxation, and intercourse with distant friends. With respect to the precise period of my final settlement with you, so complicated are my circumstances of engagement here, that I can hardly now determine. It will be some months first, anxious as I shall be to shorten the period. It is my intention, however, to be with you in February, and as often as your occasions may require, for from this hour I am devoted to you. "T. R."

"To the Congregation assembling at Newington Chapel, Liverpool.

"My much respected friends, — Having conveyed to the Church my cheerful acceptance of their unanimous call to the pastoral office, of which you have so handsomely expressed your approbation, it behoves me to communicate to you my grateful thanks for your kind expression of esteem, and my fervent prayer, that my sentiments of gratitude and devotedness to your eternal interests may ever bear some happy proportion to your generous friendship and affectionate attentions, imploring most earnestly a perpetual blessing upon the temple you are unitedly erecting to the God of Abraham, and fondly anticipating, through His kind permission, many days of mutual enjoyment there.

"I am, my respected friends, yours, affectionately and constantly, to serve in the Gospel of His Son,

"Hammersmith, Jan. 11th, 1812. "THOS. RAFFLES."

At the same time, Mr. Raffles addressed an affectionate letter to his Church and congregation at Hammersmith, detailing at some length the reasons which had led him to accept the invitation to Liverpool, and announcing the resignation of his ministerial office among them, after the first Sunday in April. It is unnecessary to repeat these reasons, as they have been already sufficiently detailed.

One fact, however, is mentioned, which is new to the editor himself, never having heard his father allude to it, and not finding it recorded elsewhere, in any of his papers. He says:—"Four years ago I rejected a most pressing invitation to go to Liverpool, and there commence my stated ministry." This must have been while he was a student at Homerton, and before he began to keep a diary, or there would certainly have been some reference to it. It seems strange that it was not mentioned during the negotiations which led to his removal, as the repetition of the invitation might not unreasonably be supposed to be one circumstance likely to influence him in coming to a conclusion that it was the will of God he should settle in Liverpool.

Previous to his departure on his visit to Liverpool in February, according to the promise made in the document just given at length, he preached his farewell sermon to the people at Hammersmith from Acts xx. 31—32. "Therefore watch and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears. And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

In the introductory part of the sermon, he thus bears testimony, honourable alike to the people and to himself, to the happy circumstances which had characterised his ministry at Hammersmith:—

"I deem it justice, however, to my people and to myself, to say, lest strangers to the circumstances of the case should be misled in their opinions by the vague and incorrect reports

which often circulate more freely than the truth, that the pastor of this Church and minister of this congregation resigns his office, not from the existence of any of those causes whence, in general, it is considered there arises a necessity on the part of the minister to retire, but from a sense of duty, involved in what, after the most mature deliberation, counsel, and prayer, he conceives to be the solemn and imperious voice of God. Happy is the preacher to seize the present opportunity—the most suitable that has yet occurred in the course of his ministry, and which he the more eagerly embraces, as such an one may never occur to him again—of gratifying his own feelings in bearing an honourable testimony, not more the dictate of affection than of truth, to the harmony, piety, affection, and liberality of this Church and congregation—a testimony the unaffected sincerity of which, my much respected friends, at the expense of whose delicate feelings upon this point it is made, will, I trust, forgive, but which I consider myself both qualified by experience and called on by gratitude to give."

Early in the same week, Mr. Raffles went down to Liverpool and preached for several Sundays to crowded congregations; and he records, with expressions of thankfulness to God, that he "found many coming forward to join the Church." On the 17th of February he writes to his father:—

"We arrived in Liverpool at noon, where we found many smiling faces waiting with joy to welcome us home. After dinner I went down to the new chapel. It goes on delightfully and is, without exception, the most beautiful place I ever saw. O! that God may enable me to do it honour by a faithful ministry! Such a place, filled with attentive hearers, would be sight enough to call into action an angel's powers. Alas! how feeble are mine; pray for me, for I need your prayers. Yesterday was a day much to be remembered. The chapel has not been so full of late, but it overflowed then. At night

the crowd was excessive and the heat intolerable * * * I preached from 'For I am determined not to know anything among you but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' I felt my subject, and the people felt it too. It is my earnest prayer to God that I may be elated with the happy circumstances in which I am placed, and yet that I may not be; there is much of anxiety mingling with it all. * * * * O! my dear father, I never felt the importance of real religion as I feel it here, and never did my bosom glow with such an ardent zeal for the conversion of souls to Christ. May I but be made the honoured instrument of accomplishing this grand design, and I am content to be, to do, or to suffer anything He may appoint."

On the 24th of the same month he writes to his sister:—

"It will delight you all to hear that I had a good day yesterday, such an one as I think I have rarely enjoyed. In the morning, to a crowded congregation, I preached from 'For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.' In the afternoon, I preached for Mr. Stewart, a Scotchman, and a most amiable man, and in the evening the chapel overflowed. I had the little vestry, out of which a door opens into the pulpit, filled with people; the press was excessive, and hundreds went away. Yet all was seriousness and silence after the worship had begun, except once, when the crowding at the door and the eagerness to get in caused a temporary tumult. * * * * Everything here is life and animation. O! that my own soul may be life and animation too, and not elevated above measure, but humble and dependent. I feel more and more my insufficiency for this great work. I dread, but long for, the opening of the new chapel. Dr. Collyer and Rowland Hill are to be invited on that occasion, and my setting apart will then also take place. Pray for me, for the kingdom does not present a more important or arduous situation than this. The people are most affectionate; I am perpetually

amongst them, a circumstance which, at present, is absolutely necessary; but which will not do for a continuance. They pay me every kind attention, and I already feel myself at home."

On the 5th of March he writes again to his father:—

"All goes on nobly here. They are working away at the new chapel, and it is in a state of great forwardness. They work with spirit, for the necessity of it is more and more demonstrated every day. Last Sunday night, again the chapel was crowded, and hundreds went away who could not get within the doors. * * * * All seems unity, zeal, and love. I am more and more attached to these dear people every day. * * * * I have not been able to do anything worth mentioning in the memoirs of poor Spencer. Poor fellow! his name and mine stand together this month on the cover of the 'Evangelical Magazine;' and his name and mine seem destined to go down together, so far as they shall survive, in the stream of time! O! that his fervent, pious spirit may be mine, his delicate sense of holiness, and his exemplary devotedness to God! Alas! without them I shall be but ill qualified to succeed one so eminent in them all. I feel daily and hourly the want of them. Here, especially, I need them to guide, to support, to animate my mind, for sometimes I really am ready to sink, and almost despair. Every eye is upon me here. * * * * A mighty work, under God, seems all suddenly devolved on me. Yet, if my Master is with me, all will be well."

Mr. Raffles returned to Hammersmith towards the middle of March, to make the final arrangements for his change of residence. On his way northward again in April, he went into Norfolk to visit his mother's relatives in that county, and wrote from thence to his friend Mr. Brown, evidently under the influence of the depressing feelings which had been excited by his departure from his old home and many dear friends:—

"Many thanks, my dear friend, for your very kind and affectionate letter, the receipt of which, till now, I have not been able to seize one moment to acknowledge, and these moments which I cheerfully devote to friendship are stolen from the hours of rest at past midnight, after a journey of 80 miles. To call upon you before I left town, I found utterly impossible, so completely occupied was every minute of my time in packing up, making necessary arrangements, and taking leave of my people at Hammersmith. It has been, indeed, to me a most trying period, and my mind has hardly yet attained that tranquillity which I fondly anticipate when the severe impressions of a long, perhaps a final, separation from those I most love on earth are subsided. You, my dear Brown, can sympathise with me, for you know what the separation from parents is; and indeed the close of your letter is in a style of chastened melancholy most strikingly adapted to the circumstances in which I am at this moment placed, and the feelings which are at present predominant in my mind. I have left behind me the scenes of my childhood, of my earliest associations, of my dearest connexions, and, to *you* I may say, of my increasing fame, for a new and untried sphere of action, a distant spot, and the bosom of strangers. And though, at the crisis itself, the mind may be urged by a sense of duty to a heroism equal to the task, yet, when 'tis done, there are hours of melancholy reflection and of gloomy foreboding, when the spirit sinks at the recollection of departed joys, or sickens in the prospect of future trial. But let us not yield to the influence of undue sorrow. We have a Father and a Friend in heaven, by whom the bounds of our habitation are wisely fixed, and the circumstances of our present lot most benevolently ordered. O! that it may be our happiness ever to repose in Him our highest confidence, and to seek in Him, through a gracious Mediator, our supreme good, our only source of consolation and of hope!

"I most sincerely feel for your present state of indisposition, and most earnestly recommend to you that relaxation and calm retirement, under the genial influence of which the powers of the exhausted frame may yet revive, and your days be happy and long. My heart is as warm as ever, and I feel it, at this moment,

to be your own, and I know of nothing that will yield me a higher satisfaction than to hear of the reinstated health and rising eminence of one whom, from a boy, I have ever loved. Deny me not that pleasure; let me often hear from you, and if I am not so punctual in my replies as friendship may demand, think of the pressure of business that will unavoidably be upon my hands, exercise forbearance, and be ready to forgive."

Mr. Raffles reached Liverpool about the middle of April, and his diary for this year—up to that date a blank—contains the following entry:—

"April 19. (Sunday). Commenced my stated labours at Newington. Preached in the morning from Hebrews xii. 1, 2, and in the evening from John i. 13, and in the afternoon at the penitentiary."

He found himself immediately involved in a constant round of preaching engagements, during the week, in Lancashire and the adjoining counties. He was ready then, as ever, while health and strength lasted, to help his ministerial brethren, and he always considered himself amply repaid for any little service he might be able to render them, by the affection and, in later years, the veneration with which they regarded him. He, at once, gained, and he never lost their esteem.

At the time of Mr. Raffles's settlement in Liverpool, the state of religion was very different from what it subsequently became in the course of a few years. Owing to the want of evangelical preaching in the pulpits of the Established Church, many persons, avowedly holding Church principles, were in the habit of attending the ministry of Mr. Raffles. Amongst them were members of the families of Gladstone, Bickersteth, and others, who eventually migrated to St. Andrew's

Church, in Renshaw Street. This church was built by Mr., afterwards Sir John Gladstone; and its first incumbent was the Rev. John Jones, now the venerable and respected Archdeacon of Liverpool, who, for many years, attracted a large congregation of those whose sentiments had, up to that period, been almost unrepresented in the pulpits of the Establishment. There were, however, many Churchmen in Liverpool—and some survive to this day—who gratefully acknowledge the debt which they owe to the faithful ministry of Mr. Raffles, within the walls of Great George Street Chapel.

On the 27th of May, the new Chapel was opened, when sermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. William Jay, of Bath, and in the evening by the Rev. Dr. Collyer, of London. On the following day, Mr. Raffles was inducted into the office of minister of the Church and congregation thenceforth to worship there, upon which occasion his old friend, Dr. Collyer, again preached.

Mr. Raffles wrote to his father on the 29th of May:—

"I just seize a few moments from rest, to write by Collyer. He has charmed us all here, and this has been a week which will not easily be forgotten in Liverpool. On Wednesday morning Mr. Jay preached an admirable sermon, from 'They shall prosper that love Thee.' The congregation was noble,—about 2,000 persons. In the evening Dr. Collyer preached from 'God is love.' The place, large as it is, overflowed, and many went away who could not gain admittance. * * * * Next morning, as large, if not a larger congregation assembled, when a venerable old minister in the county, read passages from Paul to Timothy, and commended me and my people to God, and Dr. Collyer preached a most pathetic, affectionate, and impressive sermon

from 'Finally, brethren, pray for us that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified even as it is with you.' * * * * It is indeed an immense place, but do not be uneasy; all the ministers say that it is a most easy place to speak in. Next Sunday I shall try it. O! that I may be assisted on that trying day! Last Sunday, being the last in the old place, in the morning I preached from 'Ebenezer, hitherto hath the Lord helped us,'—a review of the past; in the evening from 'If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence,'—an anticipation of the future."

The chapel, now called the old chapel, was certainly a fine building internally, and admirably planned for sight and hearing, but its exterior was undoubtedly greatly deficient in point of architectural beauty. Crowded as it was every Sunday, it presented a most striking appearance, and minister and people became alike attached to the place wherein, for twenty-eight years subsequently, they met to worship God.

It is pleasant to read, in a letter from Mr. Yockney, then a student at Homerton (afterwards the Rev. John Yockney, of Islington,) to Mr. Raffles, of the interest excited among his old college friends by Dr. Collyer's account, on his return to London, of his visit to Liverpool. Mr. Yockney writes:—

"The Doctor said he was much pleased at the warm reception he experienced by your friends. He considers the chapel to be one of the most beautiful he ever entered, and he concluded by giving it as his opinion that you were likely to occupy one of the most important spheres of ministerial exertion and usefulness. It will, I doubt not, afford you great satisfaction to know that your brethren in the ministry feel deeply interested in your prosperity, and I have heard them frequently affectionately commend you to the blessing of God."

In addition to his numerous preaching engagements at home and abroad, Mr. Raffles had now undertaken the task of writing the life of his lamented predecessor. He occupied the lodgings which had been previously tenanted by Mr. Spencer, in a house still standing in the Park Road; and he has often been heard to tell, how he took up the pen which Mr. Spencer had mended, just before he left his home on the fatal morning when he went to bathe, and with it wrote his life. Mr. Raffles, however, met with a temporary check in his busy career. Those who only knew him as Dr. Raffles can hardly realise the slender youth of the days of which we are writing. A year later than this, he writes thus of himself:—

"My journey to Bolton was very unpleasant; six fat people (saving and excepting only your humble servant, who cannot class himself with any of a bulk superior to Pharoah's lean kine), crammed in a small coach; conceive how horribly I must have been squeezed. However, the folks were well-tempered and behaved, and as the journey was but short, as it became me, I bore it with philosophic fortitude."

But he was at this time fond of horse exercise, and towards the end of the month of June, he was thrown from his horse and much bruised, and was obliged, reluctantly, to abandon some pending engagements, and lie up for a few days. He thus alludes to the incident in his diary:—

"June 24. I was now confined entirely to the sofa, and though this circumstance was most unseasonable for the peculiar pressure of my affairs, yet I have abundant reason to bless God for it, as amid the confusion attendant on a public life, and the excessive bustle of an entrance on a new and important station, I have had

but little time for that calm reflection and intimate communion with my own heart, so necessary to the prosperity and safety of the soul. This affliction has, however, I trust, introduced me again to an acquaintance with myself and more intimate communion with God."

"June 28, (Sunday.) Being disappointed of Mr. Hamilton, I preached this morning—reached the pulpit with difficulty, and *sat* during the service. Ps. cxix. 71. 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'"

During the week following he alludes in his diary to the formation of a Book Society, of which, for many years, he was a prominent member. Of the members of the Society, not more than one or two survive. It continued, however, to flourish for many years, and among the most pleasant of the editor's early reminiscences is the memory of many most agreeable evenings which, as a visitor, he was privileged to spend with the Amicable Book Society. For some years previous to its dissolution, the secretary of the Society was Mr. William Lassell, the distinguished astronomer, and the members were, for the most part, men of superior intelligence and culture. The relaxation which its social meetings afforded was greatly enjoyed by Mr. Raffles, who was never the last to contribute his share of instruction or amusement for the benefit of the friendly circle. Sometimes involuntarily so; for he had scarcely recovered from his recent accident ere he had a second fall from his horse, but this time, happily, without injury to himself. The Amicable Book Society, however, interposed, and compelled Mr. Raffles, who always acted as the auctioneer of the books which had completed their circulation, to put

up his own unlucky animal for sale, which was accordingly done, and further risks were thus avoided.

In the course of the summer, Mr. Raffles made two excursions into Wales, and extended his journey on the second occasion into Worcestershire, in order that he might visit his uncle, Mr. John Raffles. Here Mr. Raffles met his father, and after spending a few days with their relative, they returned together to Liverpool, where his father remained on a visit for three weeks, greatly gratified, as may be well imagined, to witness the growing prosperity and popularity of his son.

From this time till the end of the year nothing occurred to vary the usual round of preaching engagements. A visit which he paid to Chester, during this period, in order to assist at the establishment of an Auxiliary Bible Society, at the time when his friend and former fellow-student, the Rev. J. N. Goulty, now of Brighton, was staying there, is alluded to in the following affectionate tribute to his memory from the pen of Mr. Goulty, and addressed to the editor :—

"I knew him in adversity and prosperity, in sorrow, and in suffering, and in joy. Happy hours have we spent together, like the two disciples going to Emmaus; and had his wishes and mine been gratified, I had been his near neighbour at Chester, where I was for some weeks in 1812, and where he came to see me, and assisted in the establishment of a Bible Society there—a memorable visit it was too; but it was not to be as we desired, and though we were far apart we were ever one in heart and esteem. I love to think of the past."

Upon the first day of the new year, he makes the following entry in his diary :—

"Jan. 1, 1813. The pages of this book, O God! I consecrate to a faithful record of the dispensations of Thy providence and grace to me, and to the humble memorial of my unworthy labours in Thy cause; to various reflections on the scenes my feet may visit, and to a grateful acknowledgment of the special mercies which I may receive from Thee. To promote self-examination, to cultivate acquaintance with my own heart, to form a habit of observing, receiving, and improving the dealings of Thy hand, I purpose to use this volume; may I ever remember that Thine eye beholds this record of my hand, and that a far more faithful transcript of the scenes, events, and conduct of my life, is preserved against the judgment of the final day.

"This day I desire to dedicate myself to God! to be His and only His, to love Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him. This day I desire to renew my ministerial vows, whilst, with pleasure, adoration, and sincerity, I can record that, after some years' trial of the work of God, I love it more than ever. Daily do I find in it my reward. It is anxious, but it is honourable; it is laborious, but it is full of pleasure. In it I desire to live and die. Oh! that I may be faithful unto death, and finish my course with joy.

"Attended Church-meeting; admitted six members into the Church. One first seriously impressed under my sermon to young people during my first visit to Liverpool. Thanks be to God!"

A few days later, he records the completion of the memoirs of Spencer's life:—

"Jan. 25. This morning I completed the MS. of Spencer's memoirs, which I have had in hand since February last. The task has been laborious but pleasant. I have toiled for benevolence, for friendship, for the public good. To me no emolument whatever will arise from the work. I consecrate its profits to the family of Spencer,* and I am happy in the hope that this book will enable me to contribute considerably to their comfort.

* That is, of the first edition.

I feel a great burden removed from me now, that it is completed. But my anxiety heightens as the day of publication advances. I have written this volume chiefly after midnight, when my public and pastoral duties have demanded the whole of my attention through the day. I can truly say that my object has not been fame but usefulness, and, in order to secure this most important end, I have not shrunk from frankly stating my sentiments on the conduct of ministers, the habits of students, and the inconsistencies of the religious world. For this I am aware that from some quarters I shall have censure, but from others praise; but in no case have I so written as not to enjoy the approbation of my conscience, and, in some happy instances, may I humbly hope, the approval of my God. If, in any instance, in any degree, the volume should be useful, to Him I consecrate the glory."

It is interesting to be able to add his own recollections of his first published volume, written when the shadows of evening were fast closing around himself:—

"The first *volume* I published was the life of Spencer, my lamented predecessor at Liverpool. It was entitled 'Memoirs of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. Thomas Spencer.' It certainly was not with due consideration that I committed myself to that work, and I had not gone far in the prosecution of it, when I began sorely to repent my rashness. And yet, I have abundant cause for thankfulness that I was induced to write and publish that book, for, by the blessing of God, it has been extensively useful, and the means—so I have been told repeatedly—of sending more pious young men, both in this country and in America, into the ministry, than any other book. I published seven editions of it in this country, and might, had I been so disposed, have published more. It has been out of print many years, but is still enquired after. Many editions have appeared in America, of which I have several. The last edition was published in New York, by Dr. Patton, with an introduction from his pen. I have had many very gratifying testimonies to the interest and usefulness of that book. With one incident I was

not a little pleased. An American clergyman told me that he was on a visit at New York at the time when it was first published in that country. On the day of his departure, he told his bookseller to put up for him any new book of interest, and, on reaching home, he found the Life of Spencer. He opened the book the same evening, intending just to dip into it, but sat up the whole night till he had finished the volume. One thing has always astonished me in relation to that book, viz., that no one has ever questioned or impugned the accuracy of the sketch which it gives of Spencer's character; and yet, I did not know him personally, and never was in his company, except on one occasion for about ten minutes; but they who knew him best have told me that, had I been on terms of the most close and intimate friendship with him, I could not have given a more correct delineation. I attribute this very much to the circumstance that, when I found myself fully committed to the work, in order to supply the lack of personal acquaintance, I introduced his name into every company I entered, and set the people talking about him. This they were always ready enough to do, and thus I became as well acquainted with him as though I had been his intimate companion. For the first edition I received £105, which, without any deduction, I presented to the family of Spencer."

The following are a few extracts from his diary of this date:—

"Feb. 9 (Tuesday). At Northwich. Attended the formation of a branch Bible Society. Spoke at the meeting on moving a vote of thanks to the chairman, the Rev. Edward Stanley.* Dined with several clergymen. Preached at six at Mr. Wilson's chapel. Heard Mr. Braithwaite, at the Methodist chapel, at half-past seven. This has been a day of delightful union of Churchmen and Dissenters of all parties.

"Feb. 16 (Tuesday). Left Liverpool this morning, at eight, in company, with Mr. Melling and Mr. Keightley, for Tatten-

* Afterwards Bishop of Norwich.

hall; could not cross the Mersey, the wind was so high. Went by Warrington, across the forest of Delamere, to Tarporley. This forest is the principal scene of the prophecies of old Nixon, the celebrated Cheshire prophet. This man was a half-witted fellow in the Cholmondeley family about a century back. When in a passion, he used to utter predictions, many of which were connected with the fates of that family, and some of which have been most remarkably fulfilled; and circumstances at present exist which promise fulfilment of others of a most alarming nature.

"Feb. 17 (Wednesday). Preached this morning at the re-opening of the chapel at Whitchurch, and in the evening also. To-day I was introduced to Mrs. Eddowes, a venerable lady in Whitchurch, a granddaughter of Matthew Henry. She kindly presented me with a curious portrait of her grandfather, done with the pen and Indian ink, and a most correct likeness; as also with an original letter of Matthew Henry to Mrs. Henry, and the original notes of a fast sermon by her great grandfather, Philip Henry. She also gave me a copy of a letter from Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, to Philip Henry, appointing a conference with him at Whitchurch, and referring to one which had been held at Oswestry. This bishop was one of the seven sent to the Tower by James II. Mention of this letter and conference is made in the life of Philip Henry by Matthew Henry. After preaching, took chaise to Hawkestone inn.

"Feb. 18 (Thursday). A most tempestuous day. Saw the house at Hawkestone, through which we were very politely conducted by Sir John Hill, to whom I had an introduction. The chapel and library I thought particularly worthy of attention. From a great Bible in the library, I extracted the register of the Rev. Rowland Hill's birth and baptism. It is as follows:—'Rowland Hill, born Aug. 12, 1744, Sunday, 10 at night; baptized, 27th Aug.' Walked over the park, which is very extensive and romantic. I do not know any place in England that has so much to surprise and delight a stranger as Hawkestone. Proceeded to Wem to dinner, and preached there in the evening.

"Feb. 19 (Friday). Proceeded to Ellesmere and Chester, where I preached in the evening.

"Feb. 20 (Saturday). Home to Liverpool."

These extracts give a fair specimen of his engagements. The allusion to the autographs of the Henrys, which he got at Whitchurch, shows that the taste for their collection had already seized him. He used to say that the gift of a letter of the celebrated traveller, Mungo Park, first inoculated him; but the letters just mentioned were undoubtedly among the earliest of the treasures which he afterwards accumulated to so large an extent, and of which further mention will be made in the course of these memoirs.

To his friend Mr. Brown, he writes on the 8th of March:—

"That my time is occupied, you rightly conjecture, as I have a congregation of upwards of 2,000 persons to look after; and whoever would perform the part of a faithful shepherd to such a flock must not expect much leisure or ease. Moreover, I also have been deeply buried in the toils of authorship, the result of which is, that last Monday there issued from the press a respectable octavo volume (mark me, respectable in appearance—I do not presume to apply the epithet to anything else), a copy of which I herewith submit to your notice; to this I add the sermon to the Jews, and the ordination services. Receive them as a very small token of my unfeigned and unalterable regard, and sometimes look upon them, as the memorials of a distant friend. I never expected to have written thus to you, for I never anticipated a removal to so great a distance from London, but so has the providence of God appointed. But, while I acquiesce with cheerfulness in the arrangement, from the assurance that I am in the station, perhaps of all others, the best adapted for me, I assure you that my mind does often imbibe a melancholy tinge when

memory retraces the scenes and associations from which I am so far removed. * * * * I am much delighted to hear of Wiffen's* success; he is a clever fellow, and I remember him with pleasure. I am about to put to press a collection of hymns for the use of my chapel. † I wish you could prevail with him to give me a few of his compositions for the work. * * * You gladden me with the hope of seeing you in Liverpool. I trust the hope will be realised. If so, you must make some stay with me. You cannot tell the joy I feel on seeing an old friend. One or two have come across me."

Mr. Raffles visited London towards the end of April, and remained to attend some of the religious meetings in May. He writes to Mr. Rankin on the 7th of May :—

"I have purposed almost every day to write to you, but have been prevented by the heavy press of engagements. In the midst of them, I have caught a violent cold, which has flown to my face, by the swelling of which I am confined to-day to the house, although I am appointed to be one of the speakers at the annual meeting of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, and held this day at the Freemasons' Tavern. But I must patiently submit. Well it is for us, that we have not the arrangement of our own affairs, but that the Arbiter of life and death, of sickness and of health, dispenses either according to a perfect plan of untiring wisdom and infinite love. * * *

"On Wednesday last I attended the annual meeting of the Bible Society. The number of people assembled was immense. I was in the room from half-past nine till half-past five. The chair was filled by Lord Teignmouth, the noble president of that godlike institution. He was supported by their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, the Bishops of Salisbury,

* The late Jeremiah H. Wiffen, Esq., of Woburn, Beds., author of an admirable translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and other poetical and historical works.

† This collection was not published until nearly forty years afterwards.

Norwich, St. David's, and Cloyne, Lord Gambier, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. * * * * The Royal Dukes both spoke nobly indeed, like men of a catholic spirit and a Christian temper. I was delighted. I thought the thunders of applause would never have ceased when they sat down. The bishops, too, spoke admirably, especially the Bishop of Norwich, whose enlightened, benevolent, and tolerant mind has rendered him an object of admiration to the country at large. Mr. Vansittart spoke so low that I could not hear a single sentence. Mr. Wilberforce was unusually animated. Mr. Clayton gave them a very good specimen of the powers of Dissenters in public speaking, with which they all seemed much delighted. Lord Gambier made a curious speech. He is better able to fight than to address such an audience, yet his blunt and honest simplicity captivated every heart. It was his lot to second the motion of thanks to the secretaries, in doing which, he said that such were their services, that the country at large was indebted to them, and the government ought to reward them; and, turning to Mr. Vansittart, he added, I am happy that I have a member of the government before me, to whom I repeat it, that the government of the country ought to remunerate them for their services."

Mr. Raffles seems to have been much pleased with his reception by his old friends in London. He was incessantly preaching, both on Sundays and week-days, during his visit, and amongst other places twice occupied his old pulpit at Hammersmith. In all he preached, during his short stay, nineteen times. He had the gratification also to hear of the success of his book, and to receive the congratulations of his friends on the manner in which he had discharged the difficult task of writing the life of a man with whom he was not personally acquainted. He left London on the 21st, for Leeds, and after fulfilling some public engagements on the Sunday, when he preached three times and collected for the

Religious Tract Society, he hurried away from the exciting life he had been leading to bury himself in some of the wildest districts in Yorkshire—districts even at this day very much less known and visited than they deserve to be. He writes to his sister from Malham, May 25th :—

"It is impossible for you to conceive of a situation more truly romantic and secluded than that in which I am at present placed. I sit in the neat and unadorned parlour of a little public-house—I believe they dignify it with the title of the 'Buck Inn'—in a small scattered village embosomed amid tremendous mountains, unknown except to the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and, I believe, inaccessible, except by devious and intricate paths across the lofty fells and barren moors on the cold and dreary breast of which it lies. I arrived about two o'clock to-day from Leeds, at a town called Settle, situate on the borders of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and remarkable for the bold and picturesque character of its surrounding scenery. The town is overhung by frowning, rugged, and distorted masses of rocks, which seem perpetually to threaten inevitable and immediate ruin to the unconcerned inhabitants of the town below. But the threat so long delayed meets with a similar reception to that which warned the ancient world of their impending destiny; and yet, the day is coming when these tremendous masses shall fall and shrink beneath the terrors of the approaching judge, not to afford in their deep recesses to the thoughtless people a refuge from His power—for they all must stand before His bar—but to prepare the way for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

"At Settle I received intelligence that there were several objects in the neighbourhood worthy of my attention. Gordale was considered the chief. It was described as situated in a mountain district, about eight miles distant. A guide was necessary. All the youth of the place, however, were gone to Skipton, to serve their appointed time in the local militia. The only guide whom I could procure was a poor old man with one arm. Thus furnished, and attended by his faithful dog, and with a stick in

my hand and my great coat on my back, I commenced, I may say in truth, my alpine walk. Immediately on leaving the town we began to ascend, and continued ascending till we literally entered the clouds, and were completely drenched with rain. But no pen can describe the awful and majestic scene by which I was surrounded. Elevated above the earth, shut out from the habitable world, far from the abodes of man, I seemed the inhabitant of another sphere. The only objects that arrested the eye were mountains in every variety of form, undulated and broken like the waves of the sea when wrought into a tempest; rocks, rugged, savage, and wild; clouds rolling in volumes along the valleys or resting in grandeur upon the hills. Weary and wet we arrived at length at Malham Cove. How shall I describe it? Conceive of an opening in the earth, a deep ravine, like Shanklin Chine, in the Isle of Wight, only treble its size, and instead of terminating in a point with a slender waterfall, as that does, conceive of its expanding till abruptly closed by a dark, overhanging, naked rock of 400 feet at least in height, from the foot of which, as from a subterranean cavern, a rapid roaring torrent issues, forcing its angry and impetuous course along a deep ravine, swollen by torrents, and interrupted and irritated in its bold career by masses of the towering rock which the hand of time has broken from the parent mass.—What do you think, my dear Mary?—they have just brought me in candles; they have nothing better than rushlights, and they cannot set a rushlight before a gentleman, so they have stuck two together in one candlestick and lit them both at once, to make them look like one. This by the way.—Wednesday morning, May 26. I have just returned from a visit to Gordale. It lies amongst the mountains, about a mile and a half north-east of this place. Ascending from Malham, I had a fine view of the surrounding hills, with Whernside in the distance. On our way we passed, on the right, a most beautiful waterfall, accompanied by every appropriate circumstance of rock, of wood, and of cave, to render that little spot a finished specimen of the picturesque. Turning to the left we entered a deep valley, enclosed on either hand by lofty rocks. These gradually narrowed, and became more lofty, more rude, more broken and

shaggy, more threatening in their aspect—when suddenly the valley closed upon us, and turning abruptly to the right you entered an awful chasm, about thirty feet in width, over which, in horrid grandeur, the black and slimy rocks on either side impend, almost excluding the light of heaven from above, and perpetually shedding their mildew drops—that fall from the summit or ooze from their sides—on the dark stream that rolls beneath. But the peculiar feature of this place remains to be described. At the extremity there falls, amid the darkness of the rock and the gloom of the abyss, a full and sparkling cataract, white with foam; a few steps in advance from the spot where this interesting object meets the eye is seen another waterfall above it, issuing from a singular arch in the rock, beyond which all is impenetrable and lost. I took a sketch.

"Ingleton, Wednesday, 9 A.M. I walked over the mountains to Settle, to dinner, and walked here, 10 miles, to tea.

"I reached this place at four o'clock, and since that hour have performed the ascent of Ingleborough, but the particulars of that excursion, with the result of my visit to the caves in this neighbourhood, I shall give you in another letter. I hope, my dear girl, the perusal of these letters will amuse you.

"I must say something about Leeds. The impression produced by my visit to that place will not, I believe, be soon effaced. The last annual collection for the Tract Society produced £30. What will you say when I inform you that this has produced £110?—Many new subscribers. I spoke thrice at the public meeting. They behaved nobly—passed a public vote of thanks, and intend voting me a supply of 500 tracts for distribution. Though it was a wretched day, the place was crammed as full as it could hold; had it been fair they say it would have been dreadful: they were thankful that it rained. * * * * I have walked 23 miles to-day, and am hearty and well."

Mr. Raffles took advantage of a quiet day which he spent at Southport soon after his return home, to send his sister the promised account of the ascent of Ingle-

borough, and the visit to the neighbouring caves. Writing of the caves, he says:—

"Next morning I rose at 7, and set out in company with my guide to see the two most celebrated of the caves. Leaving Ingleton, we entered an immense valley formed by Ingleborough to the south and Whernside to the north, and called Chapel-a-dale. About four miles walking brought us to a neat little chapel, whence the valley derives its name, which, with the parsonage-house, &c., are most interesting objects in this wild and dreary scene. We here left the road, and passing by an immense hole, filled with stagnant water and overhung with weeds and noxious plants, called Hurtlepool, we reached a farm-house, where our guide called for the key of the tremendous cave we were about to visit. Already the roar of falling water broke upon the ear, but from no feature of the surrounding scenery could it be ascertained whence the sound proceeded, except indeed, that a distant clump of trees, surrounded by a wall, and much resembling the usual appearance of a garden, might contain some hidden cataract, whose troubled waters broke the silence of this solitude with their incessant clamours. And so it proved. We directed our course to this enclosure; the roar became more tremendous; the guide opened a rude door, and we began to ascend by rugged steps, overgrown with tangled weeds, into a frightful yawn of the earth, whose depth and extent were effectually concealed from view by the thickness of the foliage, and whose horrors were heightened by the tremendous roar. At length, stooping down through a kind of arch in the rock under which we had to pass, the eye caught a most magnificent cataract, glittering in the rays of the sun shining from above, and white with the spray perpetually rising from beneath. The height of this cataract is 60 feet, and the body of water is very considerable. Pent up in this dreadful chasm its noise is awful, and the whole scene surpasses everything I have yet seen except the navigation mine in Derbyshire. I took a sketch. This cave is called Weathercote. From hence we crossed the foot of Whernside in a northerly direction, and descended into another

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large valley, and far more sequestered. In this vale, an extent of seven miles, there is but one house, and no road, except to Yardo's cave. It is impossible to conceive of a solitude more profound, or of objects more grand and solemn than those by which it is accompanied. A few bleating sheep are the only inhabitants of the place; Ingleborough, Whernside, and Thornton-scar, are the only objects that meet the eye, save the ever varying canopy of heaven. * * * * Have you seen Brown lately? He has written to me on the subject of my joining Wiffen and himself in a volume of poems."

In reply to the request alluded to in the letter, Mr. Raffles protested that his poetical talent did not entitle him to the honour of an appearance in print along with his two friends. In a humourous reply in doggrel rhyme to Mr. Brown, he says, after a good deal of badinage—

"What I mean is, that I fear the volume would suffer from having such rubbish in it. If, however, Wiffen will not come out under any other consideration, tell him, I shall esteem it no dishonour to have been condemned for such prosaic lines, in company and comparison with such poetry as his or yours."

The pressure of the two friends, however, compelled him to give way, and he sent some contributions to the volume "Poems by Three Friends," originally published anonymously, but subsequently with the names attached; and, perhaps, the writer himself was the only one who thought them so inferior to the pieces contributed by his colleagues. At the same time he was busily engaged in putting to press a second edition of the "Life of Spencer," the first impression having been wholly exhausted in three months from publication. Mr. Raffles was also much gratified by several letters which he

received about this time in reference to the same book. Writing to Mr. Brown, he says :—

"Will you tell my father that I have received a most kind letter from Mr. Wilberforce, in which he tells me mine was unhappily mislaid, and never seen by him till the other day. He says most handsome things, and expresses a desire to cultivate my acquaintance. I have also several excellent letters from the poet Montgomery."

During the latter half of this year, his incessant labours seemed to have caused some of his friends to imagine that he was taxing his strength to too great an extent. To a very dear friend, who had evidently remonstrated with him, he writes, on the 17th of August from Manchester :—

"I am almost worn out with my little rest last night, and my long and dusty ride, and other various engagements, this day. Indeed, I feel, what I am seldom willing to acknowledge, quite fatigued, and if not considerably relieved by the slumbers of to-night, I am apprehensive that my strength will be inadequate to the labours of the morrow, when I shall have to preach twice, and travel nearly thirty miles. I think I hear you reproving me, and saying, Why then do you work so hard, and do so much ? Alas ! when I look abroad, and see how much is to be done, I wonder how it is that I can remain so comparatively inactive, and feel so much unmoved ! What are my scanty and feeble exertions to those of Paul, of Whitfield, and of Wesley, men who counted not their lives dear unto them, so that they might win Christ and finish their course with joy. I feel more and more every day the importance of living to some purpose, and occupying the time, and talents, which God has given me, for the glory of the Redeemer and the good of mankind. In these sentiments, I am persuaded that you heartily concur—even you, much as I know you feel concerned for my health, would not wish me to live an

idle life, but I perfectly accord with you in the opinion that prudence should be exercised in connexion with exertion, and discretion should temper zeal. And most assuredly, whenever I feel my exertions more than my strength will sustain, I shall consider it an imperative duty immediately to retrench. But I remember One who hath said, "Work while it is day, for the night cometh in which no man can work." This is my day. Thank God! it is so fair and pleasant, abounding so much in opportunities for useful and honourable labour. O, that it may never be overcast! I can truly say, that I had rather cease to live than cease to serve my generation and my God."

The following are extracts from letters to the same friend about a month later, while he was at Bristol, whither he had gone to attend the missionary anniversary:—

"Sept. 14th. To-morrow morning I am to preach. I hope that God will not forsake me in this season of trial.* I find here, as in most other places, that far higher expectations are formed of me than I am able to justify; I trust, however, that I shall be enabled to preserve a single eye to the glory of my Master, and the success of His cause, and whether I rise or sink in public estimation will be of small concern, if He at last shall deign to approve my unworthy labours.

"Sept. 16. I attended the meeting for business at Castle Green, and was enraptured by some of the most eloquent speeches that ever fell from the lips of man. Amongst the speakers was my friend—for now I may call him so—Montgomery, the poet.† He is a Christian of the highest order, the son of a Moravian missionary. I dined with a large party of ministers, and in the evening attended the sacrament at the Tabernacle, which was built by the great George Whitfield. I there delivered an address. It was a delightful season—a time

* The annual missionary sermon.

† The late James Montgomery, Esq., of Sheffield.

of refreshing from the presence of the Lord! My dear ———, I may tell you, what to tell anyone else would prove me vain, that here I am beloved far more than I have excellence to warrant, and my labours are appreciated far higher than my talents deserve. But so it is. My sermon has not been in vain, and the collection after it, which I stated to you was £160, is now made upwards of £200. God be praised!"

From Bristol he travelled to London to visit his parents, and writes again on the 21st:—

"Never, perhaps, did I endure greater fatigue than in this last journey has fallen to my lot. On Sunday I performed my engagements by preaching four times: the places were large, but thronged to such excess, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could be got through the crowds that filled the aisles into the pulpits. I preached from "What must I do to be saved?" I have received an earnest request from the people to print my missionary sermon.* But I have refused. It would be invidious in me to print my sermon when the other ministers who preached on the occasion did not print theirs. The street, on Friday night, was crowded with people waiting to see me set off, and I entered the chaise followed by their benedictions. O that I was more humble under all these encouraging circumstances! Prosperity is harder to sustain well than adversity. I reached Bath on Sunday night, at half-past ten, and was very kindly received and hospitably entertained by Mr. Jay. Left Bath yesterday at six, and about eleven at night reached my father's house, and slept in the very bed in which I first drew my breath."

Towards the close of the year Mr. Raffles was in correspondence with the Rev. George Burder, Secretary to the London Missionary Society, respecting a mission to Java. Mr. Raffles had suggested that this step should

* The sermon preached on the 15th.

be taken, and took a deep interest in its success, and, at the request of Mr. Burder, furnished the missionaries, three Dutch gentlemen, with a letter of introduction to his cousin, the Governor of the island, with whom he had already been in correspondence in relation to missionary enterprise in that quarter of the globe. The gentlemen went out accordingly, and were kindly received, and their interests were attended to by the Governor, during our brief tenure of that magnificent island.

Mr. Raffles's health at last gave way under the pressure of his laborious duties at home and abroad. He alludes to this circumstance in the following letter, dated Nov. 19th, and addressed to his valued friend, the Rev. R. S. M'All, in answer to one received from him, some months back, in which he speaks of the "Life of Spencer" in terms most gratifying to the author:—

"I would gladly have availed myself of a much earlier opportunity of acknowledging your very kind and deeply interesting letter, handed to me by Mr. Brotherston. But the truth is simply this: immediately after the delivery of the letter I was deeply engaged in arranging and conducting the missionary meetings in Liverpool, the whole cares of which lay almost entirely on myself. Immediately after that, I was scouring the country, first in Yorkshire, then in Somersetshire, pleading the missionary cause. In the midst of all that bustle, I could indeed have written, but I could neither have gratified my own feelings by a *long* epistle to you, nor could I have looked up the remains of Spencer which you requested, and which I have now the pleasure to send. On my return home I was engaged in getting through the press the new edition of the life. A copy of this I was anxious to present to you, and therefore delayed writing till it should be out. This, however, was delayed by severe indisposition, which confined me for some time to my bed, and for

several weeks forbade me to pursue my accustomed avocations. The book is just out this week, and I take this early opportunity of conveying to you a copy, of which I beg your acceptance, as a very small token indeed of my regard. You have been pleased, in a way most interesting to my feelings, though in a style far superior to anything my humble labours deserve, to express your approbation of the work. The kind regard which you seem to cherish for the subject of the volume will make up for its deficiency in intrinsic worth. Of your valuable letter I have taken some advantage, but the work was too far advanced in the press when your letter arrived, to render the trouble you kindly offered to take, in sending me your remarks, necessary. If, however, another edition should at any future time be called for —which, by-the-by, I do not anticipate—I shall be glad to have your remarks, as much at large as your leisure or inclination may induce you to give them. I think your view of Spencer's character and attainments the most correct by far of any I have seen, judging from the observations of his friends, the nature of the impression his public labours produced, and the quality of the compositions he has left behind. I believe his great end was usefulness, his great principle, love to Christ and the souls of men, and his great charm, his simplicity and fervour. That my account has defects, I am perfectly conscious, and, perhaps, more so than those who have severely criticised me. But had you or anyone been witness to the circumstances under which I drew it up, you would have been surprised, I am persuaded, that the thing was done as well as it is. The way in which I had to pump for information, the paucity I obtained after all, * * * the pressure of public business just at the opening of our new chapel, the daily care of 2,000 souls, another work printing in London at the same time, for which I had both to compose and to correct—all these things, as you may imagine, well-nigh overwhelmed me. The memoir was—two-thirds of it—written after midnight. But it is done. I thank God that it is. It has been, in some few instances, useful, and, on this account, I cannot regret the labour and anxiety connected with it. * * * And now, my dear friend, if you can forgive me for the long

delay, do express your forgiveness by a letter acquainting me with your reception of the parcel, and I will promise you that my correspondence shall be more punctual in future. Can you make it convenient to come to Liverpool? I should rejoice to see you in my lodgings and in my pulpit. Do come and spend some time with us. Do let me know the state of your affairs. I trust you are preaching with acceptance and usefulness. I rejoice most heartily in the determination which your letter announced respecting your future exertions in the cause of Christ. Oh that you may be the honoured instrument of turning many from darkness to light! This should be our great object, and only while we live to this, we live to purpose. I see this more and more every day.

"Yours most affectionately."

Chapter VI.

1814.

ILLNESS—SEVERE WINTER OF 1813-14—BIBLE SOCIETY—HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST—MISSIONARY SERMON—THE DUKE OF KENT—MR. WILBERFORCE—THE DUKE OF SUSSEX—THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS IN LONDON—YORKSHIRE VISIT—JAVA.

MR. RAFFLES appears to have suffered considerably from illness during the early part of the new year. The intense cold of this memorable winter retarded his recovery. He writes to his sister on the 29th of January:—

"I am sorry to tell you that, for several weeks past, I have been, and still am very unwell. A violent cold has rioted in my bones and head, and played sad havoc with me. * * * * The severity of the weather here is beyond anything I ever experienced, and the oldest people in Liverpool do not remember such, except, they say, about thirty years ago. The river Mersey exhibits a curious spectacle; immense masses of ice, floating along at the ebb and flow of the tide, but at low water uniting and presenting an immense field of ice and frozen heaps of snow. On the Cheshire shore it lies, for nearly a mile, in an unbroken sheet. For these two Saturdays past, the Cheshire people have not been able to cross to the Liverpool market with their commodities, which has rendered the market very thin, and provisions very high. The poor are in great distress. * * * * Our congregation, as indeed every other, has

suffered from the state of the weather, especially in the evening, when, so slippery are the streets, and so intense is the cold, that people can neither walk nor drive in safety. I have not been out of doors during the whole of this week, except on Tuesday in a coach. Scarcely anybody is to be seen in the streets except gentlemen whom business compels to go abroad."

In the month of February, however, he was able to fulfil his preaching engagements from home. He writes to his sister from Whitchurch, on the 17th of that month :—

"I have just returned from preaching, in good health and spirits. Yesterday I rode on horseback to Wem, and dined with Mr. Lee. and, in the afternoon, went with him, in his gig, to Hawkestone, and returned to Mr. Pugh's, the clergyman of the parish, to tea. I preached to a full chapel in the evening. On our way from Wem to Hawkestone we passed a house, of which Mr. Lee told me the following occurrence :—A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a man, who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and, in a few minutes, she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon at some distance from the house. After awhile the lady broke silence by saying,—'Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection, I hope you will make me a good husband.' He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered,—'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not.' She made him no reply, but, after a silence of some minutes, she suddenly exclaimed,—'O, what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room.' 'Then,' said he, 'we must go back and fetch it.' They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, 'Are

you coming?' when she looked out of the window, and said,—'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not;' then shut down the window, and left him to return upon the double horse alone. Was not that a happy thought on the lady's part—a famous joke!"

Among the religious societies which, from the first, commanded the devoted attachment and the most earnest efforts of Mr. Raffles to promote their best interests, the British and Foreign Bible Society ever held a foremost place. The catholicity of principle on which it was founded, was in thorough unison with his own views and feelings, for, throughout his long life, much as he loved and laboured for the Christian denomination with which he was more immediately associated, and firmly as he cherished the opinions which he had conscientiously embraced as a Congregational Dissenter, he loved the Church of Christ above and beyond everything else, and was never happier than when he was co-operating with the various sections of that Church for the common object of promoting the spread of religion. Among some memoranda of this period are some passages relating to the Bible Society—apparently jotted down as notes for a speech—in complete harmony with the observations just made. In one of them he calls upon the Church of England to "seize the standard of truth, and bear it into the heart of the enemy's land, and Dissenters will joyfully flock to the standard and follow in her train." He had no sectarian feeling upon this point; so that the word of God was circulated in its entirety, it was a matter of comparative indifference to him by whom the circulation was effected, and he greatly lamented that so many of the clergy of the Established Church forebore to

co-operate in the work of a society established on a basis, in his opinion, at once so sound and comprehensive.

The following is an interesting entry in his diary, dated March 28th, relating to the celebrated Howard, the philanthropist, whose life was subsequently written by Mr. Raffles's brother-in-law, Dr. Brown, into whose hands the papers here alluded to eventually passed.

"This morning I have been highly gratified by looking over some original papers of this great philanthropist. They came into the possession of Mr. Adam Hodgson of this town, by Mr. Comer, who had them from Thomas Thomasson, the travelling and confidential servant of Mr. Howard, who died lately in the Infirmary.* They consist chiefly of original letters, written by Mr. Howard, to his servant, Thomas, and of memorandum books, containing the skeletons of sermons he had heard, and abounding in short devotional sentences and fervent ejaculations of his own. Besides these, there is a kind of journal, in the handwriting of the servant, Thomas, narrating, in a most simple and interesting way, their travels repeatedly through different parts of Europe. These papers shed a most glorious light upon the character of Howard, and disclose most completely the principles which contributed, in the first instance, to form it, and throughout the whole of its amazing progress, to support and cherish it. These principles were the principles of religion, not the cold, philosophical religion of these times, but the warm and animating religion of the Gospel. The remarks and ejaculations of this great man breathe a spirit of most ardent piety, and bespeak a soul intimate in its communion with heaven. The view which he takes of himself and his wonderful labours is most humiliating; whilst all his consolation, in the midst of the hardships and dangers he endured, was evidently drawn from the source which many who profess to idolize his character despise, and of the influence of which upon his noble mind and

* At Liverpool.

generous labours, the world is altogether uninformed. It is impossible to peruse these papers without the conviction that it was the grace of God which made Howard the philanthropist he was, and the consolations of the Gospel supported him in his benevolent career till death."

Mr. Raffles did not confine his attention exclusively to his pulpit and ministerial duties. Though the care of so large a Church and congregation, doubtless, engrossed by far the greater portion of his time, still, whenever he was able to do so, he was ready to lend a helping hand to any of the local institutions which he had it in his power to serve. He had devoted his life as a Christian minister to the cause of religion in Liverpool, but he ever held it to be his duty to care for the bodies as well as for the souls of men. Among his papers of this year is the report, in his handwriting, of the Infirmary and Lunatic Asylum, in which, at that time, he seems to have taken much interest. With increasing engagements, as years rolled away, he was obliged to relax in his attendance on the committees of such institutions, but he was ready to serve them, as he was able, to the last.

An event now occurred which Mr. Raffles always regarded with considerable interest, and evidently considered to have had a most important bearing on his reputation as a minister. In the month of April, he received an invitation to preach one of the annual sermons for the London Missionary Society, in London, in the month of May. The invitation came almost at the last moment for preparation, in consequence, apparently, of the failure from illness of the gentleman who had been appointed to preach. His father, writing to him

upon the information conveyed to him by Mr. Brooksbank, one of the directors, says: "all eyes were immediately turned towards you, a young minister not twenty-six years of age, a circumstance, I should suppose, unparalleled in the annals of the Society.* May the Lord illuminate, strengthen, and support you in mind and body for this important work."

Mr. Raffles, with a diffidence which every reader of these pages will have seen to have been characteristic, appears to have shrunk from the ordeal of this sermon. His old friend, the Rev. Dr. Waugh, one of the Directors of the Society, writes to urge him to undertake the service:—

"Were you my own son, I would urge you, taking into consideration all the circumstances, to advance, and I would bid him inscribe on the part of his study most likely to meet his eye, while putting his thoughts together, the inspiring motto, '*Nil desperandum, Christo Duce.*' O! think, my dear young brother, can you ever serve the Redeemer's cause when your powers are more vigorous? Seize the moment as it passes, and let it carry impressed on its wings as it departs the signatures of promptitude—readiness to every good work. O! think of Spencer, and work for the Divine Redeemer while it is day! I assure myself of your acquiescence in our request, and will make the welcome communication to my brethren."

It was finally arranged that he should undertake the service, and he left Liverpool for London on the 19th of April, preaching on the way, at Macclesfield, Stafford, and twice at Worcester, and reaching London on the evening of Saturday, the 24th. He rested for the first

* He was at that time, probably, the youngest minister who had been invited to preach on such an occasion.

two Sundays, after his arrival, apparently in obedience to injunctions he had received from those who were most concerned for his health, which was still by no means robust. He writes to the same friend, from his letters to whom extracts have been already given :—

"I did not preach even once yesterday! though strongly solicited. I need not tell *you* what a trial of my forbearance this was, and how much out of my element I felt, while abstaining from that which you know to be the glory of my life."

On the 9th of May he writes :—

"I am swallowed up with engagements, and our house, from morning till night, is like a fair, with people coming to enquire after me and engage me to preach. Yesterday I did preach once in the evening, although I had previously determined not to preach till the missionary sermon was over, but I was compelled by a gentleman who said he was charged not to leave the house till he had obtained my consent. The place at which I preached was Kingsland Chapel, where the Mr. Campbell preaches, whose letters from Africa you have read, with so much interest, in the Magazine. I am happy to say he arrived safely on Friday last, and I had, yesterday, the high gratification of shaking him by the hand.

"I have the pleasure to inform you that the East India Fleet has arrived, and amongst the other ships the 'Governor Raffles,' from Batavia. I have been to the India House, where I am informed that there are letters for us, but they cannot be obtained till the captains of the vessels arrive. I find also one of my cousins on the list of passengers. The British Press of Saturday last contains a long account of the flourishing state of Java, and of the benefits it has derived from my cousin's government. Lord Minto, the late Governor-General of India, has also arrived, and I expect to have the honour of an interview with him.

"My time, as you may well conceive, is wholly occupied.

This morning I have devoted to study, and I am now going to meet the Directors of the Missionary Society. Oh! this dreadful Wednesday; the next letter will tell you how I have been supported. I trust that God will not forsake me then, and that you will not fail to pray for me, that I may perform the arduous task assigned me to His honour, and to the good of His cause. While you are peacefully seated in the chapel on Wednesday evening, I shall be in the midst of that vast assembly and trying service. * * * * Klopstock's 'Messiah' comes out this week. A copy is to be presented from me to her Majesty,* by the Countess of Pembroke, and I am to write a letter to the Queen, by which the presentation copy is to be accompanied. I also present a copy to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent."

While anticipating, with much anxiety, the service of Wednesday, Mr. Raffles received a summons to wait upon His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, on the morning of the same day, at Kensington Palace. The interview had been granted, and the time had been fixed by His Royal Highness, in order to give Mr. Raffles the opportunity of presenting some books, among which was a copy of the "Eikon Basilike," which had come into his possession some years previously. Mr. Raffles tells the history of the book in his autobiographical recollections, thus:—

"There used to be in the olden time, and, for aught I know, there may be still, an old bookstall at the corner of Wild Street, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. That bookstall I could never pass without glancing over its contents, and, now and then, I picked up something worth having. On one occasion, however, I had the good fortune to meet with an article of no ordinary character, and worthy of special record. I observed, just peeping out from the mass of rubbish, in the

* The volumes were dedicated by permission to the Queen.

midst of which it was laid, a thin octavo volume, bound in blue morocco. The circumstance of its having so valuable a binding induced me to take it out of the lot, to ascertain what it was. I was astonished to find, not only that it was elegantly bound in morocco, but that on the one corner there was a fine portrait of Charles I., and on the other a portrait of Charles II., while the tooling of the volume on the back and sides had the cipher, 'C.R.' entwined in gilt letters. On opening the book, it proved to be a copy of the 'ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ; the Pourtraiture of His Sacred Majesty King Charles I. in his Solitudes and Sufferings,' while still further, from the stamp of the royal arms on the fly-leaf at the beginning of the book, with 'Carolus Secundus Rex' beneath, it appeared to have been the identical copy of Charles II. How it had wandered from the precincts of the palace and come to so ignoble a fate, I had no means of ascertaining. The small sum of half-a-crown put me in possession of the book. I was then on my way to dine with a select party of literary men, at the London Tavern, to whom, after dinner, I exhibited my treasure, and who expressed great interest in it. I retained possession of the book for a few years, but; at length, I resolved that it should return to a position more worthy of it than my humble library furnished. I, therefore, intimated to the Duke of Kent that I had unexpectedly come into the possession of so precious a relic, and that, if he would condescend to accept it, I should be happy to place it in His Royal Highness's hands. He most gladly responded to the overture and begged me, at the same time, to write an account of the book in the blank leaf at the beginning of the volume. This I did, closing the brief notice of the book and of the way in which it came into my possession, with the words, 'and is presented with profound respect to His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.' On the day which he appointed for the purpose, I waited upon him at Kensington Palace, and placed the volume in his hands. I have not yet forgotten, though so many years have since elapsed, the expression of his countenance as he looked upon the interesting volume, turning it over and over, inspecting the portraits and the tooling of the covers and the back with the

greatest earnestness and delight. 'O yes,' he said, 'this is, undoubtedly, Charles II.'s copy of the book. Have you written an account of it, as I requested?' I answered, 'Yes,' and pointing him to the page, he began to read. Turning to me, as he finished, he said, 'I am greatly obliged to you for what you have written, but you have not put your name to it; why did you not put your name to the memorandum which you have so admirably drawn up?' I replied, 'I did not presume to couple my name with that of your Royal Highness.' 'Then,' he said, 'I must do it myself,' and, turning to the desk, by which he stood, he took his pen and wrote on the top of the title-page, 'Edward,' and at the bottom, 'this book was presented to me, May 11th, 1814, by the Rev. Thomas Raffles, of Hammersmith,* and again signed his name, 'Edward,' and, 'now,' said he, 'the Royal Family of England will know, and posterity will know, to whom we are indebted for the restoration of this valuable relic."

The formidable service took place the same evening. A peculiar interest must ever attach to the following account of it. It is the last, in the order of composition, of the series of autobiographical recollections, and was written by Dr. Raffles, while he was on a visit to his youngest son, in Prince's Park, Liverpool, little more than three months before his death. He says:—

"My next publication was the first missionary sermon preached in the Tabernacle, Moorfields, at the anniversary of the London Missionary Society, in 1814. I believe I was the youngest man—certainly it was so at that time—ever invited to preach on that great occasion—and it was then really great. The cause of missions was, at that time, comparatively new to our Churches, and there was a freshness and apower connected with it then, of which people now can scarcely form an adequate conception. The congregation on that occasion was immense. The spacious chapel,

* Thus, in the original M.S. of the autobiographical recollections, though Mr. Raffles was then settled at Liverpool.

I was told, had been crowded since four o'clock in the afternoon. Certain it is, that the service was begun a full hour before the time announced, for as no more could possibly get in, and I was present, there was no reason for waiting any longer. A sermon was preached at the same time, in the chapel-yard, to the multitudes who still lingered there. I had been, in the former part of the day, at Kensington Palace, with the Duke of Kent. That circumstance did not contribute to my fitness for the momentous service that was to follow. However, I cast myself on Divine help, and went to the service, yet not without a feeling of intense anxiety. The crowd was so great, and the people were so thoroughly dovetailed one into the other, that it was with great difficulty, and only after a considerable lapse of time, that I could reach the pulpit. Then, when I ventured to open my eyes and look around me, the scene was truly overwhelming. A crowd indeed there was, but of no common order. The leading men in the religious world of that day were there gathered from all parts of the United Kingdom, and—they said—at least eight hundred ministers, who seemed completely to fill the galleries, and, with their sable costume, and, in many instances, venerable countenances, presented an appalling appearance to me, the pale stripling who was about to address them. Many a fervent prayer was, I believe, presented for me, and—I am bound gratefully to record it—a gracious answer was vouchsafed. After the first five or ten minutes, everything like trepidation passed away. I obtained a perfect composure and entire mastery of my theme, and the vast audience was held in perfect and profound stillness and attention to the end. The delivery of the sermon occupied about an hour and twenty minutes. In another year, it will be half a century since that sermon was preached, but the scene and all connected with it is as fresh in my memory as though it were only yesterday, and my impression is that the challenge which I ventured to give at the close of the sermon was not premeditated, but the suggestion of the moment. I have often wondered how I could have had the boldness to utter it. I had been for some time occupied in answering objections to the missionary enterprise—at that time of day it was necessary

on such occasions to deal with them—when I suddenly paused, and said, 'And now is there still an objector in this assembly? if there be, let him rise! Pardon me, my reverend fathers and brethren (turning to a venerable group of the founders of the Society, who sat leaning over the front of the gallery behind me), your cause is bad if it will not stand this test. I wait the objector's charge.' For some moments I was silent; the stillness of the grave pervaded the vast assembly, and I resumed, 'What none! then I congratulate you, ye directors of this noble institution! To be approved by so many thousands as are here assembled must be animating to your minds. I congratulate myself: my work is done. But I am surrounded by friends; you are all true men to the cause I have this night espoused, and to attempt to plead with you would be only to insult your understandings and your hearts.'

"Some curious examples occurred in the printing of that sermon of the monstrous blunders which sometimes occur in printing. Instead of 'by the ashes of Whitfield, on whose dust I seem to tread,' a very natural allusion in the Tabernacle, which was to so large an extent the scene of his labours, they printed, 'by the ashes of *the field*,' &c.; and instead of 'from the pillar of prophecy we mark,' &c., they printed, 'from the pillar of *porphyry*,' &c. The proofs did not pass through my hands, and the sermon was actually going forth in that state to the public; but, happily, I was called unexpectedly to London, and saw it just in time to prevent it."

The editor has compared the account thus given at length with that which Mr. Raffles wrote to a friend on the following day, and the two accounts wonderfully correspond, save that in the letter, the delivery of the sermon is stated to have occupied one hour and forty minutes. £300 were collected and £30 additional in the chapel yard, where the Rev. Mr. Cooper, of Dublin, preached to those who could not get into the chapel.

On the 16th Mr. Raffles writes:—

"Yesterday was a very laborious Sabbath. On Saturday I went to Blackheath, and dined and slept at my good old friend, Dr. Collyer's. * * * * In the afternoon, I enjoyed a walk in Greenwich Park, and recalled some delightful associations of my early years. Yesterday morning, I preached a charity sermon at Deptford, in the afternoon at Wild Street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, and in the evening another charity sermon at Camomile Street, in the city. At this place the pressure of the crowd was really dreadful. When I went, the street was full of people; hundreds had already left the chapel, and hundreds were still remaining before the doors. I despaired of getting in. With the utmost difficulty I reached the pulpit, and then, the people without growing clamorous, the Rev. Mr. Slatterie, of Chatham, who was present, was called on to preach to them without doors. Everything passed off quietly; and, not a little fatigued, I went home to find repose in the bosom of my family. Mr. Hurry supped with us, and we spent a pleasant evening; and you may be sure that, in the conversation, Liverpool was not forgotten.

"Tuesday morning, 17th. I preached last night to a noble congregation in Broad Street a charity sermon for a society for visiting and relieving the sick poor. This morning we are all going to Chiswick to spend the day at Mr. Fisher's father's, one of my old Hammersmith friends. I am to preach at Hammersmith in the evening.

"It is almost impossible to conceive the way in which I am beset here by people pressing me to preach and visit them; and though I shall leave behind me those I love, yet I shall be happy when I can return again to Liverpool. Oh! what a vapour is popularity! A few years hence, and what shall I be the better for it? If it is useful as an engine of doing good, it is well; beyond this, it is a puff of empty breath, and not worth the having."

On the 24th he again writes:—

"Yesterday (Monday) I rose at seven—an early hour after

Sunday's fatigue—walked to the West-end to meet Dr. Collyer, who was to go with me to breakfast at Mr. Wilberforce's, at Kensington. The Doctor did not come, though I stayed till ten waiting for him, and my friend, at whose house I was, sent me off in his carriage to the house of the great and good man above-named. He was at family prayer when I arrived. Just as we sat down to breakfast, Dr. Collyer came. With Mr. Wilberforce we had a most delightful morning, and I should certainly fail were I to attempt to describe how charming a woman Mrs. Wilberforce is. We walked round his beautiful grounds together, and left him about twelve o'clock. We then walked to Kensington Palace, where Collyer had to call upon the Duke of Sussex. I then had no knowledge of his Royal Highness. Of course I waited in the anteroom, while the Doctor went in to transact his business with the Duke. There he kept me an hour and a half, and then came out and said that his Royal Highness had desired him to introduce me; so in I went. He most graciously received me, and without any of the dignity which you might suppose attached to royalty. He is very asthmatical, and was smoking. He was in his library, dressed in a jacket and trousers of coloured linen, without a neckcloth, and with scarlet morocco slippers. We were instantly desired by him to sit down, which the Duke of Kent had never done. He began to talk and laugh, as though we had been old acquaintances, and, what was curious enough, pulling out a parcel of letters from his side pocket, in order to get one which he wanted to read to us, out tumbled his night-cap. He laughed most heartily, and so did we. 'There,' said he, 'is my night-cap. I always write in my night-cap.' We stayed chatting with him half an hour longer, and left him with regret."

Early in June, Mr. Raffles returned to Liverpool. He writes to his father on the 4th :—

"I can scarcely realise my present situation. I sat this morning in my study in perfect solitude and silence, and endeavoured calmly to review the past month, but could not, the

scene was so mingled, the incidents were so rapid and confused; it appears as though I had slept away a long winter's night, and dreamt the whole. I can truly say, this morning witnessed in that solitude which, after such confusion, is doubly sweet to me, the renewed dedication of all I am and have to God. O! for His grace to aid me to fulfil my vows!"

Towards the end of the month, Mr. Raffles was again in London, as appears by a short letter, dated the 21st, in which he says:—

"I reached London at six this morning, and have been this whole day gazing at the great folks.* You will be pleased to know that I have already seen the venerable Blucher. He was nearly a quarter of an hour this morning conversing at his window, and once he threw up the sash, and bowed very politely to the company without. I saw also Count Platoff, the commander of the Cossacks, as he went in and out of the Pulteney Hotel, on a visit to the Emperor Alexander. * * * * I have not seen the Emperor. The royal carriages in waiting for him at the hotel were ordered away: it is said he is unwell. I shall, perhaps, see him to-night. Indeed, to-day is my only chance, as they leave town to-morrow, and perhaps will not return to London."

In the month of July, while on a preaching tour in Yorkshire, he writes in his diary:—

"22nd (Friday). Rode with Mr. Mather to Todmorden, in the centre of the beautiful vale of that name. On our way called on Mr. Marden, near Bacup, where I saw and conversed with Mary Harrison, aged 104. She had been in the family ever since she was twelve years old, and is in full possession of every faculty except that of hearing. Drank tea at Todmorden Hall with Mr. Atkinson, the clergyman, a plain and pious man. In

* The allied sovereigns were then in London.

this beautiful vale is all the simplicity of manners which marked patriarchal times. The clergyman was seen driving his cows into the churchyard, and his whole deportment and appearance indicated more of the father than the priest."

Mr. Raffles was in the same neighbourhood again in the autumn. He writes from Ewood Hall, near Halifax, on the 13th of August:—

"On Thursday the 11th, I rode to Stainland, about six miles, where the new chapel was to be opened. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery in this country. * * * * In the morning Mr. Hamilton * preached. His sermon was one of the most elaborate efforts of the human genius I ever heard—a complete chain of metaphysical disquisition, lasting considerably longer than an hour. It exhibited most strikingly the powers of his mind, and must have left those of the auditory who could understand it, wondering at the talents of the preacher. * * * In the afternoon I preached from 'How should man be just with God?' and endeavoured to state as plainly, and enforce as warmly as I could, the great and all-important truth, that man is a sinner against God, and can only be saved by faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ. At Stainland, Mr. John Fawcett, son of Mr. Fawcett, of Ewood Hall, met me with a horse, and I rode with him and the Rev. Mr. Scott, who accompanied us nearly the whole of the way to Ewood Hall in the vale of Todmorden—a most romantic ride of about eight miles across the moors. The night was wet, but the dark rolling clouds, sweeping along the hills or resting on their summits, gave a gloomy grandeur to the scene; and I enjoyed it more than, perhaps, I should have done had the evening been finer. In our ride we passed by Sowerby, and saw the spot where the great Archbishop Tillotson was born. We alighted, and went into the church to see the monument there erected to the memory of that great man. It is a whole-length statue of the

* The late Rev. R. W. Hamilton, (afterwards LL.D.) of Leeds.

Archbishop, as large as life, in white marble, with a suitable inscription underneath. The church is a remarkably fine structure, and, standing on the summit of a hill, a noble object for many miles round the country. I arrived at Ewood Hall about eight o'clock, and met with a most cordial welcome and hospitable entertainment from Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett."

Mr. Raffles made a valuable addition to his collection of autographs, while on his visit. The Rev. Dr. Fawcett, of Hebden Bridge, for whom Mr. Raffles preached, presented him with a very choice MS. of Oliver Heywood, whose life Dr. Fawcett had written. Mr. Raffles ever preserved it amongst his most cherished treasures.

Before the end of the year, Mr. Raffles had added to his already numerous occupations the labour of editing a new edition of Brown's Self-interpreting Bible, which was afterwards published in two quarto volumes, containing notes and reflections on each chapter. He was ever a hard worker, and, at this period of his life, generally had in hand some literary task.

On the 5th of December, he writes to his father:—

"I embrace the opportunity of Mr. Benson's kind offer of some *franks* to write you, although it is Monday morning, and, after preaching three times and administering the sacrament yesterday, I feel more fit for a pillow and a nightcap than for pen and paper. But my orders are 'Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.' And, indeed, I have every encouragement to work, for the numbers that attend and the success that, under God, crowns my ministry, are enough to arouse the most timid to activity, and inspire the most desponding with hope. Last night I addressed about 2,500 from the request of Moses, 'I beseech thee, show me thy glory.' Six persons were received into the Church at our last

Church-meeting, several of them the seals of my own ministry, and on every hand the word of the Lord appears to have free course and to be glorified. 'It is the Lord's doing and marvellous in our eyes.'

"On Saturday I was agreeably surprised by the arrival of a letter from Mr. Supper,* from Batavia. It is dated June 29th, and gives a most gratifying account of his more than kind reception by the Governor of Java. My cousin was in the country on his arrival, which was some time in May, but he sent the letters to him, and on his return to the capital he had an immediate interview, when he was most cordially received. He presented him with the books, and particularly mentions the poems which wer esent by you, in which he says, 'his Excellency greatly delighted.' On June 4th, the King's birthday, he says there was a grand levée, when all persons of distinction came to congratulate the Governor, and that day, he adds, 'the Java Auxiliary Bible Society was formed, of which his Excellency was chosen president, and his lady, patroness.' He says that my cousin has appointed him to be the minister of the Dutch Church at Batavia; he has also appointed Mr. Kam and Mr. Brückner to stations of usefulness, one at Samarang, and the other at Amboyna. * * * * All this is very gratifying, and especially that, elevated to so high a station, he should thus employ his influence."

* One of the Dutch Missionaries sent out by the London Missionary Society, to whom Mr. Raffles had given letters of commendation to his cousin.

Chapter VII.

1815 — 1816.

POSITION AT LIVERPOOL—LIVERPOOL RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY—LETTER TO GOVERNOR RAFFLES—MARRIAGE—VISIT TO LONDON—ORIGIN OF THE BLACKBURN ACADEMY—REVIEWS AND REVIEWERS—PASTORAL DUTY—DIARY—LONDON, HOXTON, AND PADDINGTON CHAPELS—ARRIVAL OF GOVERNOR RAFFLES IN ENGLAND—COMMERCIAL DISTRESS—NEW EDITION OF SPENCER'S LIFE.

MR. RAFFLES had now nearly completed his third year in Liverpool. His position was indeed secured from the first, and was such as to fulfil his warmest anticipations. His chapel was crowded, and the Church members were constantly increasing in numbers. His services were eagerly sought throughout the neighbouring counties, and were promptly given whenever it was feasible, and the congregations which he attracted, and the large collections which he made for religious and charitable uses, wherever he went, attested his popularity in the north equally as in the south of England.

It is not difficult to account for his popularity. To the last there was a great charm of manner, both in his style and in his delivery, and those who knew him only in recent years will readily understand that, in the days of which we are now writing, the vigour and animation of

youth would lend additional force to the fervour of his addresses from the pulpit. Nature had amply endowed him with a voice of wonderful power and flexibility, and his oratory was perfectly natural. His manner of conducting Divine service was admirable. He liked to see everything done "decently and in order," and, in the absence of a liturgy, much undoubtedly depends upon the good taste and discretion of the minister. He adhered, however, to the usual simple mode, common to the churches of the Congregational order, and was with difficulty brought to make any alteration. Only in the latter years of his ministry did he acquiesce in the suggestion made to him to divide the long prayer before sermon—an inheritance from our Puritan forefathers,—but having once made the change, now generally adopted in Nonconformist places of worship with great advantage to the hearers, he acknowledged that it was an improvement. He was in the habit of quoting largely from the Book of Common Prayer, and, in fact, the arrangement of his prayers was such that his stated hearers could anticipate with tolerable accuracy the order of the several petitions, which, recognising our daily wants and our daily transgressions, always form, or ought to form, a part of our public devotions; while he ever availed himself of the freedom which the absence of a form permitted, to address himself to the varying circumstances of such members of his congregation as his own observation or their special request led him to commend to God in the public service of His house.

In society Mr. Raffles was a welcome guest far beyond his own immediate circle, and Liverpool at this time

possessed not a few men of cultivated intellect, at the head of whom was the distinguished historian, Mr. Roscoe. Courteous and amiable in all the relations of life, the success of Mr. Raffles excited no envy in others, as it aroused no feeling of vanity or self-esteem in himself. Naturally diffident as he was, had it not been for the exigences of his position, he would have held back from much of the prominence into which he was forced; but popularity failed to change his loving and genial nature, and he pursued his steady career as the minister of Great George Street Chapel, daily growing in the esteem and regard of all with whom he came in contact. Letters of this date from his intimate friends, and the recollections of contemporaries, all tell the same tale, and if confirmation were needed, his future life has given it, for such was his character to the last.

The earliest letter in his correspondence of this year is one from his attached friend, Mr. McAll, announcing an approaching visit to Liverpool. He writes with the strong partiality of friendship :—

"I have long delighted to contemplate your growing excellences, and to observe the steps by which they have made their way to the summit of public admiration, not less than personal regard. The situation you occupy is one of the utmost importance, and it has been a frequent source of pleasure to my mind to reflect, that all the parts of your ministerial character have risen in perpetual proportion to its increasing responsibility."

If the editor, consistently with the single aim which he has before him in this memoir, could add other portions of the letter which refer to the writer himself,

and to his own views and aspirations as a Christian minister, he would gladly do so in the beautiful language of the writer; but he cannot permit the allusion to pass, without pausing to express his regret, that a more ample biography of Dr. McAll was not demanded at the hands of his surviving friend, who, of all men, from the intimate relations which had so long subsisted between them, was best qualified to do justice to his fine character and great abilities.

Early in the year, Mr. Raffles assisted at the formation of the Religious Tract Society for Liverpool, an association to which he was cordially attached, and with which he continued to be identified throughout his life—having acted as its secretary up to a very recent period. In writing to a friend, the Rev. Henry Moore,* an Irish clergyman, whose good offices he desired to enlist, he says,—

"All party questions are avoided most scrupulously in the tracts, the Society being an union of all denominations of Christians in the good work. The design is merely to promote the morals and immortal happiness of the people by substituting good books for the trash they usually get to read."

Mr. Raffles received the promised visit from Mr. McAll, and speedily followed him home to return it, having several preaching engagements to fulfil in the eastern side of the county and in Yorkshire. On Sunday the 22nd, he preached at St. Stephen's, Rochdale, and writes:—

"I have performed my new duty of reading prayers, I believe to the satisfaction of those who heard me; at all events, I never made a single blunder, so that no one could tell from my manner, that this was the first time that I had publicly read them. You

* The late Rev. Henry Moore, of Ballyhale, co. Kilkenny.

would have been amused to have seen me in my white surplice, marching up the aisle. The Church is a very neat building, finished with great taste within. The congregation was pretty good. The severity of the weather would probably have some influence upon its numbers. In the evening it was literally crammed."

He writes from home, on the 13th of March, to his friend Mr. Brown :—

"If I appear at present to neglect you, you must not complain, for if ever a poor mortal was driven by the multiplicity of his cares and concerns almost to desperation, I am he. Think for a moment of my situation. Two thousand people demanding my attention and time; three sermons every week to make and preach; sick every day to visit; Bible to prepare (for the printer) and the press almost every day to correct; innumerable letters to write, in answer to various applications from London and other places about preaching—I may say innumerable, when I wrote upwards of ninety letters in the course of the last fortnight; * * * * I say, lay all these things together, and you will have a picture of my present situation. I go to bed weary, and I rise unrefreshed; day and night, mind and body are all upon the rack. It cannot, it shall not, last much longer. Nature must give way; my exertions are more than my strength can endure; and my labours on a Sunday—for our congregations are as large as ever—are enough to fatigue the stoutest lungs that ever respired. * * * * The world envies me, and, in my exertions, I am the wonder of all; but my personal comfort is resigned, and my health, I fear, will suffer; yet I labour in a good cause, and I acknowledge the hand that sustains me."

A few days later he writes to his cousin, the Lieutenant Governor of Java :—

"I am induced by your great kindness to those gentlemen whom I have already commended to your patronage, to present

the Rev. Mr. Thompson to the same regard. He is a missionary, under the direction of the London Missionary Society, of which I am a director, and by whom Messrs. Supper, Kam, and Brückner, were sent to Batavia. Mr. Thompson is proceeding to Malacca, and you would very essentially serve the object of his mission, could you, with propriety, favour him with a letter of introduction to the Governor there. I believe that his character and qualifications will fully warrant your doing this with the greatest confidence. God, my dear cousin, will bless you in the kindness which you thus show to His cause, and render into your own bosom a thousandfold for the generous treatment which His servants have received at your hands. It was with great pleasure that I received the official account of the formation of the Java Auxiliary Bible Society. By affixing your name to the institution, as its president, you have done yourself the highest honour, and raised to yourself a monument which will survive, when the many public acts of prudence and benevolence by which your government has been distinguished are forgotten. There is a period at hand when the highest honours this earth can confer shall be swept away; but at that tremendous hour, even a cup of cold water, given to a disciple of Christ, shall not lose its reward.

"We are all anticipating with delight your return to your native land. We long to see you again. May our fondest expectations be realised! May you enjoy, on your native soil, the reward of your honourable exertions in foreign lands, and live, an ornament to your country and a blessing to your family!

"What a revolution again in France! Buonaparte in Paris! the King fled! and the happy consequences of twenty years' expenditure of treasure and blood overthrown in as many days! All here are paralysed. The papers will give you particulars."

On the 18th of April, Mr. Raffles was married at St. James's Church, by the Rev. Samuel Renshaw, Rector of Liverpool, to Mary Catherine, the only daughter of the late Mr. James Hargreaves, of Liverpool, with whom,

for twenty-eight years, he was privileged to enjoy uninterruped domestic happiness. He had contemplated a trip to Paris on his marriage, but the momentous crisis now rapidly approaching on the continent of Europe, and so speedily to culminate on the field of Waterloo, prevented it; and they remained in London, where he became at once involved in the usual round of preaching engagements on Sundays, and occasionally on week-days.

After a stay of some weeks in town, he writes to Mr. Rankin on the 15th of May :—

"We had a very pleasant journey up to town, and begin now to anticipate a pleasant tour on our way home. I say we begin to anticipate it, and I assure you, with no little eagerness, for if ever I had cause to be weary of London, I have now, for I think I never had so much labour. I made many good resolutions against preaching ere I left home; but, alas! like most resolutions, in the time of trial they failed, and I am now as deeply involved in public labours as I ever was. Yesterday I preached three times, and shall preach every night this week, except one, for charities. Next Sabbath I shall preach all day at Hoxton, and some time in the ensuing week, I shall set my face, not exactly homeward, but in a direction from London."

While in London he was called upon, in the discharge of a painful duty, to visit Newgate, to see the son of an old friend, who had been convicted of forgery, and condemned to death. Speaking of this visit, he says, in his autobiographical recollections :—

"One-pound notes were then in circulation, and his crime consisted in changing the *one* into *five*. This he did with wonderful skill. I saw him in the press-yard, heavily ironed, and never shall I forget the expression with which he saluted me, by repeating the lines of Charles Wesley :—

'An inch of time—a moment's space—
Will land me in yon heavenly place,
Or shut me up in hell.'

"'I am to be executed on Monday week,' he said. I visited him several times during my stay in town, and on one occasion, as I was leaving, the door of the press-yard was about to close, when a young man, also heavily ironed, came, and thrusting his arm between the door and the door-post, held it open for a moment, and, eagerly grasping my hand, said, 'O! Sir, I know you well; I have often heard you preach in Liverpool; would to God I had attended to what you said!' I was obliged to withdraw my hand, the time allowed to prisoners for intercourse with their friends having elapsed, and the door closed."

In July, Mr. Raffles went into Yorkshire on a preaching tour, and visited Hull, Beverley—where he busied himself in searching the registers for entries relating to his family—and Sheffield. He also paid a hurried visit to Lincoln, and preached there at the formation of an Auxiliary Missionary Society.

He writes, in his diary, under the date of August 5th:—

"This has been a laborious week, the annual meeting of the Lancashire Auxiliary Missionary Society being held this week. On Sunday, the 30th ult., I preached for our Sunday Schools, from 'That the soul be without knowledge it is not good.' In the afternoon I addressed the children, to the number of about one thousand, in the chapel, about seven hundred spectators in the gallery. In the evening, Mr. Weedman, of Wem, preached. Collected in all upwards of £100.

"On Thursday, the 3rd, Mr. James, of Birmingham, preached for the missionary Society, a most sublime sermon, from 'As I live, saith the Lord, to Me every knee shall bow,' &c. In the afternoon, at the public meeting for business, in Great George Street Chapel, Mr. Campbell gave some account of his African travels. In the evening the Lord's Supper was celebrated at Bethesda.

"On Friday, the 4th, I attended a meeting in Bethesda vestry, for the purpose of considering the propriety of an academy, or academies, for this county. A long discussion—great division of sentiment—a committee appointed to consider the subject and report, of which, contrary to my wish, I am one."

The last entry from the diary of Mr. Raffles, calls for special remark. Previous to this time, the only institution for the education of young men for the ministry among Congregational Dissenters in Lancashire had been an academy in Leaf Square, Manchester, which proved a failure. This circumstance was a great hindrance for a time to any effort to procure the foundation of another institution upon a better basis, the ministers at Manchester, Messrs. Roby and Bradley, who were elderly men, hesitating to sanction the scheme, and Mr. Raffles declining to commit himself to it without their co-operation. Several Manchester gentlemen, of whom Mr. George Hadfield, the present honourable member for Sheffield, was one of the most active, strongly advocated the formation of another academy in opposition to the alternative proposed, which was, that certain ministers, in different parts of the county, should separately undertake the tuition of two or three young men. The opinion of the young and active laymen preponderated. With a liberality characteristic of Manchester, the necessary funds were guaranteed, and all further opposition was abandoned. A meeting was held at Manchester, on the 24th of August, at which a resolution in favour of the scheme was passed, which was subsequently confirmed by a meeting held at Preston, on the 25th of October. From these proceedings, as will

shortly appear, the Blackburn Academy took its rise, and subsequently the Lancashire Independent College, near Manchester, with which the name of Raffles will be for ever identified.

Mr. Raffles writes to his friend Mr. Brown, on the 26th of September, a characteristic letter, in reference to a second edition of "Poems by Three Friends," which was about to appear with the initials of the writers attached to each poem :—

"Now, as it regards the advertisement to the Poems, I think that it descends to too minute a specification of particulars. What have the public to do with the opinion of the *Critical Review*, or the mistakes of the reviewers in general, in affixing the authors to their respective pieces? What have they to do with your quarrel with any review, for its thinking well of you when anonymous, and ill, when avowed? I always think it a degradation of an author to notice a review, that has spoken unhandsomely. Let the public judge between the author and the reviewer. If his book sells, he must be satisfied; that is the best way of exposing the unfairness of the review. If it does not sell, not all the author's grumbling will push it off, and the reviewer is more likely to be pleased than not. * * * Again, I would, in the preface, make no further reference to our present diversity of pursuits than is made in the original advertisement; nor would I make any reference to any work which either of us may have written, of which the world may have thought well. It looks like a puff, and saying, 'I am a clever young barrister, or a popular parson, and hope that, for the sake of the Catholic claims,* or Spencer's life, you will be my client by-and-by, and purchase everything I write. * * * As it regards Howard, I have not yet procured the papers. Be assured that I will not rest till I get them. How to obtain any information from Warrington I know not. I have some slight

* Upon which Mr. Brown had written an able volume.

knowledge of a Quaker there, a bookseller, and I believe an old inhabitant; perhaps, he may know something, as Quakers know something of everything."

The last public service in which Mr. Raffles engaged during this year was at Stockport, from which place he writes to Mr. Rankin on the 20th of November :—

"I am tolerably well this morning, after the most interesting service in which I ever engaged. I last night pleaded the cause of upwards of three thousand children, with as many adults, in a room 120 feet long and 60 wide, the seats rising one above another to the ceiling, which, at the utmost extremity, they almost reach. There was a full orchestra of nearly two hundred performers, instrumental and vocal, and an immense crowd of people. It was an affecting scene which I shall never forget. The collection was £467. 3s. 9d. To-night I preach to the teachers and parents of the children."

Writing to Mr. Brown, towards the end of the year, under the influence of a temporary feeling of depression, which those who knew him best will readily understand, he says :—

"I am overwhelmed with business, and there are times when my heart is sick. It is so now; but God is greater than my heart, and can give strength equal to my day. I have preached three times. My fingers, legs, and lungs, and mind are weary, and my Mary is gloomy from the gloom that hangs on me. Vale! vale! The sun may smile to-morrow!"

To his sister he writes on the 23rd of December :—

"Every day convinces me yet more and more that I am where God has placed me, and where I ought with cheerful gratitude to remain. My ministry is still blessed; the chapel still full; and the Church still increasing. Last Church-meeting seven

candidates were proposed, and more are pressing forward; many, under God, the fruits of my unworthy ministry. What can I say to these things? I ought to be where God has placed me, and not, like Jonah, forsake my work.

"The petition which has been before the corporation for years, for the grant of the reversion of the land on which the chapel stands, gratis, has been at length refused, and £1,000 must be paid next week, or the bargain made void."

The amount above-named was voluntarily raised among the congregation a few days later.

The following are extracts from Mr. Raffles's diary at the commencement of the year 1816:—

"Jan 1. (Monday). As the clock struck twelve last night I rang at the bell, having been on an errand of mercy, with the record of which I commence the new year.

"Jan. 7. (Sunday). Preached to young people in the evening from Eccles. i. 2., 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith the preacher." The chapel was more crowded than I ever saw it. This is truly pleasing and encouraging after four years' trial.

"Jan. 14. (Sunday). This morning I was absent from the house of God, and confined to my bed. Happily my friend, Mr. Hinmers from Whitchurch, was in town, and kindly preached for me. I rose, however, at one o'clock, and was enabled to preach in the evening with more than usual animation. Truly I may say, 'when I am weak then am I strong,' for never did greater weakness stand in a pulpit than appeared in me this evening; but I record it to the glory of the grace of God, never did I preach with more comfort. O! could I always feel in the pulpit as I have done this night. My subject has been prayer, from Ephesians vi. 18.

"January 18 (Thursday). This, being Thanksgiving-day, I preached in the morning from Eccl. iii. 6—'A time of war and a time of peace.' I was requested to publish my sermon, but think I shall decline. After sermon drove to Walton, and, returning by Kirkdale, called on ———, a man for whom prayers

were requested. He is in an awful condition, more distracted in mind by strong convictions of sin, than diseased in body. He began to confess a robbery in which he was concerned some time since. The person whom he had robbed was present, and declared his forgiveness of him. As his confession implicated other persons, and he seemed inclined to proceed, I checked him, directed him to God from whom chiefly he should seek forgiveness, and prayed with him."

"Jan. 10 (Saturday). Walked to Kirkdale to see ——, but found, on calling elsewhere, that he was not in a fit state to see me. The distraction of his mind had brought on a fever. He had been in a most awful state since Thursday. * * * His first convictions were wrought at the school, to which he was led by the following means. His little boy, who is blind, and about five years old, is in the Kirkdale Free School, where Mr. Buddicom, the clergyman, attends every Sabbath evening. His little boy said to him one Sunday, 'Father, come to the school to-night, and you will be a better man.' 'How do you know that?' said he, and laughed. 'I know you will,' said the child, 'for I have prayed that you may.' He smiled, but went. On returning home at night he said to the child, 'Can you sing the hymns they sang at the school?' He answered, 'Yes.' 'Then,' said he, 'sing them.' The child did so to the best of his ability, and the father joined as well as he was able. His wife then observed the tears standing in his eyes, perhaps the first time she had ever seen him weep. Ever since he has been uneasy.

"Jan. 24 (Wednesday). I have to-night heard good news. There is reason to believe my sermon on Sunday night, on conscience, was not in vain. There are three young men who have been in the habit of coming to chapel every Sunday night, and then retiring to some public-house or other place to ridicule the sermon. But, on Sunday night, one of them declined going as usual with the rest, saying, 'I have ridiculed him too long; it is all too true.' He left them, and there is reason to believe that the arrows of conscience are in his soul.

"Jan. 28 (Sunday). In the evening, a gentleman from

America came into the vestry, and gave me some books, a present from Dr. Janeway, of Philadelphia, in token of esteem for me, as the author of the life of Spencer.

"Jan. 29. (Monday). Spent this day, I hope, profitably, in pastoral visits among my people.

"Feb. 4 (Sunday). This morning I preached from 'A band whose hearts God had touched,' and administered the sacrament. It was a good time at the table. I think many found it so. O that I could always feel as I did then!

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And gladly sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

In the evening, I preached to the teachers of the Sunday-school, from Dan. xii. 3. 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' The congregation was immense."

During the week commencing on the 12th of February, Mr. Raffles was absent on a preaching tour in Cheshire and Shropshire, returning on Friday the 16th, having preached seven times. On the 13th, he writes to Mrs. Raffles from Whitchurch:—

"I reached Ellesmere about five o'clock, and preached in the evening, on the Gadarene delivered. The crowd was immense. The people stood upon the backs of the pews, and on the seats, and everywhere where they could place a foot. Many were unable to obtain entrance into the Chapel. Mr. Reynolds, of Chester, preaches here this morning. I preach afternoon and evening.

"At Chester, I saw a new poem, called the "Pilgrims of the Sun," written by Hogg, a Scotchman, once a shepherd on the banks of the Ettrick. It is a very original and interesting poem, abounding with the richest effusions of genius. I shall have double pleasure in reading it to you."

On his return home, he makes the following entries in his diary:—

"Feb. 16. (Friday). On this last journey, I made it my business to converse chiefly on the subject of the Tract Society with the ministers. I found all of them extensively engaged in the distribution of tracts, &c., very anxious for the introduction of a Tract Society into their county. They expressed a determination to make it a matter of discussion at their next half-yearly meeting, and, if possible, to obtain a meeting at Shrewsbury, for the purpose of forming a County Auxiliary Tract Society.

"Feb. 20 (Tuesday). I have received a very respectful and pressing request from the teachers to print the sermon preached to them on the 4th.

March 1st (Friday). Visiting members, conversing with candidates for communion, has much occupied this week. This evening four persons have been received into the Church, all the fruit of my ministry; and one first inclined to come and hear by reading Spencer's life.

"March 9th (Saturday). On Thursday evening, I delivered the remainder of my address to Sunday-school teachers in the boys' schoolroom. After I had done, Mr. Samuel Hope rose, and, in a very handsome manner, proposed the printing of the sermon, with the address, and the people all expressed their approbation of his proposal by holding up their hands. I expressed doubts, and they held up their hands a second time, so that I feel compelled to print.

"On Wednesday, I was waited on by Mr. Bourne and Mr. Melling, to request that I would give the MS. of my sermon to the school. I consented to give them the benefits of this edition."

About this time further proceedings were taken in reference to the proposed academy at Blackburn. On the 9th of February, a meeting was held at Manchester, at

which the Rev. Joseph Fletcher, then of Blackburn, was appointed theological tutor, and the Rev. William Hope, classical tutor. Mr. Raffles was warmly appealed to by the Manchester gentlemen, to do everything in his power in Liverpool, to second their efforts to raise the necessary funds, and to undertake a journey into different parts of the county to collect funds. On the 29th of March Mr. Hadfield writes to Mr. Raffles :—

"I am persuaded that this project would have been much hindered, but for the decided interest you took in it, and for the assurances you gave of your steady attachment to it. This, with the public support it has met with (which more than anything else, under Providence, affords confidence), induced us to commit ourselves to it, and I am sure too much is not expected from you."

It appears, from subsequent correspondence, to have been arranged that Mr. Raffles should start upon the projected tour towards the end of the month of April. A circumstance occurred, however, which altered his plans. The proposed theological tutor, Mr. Fletcher, received an invitation to become the minister of Paddington Chapel, London; and, as his removal from the county would necessitate an important change in the arrangements for the Academy, further operations were suspended, to await the decision of Mr. Fletcher, and Mr. Raffles's journey was for the present postponed.

On the 14th of May, anticipating his annual visit to London, he writes to his father :—

"I now begin to feel considerable anxiety as to my approaching visit to London. The applications for preaching have been

more numerous by post than ever. To many I have consented, which, with the regular work at Hoxton and Paddington, will keep my hands full. How to escape, when I actually reach town, I know not, and I greatly fear that my too yielding disposition will plunge me yet deeper and deeper in engagements, till I have not a leisure day. Every post brings fresh appeals, the force of which I know not how to withstand, but I really tremble for my strength. If any speak to you about writing or speaking to me, discourage them to the utmost of your power; say I have more pledges abroad than I shall have time or strength to redeem, and that I fear this visit, so far from recruiting my health and spirits after the toils of a close and laborious winter, will only add to those effects which, I will not conceal from you, I already feel. I certainly am not so strong as I was."

At the end of the month he left home for London, spending a day with his friend Mr. Wiffen, at Woburn, on the way. On the 4th of June he writes to Mrs. Hargreaves:—

"I am glad to say that I am in good health; I wish I may be able to say so a month hence. I preached on Sunday, morning and afternoon, to immense congregations at Hoxton. They were collection sermons for Hoxton College. In the evening Mr. Wilson took me to Paddington, where I preached. The place is large, and being far from the metropolis, was not crowded, but full, and the congregation very select. Yesterday morning I preached to a very large congregation at Church Street, Mile End New Town, a collection sermon for the benefit of the place. In the afternoon Dr. Collyer preached, and we came home together to my father's, where he sat with us for an hour. To-day I am to dine with Mr. Wilson, and he takes me to Paddington, where I am to preach in the evening. Applications are pouring in upon me from all quarters, and many I have been obliged already to refuse."

On the 8th he writes to his wife:—

"On Wednesday evening I preached, in Barbican Chapel, a charity sermon for a Sunday School. The crowd was very great. The text, 'Lord is it I?' from which also I preached at Paddington on Tuesday night. On Thursday I visited Hammersmith; my old friends seemed very glad to see me. The chapel has been recently enlarged, and looks very well. * * * * In the afternoon I came to town, having a great desire to see the Prince of Coburg.* I posted away to Camelford House, his residence, and took up my station at the gate. Presently he rode up. He is, indeed, a fine young man; a pale, mild, benevolent, and thoughtful countenance, a manly figure, and a kind and condescending manner seem to distinguish him. The Princess Charlotte is indisposed."

On the 11th he writes again:—

"On Sunday morning I preached at Hoxton. The morning was very wet, but the congregation was very large. I preached from 'God is love,' in the midst of an auditory fixed and deep in their attention. In the afternoon I preached for the City of London Bible Society, at Barbican. The crowd was immense. Hundreds could not get within the walls, and as many as could crowd round the windows stood and heard in the chapel-yard. In the evening I preached at Paddington; the congregation was much larger than on the preceding Sunday evening, many people following me from London; indeed, it may be said the place was crowded, for there were many more than could be seated. Yesterday morning I spent in the missionary rooms with the Committee of Examinations, and in the evening I preached to a crowded congregation at Camomile Street, for the Bethesda Society for Visiting the Sick. To-day (Tuesday) I have had a very pleasant day, though I preached twice."

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* Now King of the Belgians, then recently married to the Princess Charlotte.

On the 14th he writes :—

"I continue in excellent health, though I must say I begin to feel some influence from my exertions upon my spirits. On Monday, however, I am going out of town with my father for three days, by which I shall get some breathing-time, and from which excursion I hope to return, with recruited mental vigour, to finish my engagements; and most assuredly, when this scene is over, I will take good care that I do not involve myself to such an extent again. I am not only wearing my strength unduly, but really I fear such repeated applications from one individual must weaken his influence, and, in the end, injure the cause."

Mr. Raffles returned home early in July, but before the end of the month was in London again to meet his cousin, who had just arrived from Java. He writes to his wife on the 31st :—

"I have embraced my dear cousin. He did not know me, nor did I, for a moment, recognize him. But when I had leisure to survey his countenance, I perceived that he had lost nothing of himself but his colour and his flesh. The interview was very affecting. * * * * My cousin was astonished at my appearance, and so was I at his—he, that I looked so well, and I, that he looked so ill, though, upon the whole, he looks better than I expected. * * * * He intends to publish an account of Java, and is very busy in getting maps, &c., prepared for the work. He has very extensive collections of Javanese literature of his own collecting. I am amazed at his industry. In one day he wrote two hundred letters with his own hand, and dictated to two secretaries besides."

On the 2nd of August he writes :—

"I shall continue my journal in this letter from the point where the last left me. On Wednesday I went, with my cousin, to dinner at Mr. Underwood's, an old East Indian friend of the Governor. My cousin has an unbounded flow of spirits; I fear

too much for his strength. He recounted to us many of the difficult and dangerous expeditions in which he had been engaged, in which nothing but his consummate skill and address could have saved him and his retinue from the fury of the native chiefs, in whose entire power, while making his different surveys of the island, he repeatedly was. With all these things he will amuse us soon, I hope, in Liverpool. I returned with them to Berners Street, and slept there. * * * This morning I have been with Mr. Wiffen to see Thomas Campbell, the poet. Happily he was at home. He seemed very glad to see us, and we sat about an hour with him. He lives in a delightful retirement at the extremity of Sydenham Common.

"Of course you have shewn Mr. Brown the papers containing the addresses to and from my cousin on his leaving Java? Such was the devotion of the native inhabitants to him, and such their reluctance to bow again to the sceptre of the Dutch, that they declared they were willing to give to the Dutch whatever they enjoyed from the island before its conquest by the English, if they would but resign it. They should have as much coffee, as much spices, &c., as ever. They declared that they would express their sentiments to the King of England, and the native powers were coming down in a body to address my cousin on the subject, and entreat him to stay amongst them; but this he prevented by the quickness of his departure, for it was only determined that he should come to England a few days before he sailed.

"He has brought over Eastern curiosities and treasures to the amount of thirty tons weight, in upwards of two hundred immense packages. He has some presents for the Prince Regent."

On the 5th he writes:—

"Yesterday I preached morning and afternoon at Hoxton, and in the evening at Paddington. My cousin and his party were there. * * * * How would my bounding heart leap

for joy if, in any measure, my poor efforts should be blessed to the promotion of the everlasting interests of one so distinguished in society by the powers of his mind, and so endeared to his family and friends by the virtues of his character.

"The chief topic upon which my cousin has consulted me is a history of Java, which he is about to publish in two quarto volumes and one volume of splendid plates, which promises to be a very popular work. The materials which he has for it are, as you may well suppose from his high station there, most abundant, and the drawings of temples, gods, plants, &c., will be most splendid and interesting."

The constant whirl of excitement in which Mr. Raffles was involved during this visit did not suit him. He writes home on the 10th :—

"I long, indeed, to be with you again. I long to resume my accustomed labours, and to breathe my proper element. I am truly happy and grateful to find that this mode of living is not congenial to my taste, and that my heart is perpetually panting for those sacred occupations to which I am consecrated, and which, for these ten years past, have constituted the sole business of my life. This scene of bustle and confusion only confirms me in my attachment to the calm, though laborious, pursuits of the ministerial office; and will, I am confident, have the pleasing effect of returning me to you, to my church, my friends, and Liverpool, with a keener relish for enjoyments and engagements which, ever since I knew them, have been my chief delight. Pray for me, that I may be restored to you all in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace. I am just going with my cousin to Mr. Wilberforce's, to meet the Right Hon. Mr. Villiers, and Sir John Cradock, who was the late Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, and has been very friendly to the missionaries.

"Yesterday the deputation from the Baptist Missionary Society, consisting of the Rev. Mr. Ivimey, Mr. Burls, and Mr. Hanson, waited upon my cousin. I had the pleasure of

introducing them; they had a long and interesting conversation on the state of the islands of the Eastern Sea, and they expressed themselves in very strong terms of gratitude for his kind patronage afforded to the missionaries during his administration there. A deputation from the London Missionary Society is about to wait upon him for the same purpose."

During the autumn, considerable distress prevailed throughout the country, and Mr. Raffles keenly felt its effects in his own congregation, more than one of his best friends having succumbed to the pressure of the times in commercial circles; while, in his own family connexions, he was made individually to participate in the trials and losses which were so general throughout the community at large. He writes on the 14th:—

"Distress is, at this time, awfully prevalent in the congregation committed to my charge; and my own sufferings, by the unhappy pressure of these times, seem to be small, compared with those that everywhere surround me. * * * * O! that these things may produce some salutary impression on the minds of both pastor and people! It seems as if God had determined to prepare me for sympathising with them, by causing me, first, deeply to drink of the cup of suffering and affliction myself. Well, be it so! I trust that it is the desire of my heart, as it is my prayer continually, to be made a faithful pastor; and, if my prayer is answered, I rejoice, though that answer be by terrible things in righteousness."

Mr. Raffles was, more or less, occupied from this time till the end of the year in collecting for the new academy. The invitation to London having been declined by Mr. Fletcher, the proceedings for its establishment were again renewed. Notwithstanding the unfavourable aspect of commercial affairs, Mr. Raffles acknowledged

gratefully the success which attended his efforts, ably seconded as they were by Mr. Cunliffe, of Blackburn, and several of the Manchester gentlemen, who warmly advocated the measure. The explanations which they were enabled to give, for the most part, removed existing prejudices, and all now seemed inclined to co-operate to secure an efficient institution.

Among Mr. Raffles's papers of this date, is an interesting correspondence which took place between himself and a gentleman who had sought his advice in spiritual things, and who subsequently became his friend, and continued so till his death, which took place many years since. In the first letter which he wrote to Mr. Raffles, he intimated that he had been "oppressed with doubts as to the truth of the Christian dispensation." Mr. Raffles directed him to a course of reading, which he thought most likely to influence a man of cultivated intellect, and his mind was eventually set at rest. Subsequently he began to fear that the profession of the law, to which he belonged, could not be defended on Christian principles, and he wrote a long letter on this subject to Mr. Raffles, who replied:—

"That I have delayed so long the acknowledging of your interesting communication of the 6th inst. you will not, I am persuaded, attribute to neglect, but rather to its real cause, the extreme difficulty and great importance of the subject upon which you solicit my opinion. That you are anxious to ascertain the path of duty, and are prepared to follow your convictions, wherever they may lead, is not the least favourable symptom of that decided character which, under the influence of the Blessed Spirit, I trust you are now forming, and will be enabled, through a long course of devoted years, to avow, by a public

profession, and adorn in a holy life. Yet care must be taken, lest you be carried too far in your conclusions by the power of first impressions, which are always the strongest, and which, in cases of real conversion to God, usually subside into the calm and permanent influence of settled principles. It is more than the Christian can expect, that the fervour of his first love should continue with him through life. The young convert should be apprised of this, lest, at the outset of his Christian career, he give more pledges than he is afterwards able to redeem, and avow, in the ardour of his early zeal, purposes, the propriety of which may afterwards become less apparent to his mind. You, my dear Sir, will pardon the suggestion of these hints. From the strain of your letter I have reason to believe they have already occurred with considerable force to your own mind. If so, what I have said may perhaps tend, in some degree, to confirm your confidence in their truth and propriety.

"As regards the important subject of your letter, however, I am free to confess that I scarcely know what to say. When I consider the consequences to yourself and to society, which are involved in your resigning or retaining the profession in which you are engaged—and which, from your manner of writing, seems to depend much upon the opinion which I may express as to its lawfulness on Christian principles or the reverse—I cannot but shrink from the task which you have imposed on me, by soliciting that opinion, as one to which I am extremely incompetent; whilst I feel that you attach far too much importance to the sentiments of one who has seen but little of the busy world, and has given less of his attention to the study of its affairs. To decline altogether the discharge of the duty to which you have called me, would, however, but ill express the regard which I feel for you as a friend and as a minister; and, therefore, with much diffidence, I proceed to state what occurs to my own mind, for it was never a subject of very serious contemplation to me before, at least not in that point of view to which your scruples point. My abandonment of the profession of the law for that to which I am now devoted took place at a very early age—before I knew much of the profession I left, and which I

never liked; not from any moral principle existing in my mind against it, but from an unconquerable desire—I might almost say born within me, for it was the first wish of which I was conscious—for the Christian ministry. Without being dissatisfied with the profession of the law from principle, I was, from principle, ardently attached to the ministry; and, had the former been everything, as a profession, which my maturer judgment could have approved, still my decided preference for the latter would have induced me, under similar circumstances, to make the change I did.

"As regards your first question, upon the answer to which, indeed, much in the consideration of the second must depend—whether a Christian can, under any circumstances, justify himself in going to law with a brother or unbeliever for the recovery of a private demand, or the redress of a personal injury—I am free to say, that I think circumstances may exist which would fully justify him and render it both right and necessary that he should; nay, in which he would be criminal if he did not. For men are so linked in with each other by the bonds and associations of society, that a respect to others may render that mode of proceeding necessary, which, but for these relations, the individual himself might be suffered to forego. The claims of his creditors and of his family may render it an act of justice, imperiously demanded of him, to sue for the recovery of a debt, the withholding of which by the debtor might be the ruin of those to whom he was indebted, or plunge his family in great distress. We certainly are not to take many of the precepts of our Lord according to their literal interpretation. In many cases, common sense becomes a correct commentator of Scripture, and suggests that the spirit rather than the letter of the law is that which we are bound to follow. Such, for instance, is that injunction of the Saviour, 'Swear not at all;' that is, swear not at all profanely in common conversation, or on a trifling occasion. It is not intended by our Lord to prohibit all appeals to the Supreme Being; when the occasion is of great magnitude and the manner solemn they are not only lawful but highly proper, and we have examples of them

in the New Testament. So I conceive that passage in Matthew must be understood, 'If any sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat let him have thy cloak also;" that is, in cases where personal inconvenience alone is concerned, rather put up with an insult and endure an injury."*

In a subsequent letter the same gentleman submitted the following proposition to Mr. Raffles :—

"If I sincerely desire to make an unreserved surrender of myself to God, as my Owner, Ruler, and Supreme Felicity, with an humble dependence on the mediation of Jesus Christ, and on the enlivening and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, is this such a temper of mind as will justify my seeking an union with the Church over which you preside?"

Mr. Raffles replied as follows, :—

"With the deepest feelings of interest, I have perused your letter of Wednesday, and revolved again and again the momentous query which it introduces to my consideration, and to which I hesitate not to answer in the affirmative. Indeed, from the very explicit manner in which it is put, you have excluded the possibility of hesitation from my mind, and I am firmly persuaded that to this important inquiry your own conscience must have already answered 'Yes.'

"What more than the temper of mind which your query has described can we expect in the members of the Church of Christ in this imperfect state, if the life and conversation be in harmony with it? Of yours, my dear Sir, I am happy in being able to express the fullest satisfaction; though, allow me to say, I should never have thus alluded to a conduct which has long secured my admiration—but my reference to which may in some measure wound the delicacy of your feeling—had not the object of your letter been such as forbids me to conceal or disguise, in

* The copy of the letter from which the editor has transcribed is imperfect, and stops here.

the least, my sentiments respecting you. And whence can that principle be derived, which has wrought in you such desires and accomplished in you such triumphs over sin and self and the world, but from that good Spirit of God, who, if He begin, will assuredly carry on His gracious operations in the soul till they have reached their destined maturity?

"If such as you describe them to be are, indeed, the prevailing desires of your heart, the Church of God, my dear friend, and especially that part of it which I serve in the ministry of Jesus, stretches out her arms to receive you; her privileges, her communion, her affection are your right. Nor is it less your duty than your privilege to accept her invitation, publicly to ratify that union which you already feel in spirit with her members, and by a profession of your faith at the table of the Lord, to renounce the world as your portion, put on Christ, and take the Cross and follow Him.

"Oh! may His grace be more abundantly outpoured upon you, that as you have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so you may be enabled to walk in Him, rooted and built up in Him and stablished in the faith."

Towards the end of the year, Mr. Raffles was called upon for a new edition of the "Life of Spencer." In reference to this matter, the following extract from a letter which he wrote, on the 14th of November, to Mr. John Haddon, of London, the particular friend of Mr. Spencer, is interesting:—

"Its reception has astonished me. Its usefulness has overwhelmed me; and, when I consider that there are many, both in Great Britain and America whom I have never seen, nor shall see in the flesh, who will have cause to all eternity to bless God that they ever perused that book, I am truly confounded and humbled. I am now most deeply conscious of the Divine goodness in leading me to publish it, though with how little faith, and with how much trembling, it was committed to the

press, the Searcher of Hearts knoweth. But I feel now as though if God should be pleased at any time to lay me aside from the work of the ministry, I could bow with greater cheerfulness to His will, since I should feel as though I were in some sort still preaching (in concert with the departed Spencer) through the medium of that book. Nor is it amongst the least grateful of the reflections in which I sometimes indulge, that when I am dead, I may yet speak for the beloved Master whom I serve so imperfectly with my living voice, by the pages of this volume, and so, as to the great end for which I live, never die! For I have a sort of presentiment within me, that the seeds of this volume are too thickly and widely scattered both in Great Britain and America to be ever totally eradicated, but that so long as piety and genius, and eminent usefulness, and early dissolution, are interesting and affecting to the human mind —the life of Spencer will be read."

Chapter VIII.

1817 — 1818.

DOMESTIC ANXIETIES—DIARY—BIRTH OF HIS DAUGHTER—TOUR ON THE CONTINENT WITH HIS COUSIN—PUBLICATION OF HIS TOUR—ANECDOTE—VISIT TO BRISTOL—HANNAH MORE—VISIT TO LONDON—BIRTH OF HIS ELDEST SON — THE CAPE MISSIONARIES—QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S DEATH—HOLKHAM MSS.

THE year 1817 was, in various ways, a year of great anxiety to Mr. Raffles. On the first leaf of his diary for the year is the following entry :—

"'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest.' Oh! may this year surpass in diligence all its predecessors! I begin this year with Brown's Bible, 4th Edition of Life of Spencer, and Brata Yudha* in the press. Our temporal affairs still unsettled—the prospect of becoming a father—a tour on the Continent with my cousin in contemplation—and my Church increasing, and my congregation prosperous. Many of my friends, however, as well as myself, afflicted in their temporal circumstances, and losses and failures in commerce all around."

* A Javanese poem, which, at the request of his cousin, Mr. Raffles was rendering into blank verse. The version is published in the History of Java, by Sir Stamford Raffles.

Mr. Raffles, in referring in after years to this period of his life, always did so in a spirit of thankfulness to God, that he was enabled to meet all the anxieties and trials which then fell to his lot, in such a manner as became one who held the sacred and responsible office of a Christian minister. Harassed and perplexed, from day to day, by painful and prolonged legal proceedings, the result of which might have been to sweep away the entire property of those with whom he had become connected by close and endearing ties—his own worldly interests being greatly involved therein—he was nevertheless enabled to discharge the ministerial and pastoral duties of his office with his accustomed energy, and calmly to await the issue. His diary during the earlier part of this year was pretty fully kept, and the editor cannot do better than give some extracts:—

"January 24. To-day I completed the Brata Yudha, and it will go to-morrow by the mail. There is a double version of nearly the whole poem, one in the style of McPherson's 'Ossian,' and the other in blank verse.

"January 25. Went to Manchester, and thence to Rochdale, where I took up my abode at Mr. Turner's.

"January 26 (Sunday). Read prayers in the morning (at St. Stephen's) for Mr. Foster, who preached. Preached to the parents of the Sunday School children in the afternoon, and collected for the school. In the evening preached for the school. The congregation was immense.

"January 27. Returned to Manchester, and spent the afternoon and evening in soliciting subscriptions for the Academy at Blackburn. Drank tea at Mr. B———'s; not a farthing could we could get from him. Oh! what will men of wealth have to answer for another day? 'The covetous whom God abhorreth.'

"February 19. Preached my lecture on the government of the tongue at Lime Street Chapel. Numbers could not get into the place. Mr. Charrier and Mr. Philip sat with me in the pulpit. Text: 'If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.' I have been pressed to publish, but decline.

"March 15. On Monday we received the melancholy tidings of the death of our excellent friend, Mr. Mather, of Everton. He died at Cheltenham, on the 7th inst. In him we had long marked the 'perfect man' and beheld 'the upright,' and I wonder not, therefore, that 'the end of that man was peace.'

"March 23 (Sunday). I this evening preached Mr. Mather's funeral sermon from Matt. xxiv. 46, 'Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing.' The crowd was immense, and multitudes could not obtain admittance. I heard Mr. Buddicom improve the same sad event at Everton Church in the afternoon.

"March 29. I have this week been to the district meeting of the County Union at North Meols. Mr. Charrier, Mr. Philip, and myself went in the boat on Tuesday. Mr. Charrier preached most excellently on Tuesday evening, and I prayed. Preaching was not expected, but the place was crowded, the congregation being assembled by the proclamation of the bellman. On Wednesday Mr. Philip preached; the place was quite full. In the evening it overflowed; multitudes could not crowd within it when Mr. Atkinson, of Prescot, preached a sermon on the miraculous draught of fishes, with all the energy of youth. Mr. Alexander, of Leigh, prayed.

"Thus ended the public services of this most interesting meeting. Never was I so truly gratified with any scene, since I came into the county of Lancaster, as that which was presented in this once barbarous and uncultivated place last week. The eagerness with which the people flocked to hear the word, the deep seriousness and profound attention which marked every countenance, were truly affecting. We were all deeply impressed

with the tokens of Divine approbation, and proofs of eminent success, which have accompanied the labours of our brother * there, and having seen the grace of God, we exceedingly rejoiced, and exhorted him to thank God and take courage. A simplicity, approaching to that of primitive times, prevails among the people. Some of the principal of them dined with us at the inn, and, after dinner, we exhorted them to do their utmost, in a pecuniary way; towards the support of the cause amongst them, that they might not be more burdensome to the Union than was absolutely necessary. They promised well, but they are very poor.

"April 20 (Sunday). Dr. Kollock, of Savannah, U.S., preached for me, and I went to Formby, and preached to a few plain country people in a temple, whose walls were mud, the roof straw, the floor the bare earth, the pulpit the back of a chair, and the seats an old weaving-loom. In the afternoon we had about twenty people, and in the evening, having brought their neighbours, we had upwards of forty, as many as the room would hold.

"April 28. This afternoon I was called to visit a Mr. C———, one of Mr. ———'s people. It was at his earnest request I was sent for. He is fast wasting away in a consumption. On my asking him how he felt in the prospect of death, he told me he was very composed; he had not committed any great crime, he had not done anybody any harm, and he had made up his account with God. I let him go on, and tell his own tale, and then asked him whether he found the account balanced, or whether, in anything, he found he was deficient? He said, 'Yes, certainly, for no man could say he was without sin;' but, still, he had never done his neighbour any harm, and always endeavoured to conduct himself with propriety. I said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself is the second commandment; what is the first? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;" have you kept this?' Not perfectly, he acknowledged, though he had always strove to reverence the Supreme Being. 'Then,' said I, 'is it safe to stake your

* The Rev. William Alexander.

everlasting salvation on the second command, when you confess that you have failed in the first?' Here he paused, and was evidently confounded; and I embraced the opportunity to preach to him Jesus; when, after insisting on the depravity of the human heart and the necessity of an atonement, I said, 'And now, what is your hope?' 'I have no hope,' he said, 'but in Jesus Christ!' 'Do the things that I have said, then,' I rejoined, 'commend themselves to you as truth?' 'Yes,' said he, 'they do.' I was much astonished at his altered tone, talked further with him, and my satisfaction increased as I conversed. I prayed with him, and left him with the promise that I would see him again.

"May 4 (Sunday). After preaching this evening, visited Mr. C——— again. His mind is still fixed on Christ."

"May 5: The foundation-stone of the Welsh Independent Chapel, in Great Crosshall Street, was laid. The Rev. Mr. Williams prayed and delivered an oration in Welsh. The Rev. Mr. Charrier followed with an English address, and concluded by prayer. Perhaps there might be 2,000 persons present.

"May 6. This morning at five o'clock our first-born came into the world—a fine girl. The mother has been graciously dealt with. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

Mr. Raffles communicated the happy event to his parents on the same day. He says:—

"Rejoice with me in the goodness of God. This morning at five o'clock my dear Mary presented me with a daughter. * * * Oh! what a responsible situation is that in which we are now placed! An immortal soul committed to our care! A candidate for eternal blessedness intrusted to our guidance! I seem to hear the voice addressing me, "Take this child and nurse it for me!" and when I consider the charge is God's, and that it connects my conduct towards it with the disclosures and decisions of the judgment-day, I feel all its mighty force and overwhelming solemnity. Pray for me, my beloved parents, to whose care I owe so much, that we may have grace given us, so to discharge the

duties of the parental character, that we may secure, at the last day, the approbation of our Judge, and the testimony of our offspring."

Mr. Raffles's health was again somewhat impaired at this time, and his friends remonstrated with him on the exertions he made. The Rev. John Reynolds, then of Chester, between whom and Mr. Raffles a most sincere friendship existed, wrote to him in the month of February, and after alluding to his indisposition, said :—

"Allow me to say, with all the seriousness of affection, and with all the ardency of desire for your greatest and most extensive usefulness, that you must learn to say 'Nay;' that is, to resist the unreasonable requirements of many, who care not at what expense to your strength they purchase the benefit and the advantage of your extra labours. Your own flock claim, most imperiously, such a determination; and your general usefulness in the Redeemer's cause positively demands it. I do not apologise either for the freedom or the force of my expressions. You know whence they spring; and I will venture to affirm, that no friend you have could utter them with greater sincerity and simplicity of esteem and regard than myself."

Fortunately for Mr. Raffles, an opportunity of taking the rest and recreation he so much required presented itself. His cousin was about to visit the continent of Europe, and urgently solicited Mr. Raffles to accompany him. The birth of his child stood in the way, but the journey was kindly postponed to suit his convenience; and, as soon as Mrs. Raffles was convalescent, he left for town, and, on the 4th, writes to her from London :—

"I arrived here safe and well this morning about eight o'clock. I found my dear parents much better than I had expected. They gave me, as you may suppose, a most affectionate welcome

* * * * After breakfast I went to Berners-street. I did not see my cousin, but I saw Lady Raffles, who inquired very affectionately after you. We are to start to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock for Brighton, where we shall embark for Dieppe. * * * * The reception of my cousin by the Prince Regent has been most flattering. He marked him out at the *levée*, entered into conversation with him, told him he had read a great part of his book, and most sincerely thanked him for the instruction and pleasure he had derived. He then knighted him. On Monday he dined again at Prince Leopold's, and slept there. On his leaving, the Princess Charlotte took a diamond ring and put it upon his finger."

The tour was, in all respects, most agreeable. Mr. Raffles says in his autobiographical recollections, "the only stipulation he (Sir Stamford Raffles) made with me and the rest of the party, when we went with him on the tour through France and Switzerland, &c., was that we should never keep the carriage waiting, but having fixed the hour of starting over night, should keep it exactly in the morning." Certainly one of the most essential conditions—if not *the* most so — for the comfortable and successful prosecution of any journey was here laid down, and the cousins would mutually agree on this point, punctuality being a virtue common to them both alike. One extract only need be given from his letters during this tour, a full account of which he published on his return home. He writes from Lausanne, on the 28th of June, to his sister :—

"I write you from this place, as I know it will gratify you all to hear that we are safe and well, and highly delighted, so far, with our tour. You know my taste for the romantic; and, from what you saw in the Highlands of Scotland, will be able to form

some idea of the transport with which I have gazed upon the hoary summit of Mont Blanc, and all the wild and romantic beauties of the Vale of Chamouni. I have kept a sort of journal, in which I have recorded what I saw, and something of the impressions produced upon my mind. To attempt an abridgement of that journal in a single letter would be absurd. You must, therefore, allow me to postpone all effort at description till my return, when I shall be delighted to retrace my steps, along with our dear little circle in Princes Street, and make you, as far as I can, partakers with me in the pleasure I have enjoyed. We arrived here yesterday afternoon, and proceed to-morrow by Berne, to Basle, and thence down the Rhine to Brussels, where we hope to arrive about the 12th of July; and whence, in all probability, I shall make the shortest cut for England. The party, as you may suppose, is extremely pleasant. My cousin is in excellent health and spirits, and the tour has been of incalculable service to him."

Mr. Raffles reached home about the middle of July. The account which he published of his tour was favourably received on its appearance, and went through five editions in England, while it was reprinted and widely read in America. For many years it was constantly used as a guide-book, and its general accuracy was never questioned, so far as the editor of this biography is aware. The following extract from his autobiographical recollections gives an amusing story, which he used to tell in reference to this book:—

"On one occasion, as I was travelling out of Lincolnshire into Lancashire, I was put down at the Tontine Inn, Sheffield, at the close of a long summer's day. I went, as my custom was, into the travellers' room, and, having secured my bed, sat down in the midst of a large company, and began to ponder the question—tea or supper? In the midst of my musing, a

gentleman entered the room, and, looking round, said, 'Will any gentleman take supper?' That settled the matter; I accepted his challenge, and, supper being speedily on the table, we sat down, *vis-à-vis*, to enjoy it. I found my companion very intelligent and communicative, and we talked freely on various topics; when, at length, he said, 'I had a very delightful tour lately on the Continent; my wife, my wife's sister, and myself, were the party. We went to Paris, Geneva, Chamouni, down the Rhine, and by the Netherlands, &c. We had all the tours with us; but, somehow, I like Raffles's tour best of all. I think he only describes what he actually saw, but I believe there are many who describe what they did not themselves see; and there is something so like in Raffles's descriptions, they bring it all to my memory, as though I had seen it only yesterday. Did you ever see the book? But, by-the-by, were you ever on the Continent?' 'Yes,' said I, 'I have been on the Continent.' 'Were you in his direction at all?' he added. 'Yes,' I answered, 'the very tour he took I took.' 'O! then,' said he, 'you are a judge; what do you think of it?' 'Why,' I said,' 'I agree with you; I don't think he does describe anything but what he saw.' 'And, then,' he continued, 'it is so cheap! There's ———, he has spun it out into two volumes; he might very well have put it all into one. I have Raffles's book in my trunk; it is a nice travelling companion, and every now and then, I take it out and read a bit, and thus I travel over the ground again, and it is all fresh and vivid in my mind. That Raffles, I believe, is a Dissenting minister, at Liverpool.' It may be supposed that I was not a little amused, as well as gratified, with all this; and much more passed between us, but I preserved my incognito till we parted for the night, when I said, 'Will you allow me, before I say good-night, to tell you how much pleasure you have afforded me by the testimony you have borne to the correctness of Raffles's tour?' 'What,' said he, 'is he a friend of yours?' 'Perhaps,' said I, 'the closest friend he has, for I wrote the book.' 'You wrote the book!' he said with considerable vehemence, 'Do you mean, Sir, to tell me, that Dr. Raffles did not write the book himself?' 'No,' I replied, 'I

don't mean to tell you any such thing, for I know that he did write it himself; nevertheless, I say again, I wrote the book.' 'You don't mean that you are Dr. Raffles?' 'Yes,' I said, laughing, 'I do, and I'll stick to that.' 'What, have I been all this time talking to Dr. Raffles?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'you have.' 'Well,' he exclaimed, 'I do hope, Dr. Raffles, that I have said nothing that could give you pain?' 'No, Sir,' I said, 'quite the reverse; I have had many testimonies to the correctness of that book, but they have been from persons who knew that they were addressing the author, but your testimony is, in my esteem, of greater value than that of all the rest put together, for it is perfectly impartial.' 'Well, Dr. Raffles,' he said, 'it is kind of you thus quickly to relieve me of the dilemma in which I have placed myself; the fact is, we were all really much indebted to you for the information and pleasure we derived from the perusal of your book.' He gave me his card on parting for the night, but we never met again."

In the month of August, Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles paid a hurried visit to Liverpool. They were shortly to embark for India, and Mr. Raffles arranged to visit London in September for the double purpose of being present at his sister's wedding, and of taking leave of his cousin. Accordingly he went to town on the 15th of September, and was present at the marriage of his sister to Mr. Brown on the 17th; and, after taking leave of his cousin, he returned to Liverpool, and was occupied till the close of the year with his ordinary ministerial duties at home and abroad. On the 29th of November he writes to his father:—

"I have been abundant in travels and labours, since my return from London; I have been to York, Lancaster, Preston, Chorley, Manchester, Bolton, Elswick, and have preached at all these places on public occasions. At Bolton, last Sunday fortnight, I

preached in the evening, for the schools, to an immense assembly, and nearly as many left the place, unable to procure admittance, as were in it. At York we had a very interesting day, at the opening of the chapel there. Mr. Bennett, the tutor at Rotherham, was my fellow-labourer there, on that occasion. At Lancaster I preached before, and in behalf of, the County Union for the spread of the Gospel. We have had immense crowds, the two last Sabbath evenings, at Great George Street, in consequence of my preaching sermons on the subject of the death of the Princess Charlotte. My Tour is in the press, but, owing to my many engagements, I have been able to get on but slowly with it. I hope for more leisure soon."

In the month of May, 1818, Mr. and Mrs. Raffles visited Bristol, taking the scenery of the Wye by the way. One or two extracts may be given from his diary :—

"May 27. Went to the Baptist Academy, and saw the library and museum. They have a remarkably fine collection of Bibles, left them by Dr. Gifford. These, and the original miniature of Oliver Cromwell by Cooper, and Tyndale's testament, are the things most worthy of notice. They have one of Caxton's printing, with his head and colophon, and another they presume to be his, but cannot certainly ascertain. Sat an hour or two with Mr. Cottle,* with great delight.

"May 30. Breakfasted with Mr. Johnson, and saw his fine collection of fossils and minerals. His specimens of organic remains are most astonishing.

"May 31 (Sunday). Preached at Tabernacle, to immense congregations, in the morning and evening. In the afternoon I addressed the children of the Sunday-school, and examined them in the presence of a large assembly.

"June 1. Left Bristol. I was much gratified by an hour's conversation with Mrs. Hannah More, at Barley Wood. She received me with the greatest kindness, and immediately referred

* Joseph Cottle, author of "Alfred," and other poems.

to Spencer, thanked me for my Memoir, and spoke very suitably on the mysterious nature of the event by which the Church was so suddenly, and so early, deprived of such an ornament. We then turned to the Bible Society, and I pointed out to her the notice taken in the last report, which lay upon her table, of the exertions of the ladies of Liverpool. She was highly interested in the account, begged me to turn down the place, and afterwards asked me to read it to a gentleman who came in. She said, 'Tell the ladies of Liverpool, from me, to be prudent; I have,' she said, 'heard of mischief being done by the want of prudence, and that by ladies who are my friends.' * * * * I asked her to employ her pen on the subject of the Irish. She said she could not; so many, more able than herself, were embarked in the cause, and ready to write; but that she had determined to publish no more for three years. She is, however, employed in a new and uniform edition of her works.

"June 5. Proceeded to London, and met all well in Princes Street."

Mr. Raffles writes from London, on the 23rd of June, to Mrs. Hargreaves:—

"I am well worked with public labour. I preached last Saturday night, four times on Sunday, last night, and am to preach again, at Surrey Chapel (Rowland Hill's), to-night. The congregations have been very large—particularly at Hoxton. It was not known in London that I had come for some time, as I preached at Paddington the whole of the first Sunday, and Mr. Wilson kept his promise not to announce my coming. Hence I have been spared some solicitations, but, after all, they have been most overwhelming and oppressive, and I shall be glad to make my escape."

Mr. and Mrs. Raffles reached home early in July, returning by Leicester, and visiting several places in Yorkshire, where he had to fulfil preaching engagements.

On the 23d of that month Mr. Raffles writes to the Rev. George Burder, secretary to the London Missionary Society, in reference to a novel consignment sent home by some missionaries :—

"In compliance with the wish of the directors, expressed in your esteemed favour of the 21st inst., I have been all this morning occupied, in concert with our good friend, Mr. Job, in pursuit of the idol gods, and have, at length, discovered their lurking-place, in the cabin of the 'Armata.' Unhappily, however, they cannot be taken possession of by us at present, as the boxes in which they are contained have no address to the Missionary Society, but are left, along with other boxes, by Mr. Hill, the surgeon, as part of his luggage. * * * * * I have no objection to go to Chester, or anywhere, if I can be useful, but I am a standing dish at Chester; you had better get somebody else. It was a fine meeting at Wakefield (on the 5th). I preached in the Methodist Chapel, neither of our places being large enough to contain the people. Collections more than at Leeds, last year. Think, O! think, of Sumatra! Governor Raffles's kindness to the missionaries in Java ought to be an argument in its favour."

On the 31st he writes to his father :—

"I have little worth communicating to you in the way of news. My ministry here, I have reason to believe, is still useful, and, certainly, the congregation, since my return, both parts of the day, has been much greater than in any former summer. Our Church, also, still increases. * * * * You will be gratified to learn the rapid sale my Tour has met with, and that I am daily receiving testimonies in its favour, from those whose opinions I have reason highly to esteem."

The following are a few extracts from his diary during the autumn of this year, which abundantly prove

that there was no cessation in his labours at home or abroad :—

"August 11. Rode to Preston, and preached at Mr. Walker's chapel the annual sermon for the Missionary Society, from Luke x. 2, 'The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.'

"August 12. Went in a gig, with the Rev. Mr. Charrier, to Kirkham, to attend the opening of Kirkham chapel, and the setting apart of Mr. Griffith to the pastoral office there. Mr. Charrier addressed the minister, and I preached to the people. In the evening I preached again. Called on the Rev. Mr. Fox, father of our friend Mr. Fox, and one of the resident clergy at Kirkham. This place was formerly blessed by the labours of Isaac Ambrose.

"August 14. Mr. Wilberforce is in town, and sent for me to meet him at Mr. Horsfall's, or Mr. Roscoe's. Unhappily, I was too late for him at either place; I wrote him a note, however, requesting five minutes with him before he leaves the neighbourhood.

"August 16 (Sunday). Preached in the morning, and baptized four children. On my return home, found a most friendly letter from Mr. Wilberforce, who left yesterday for the Lakes.

"August 19. Went by York mail to Manchester, at one in the morning, and gave the address at the Missionary prayer-meeting, at Cannon Street, at seven. A very good congregation. The address was on the encouragement to pray for the spread of the Gospel. Heard Dr. Bogue and Mr. Griffin.

"August 20. Came home and wrote the Report of the Tract Society.

"August 21. Had very good meeting of the Tract Society this evening. Dr. Bogue and Messrs. Griffin and Gilbert attended and spoke, and a little Welsh from Mr. Breeze, to the Welsh people who were present, had a very good influence.

"August 22. Saw our friends, the ministers, off to Chester. Had pleasant walk on the shore in the evening with the two Marys (wife and sister), a gratification I do not often enjoy.

"August 26. Went by coach yesterday from Chester to Wrexham, and preached at Pen-y-bryn, in the evening, for the Missionary Society, from 'The fields are white already to harvest.' Dr. Bogue and Mr. Griffin arrived during the sermon, and the Doctor gave an account to the people of the progress of the Missionary Society. Proceeded to-day with Dr. Bogue and Mr. Griffin to Oswestry, and preached there in the evening.

"August 27. Went with Dr. Bogue and Mr. Griffin to the annual meeting of the North Wales Missionary Society, at Llanfyllin, and preached.

"August 29. Returned home yesterday. To-day's post brought me a very gratifying letter from Mrs. Hannah More, thanking me for the pleasure she had derived from the perusal of my letters from the Continent.

"August 30 (Sunday). Preached in the morning from Acts v. 34—42; in the afternoon at Byrom Street; and in the evening delivered the concluding lecture to young people, on early knowledge of the Scriptures, from the example of Timothy. To me a very delightful day.

"September 2. The post brought me three letters from India —one from Sir Stamford, at sea, Feb. 23rd, announcing the birth of a fine little girl on the 15th; another from Lady Raffles, dated Fort Marlbro', 14th April, announcing their arrival on the 20th March,-three days after an earthquake—all well; the last letter, from Mr. Horner, the Missionary at Bombay, conveying the melancholy tidings of the death of poor Donaldson. He died rejoicing in God, at Bombay, in March. This is a severe stroke and a mysterious dispensation, but we dare not, will not, murmur. Mr. Horner has a beautiful remark; he says, 'Mr. Donaldson has just accomplished that for which he came to India—to die.'

"September 6 (Sunday). Preached and administered the sacrament in the morning. Began a course of sermons on sacrament Sundays, on the 53rd of Isaiah. Preached in the evening a sermon to improve the abundant harvest.

"September 13 (Sunday). Mr. Brooksbank preached for me in the morning. I went immediately after to St. Helen's, and preached afternoon and evening at Mr. Sharp's.

"September 14. Spent the morning with Dr. Adam Clarke, in his library. Had some interesting conversation with Dherma Rama, one of the Budda priests from Ceylon, who are at the Doctor's. Walked home.

"September 18. This morning early my dear Mary was safely delivered of a fine boy, whom I desire solemnly to dedicate to God. O! that he may be the possessor of His saving grace, and an heir of the heavenly kingdom!

"September 20 (Sunday). Preached in the morning from Eccles. iii. 4, 'A time to weep, and a time to laugh,' chiefly with a view to my own domestic mercies, and the affliction which has befallen the Watsons, in the sudden death of one of their daughters. In the evening improved the death of Mr. Donaldson, from Acts xx. 24. I should imagine that there could not be many less than 3,000 people in the chapel.

"September 25. Delivered a lecture to the Church on the duties, &c., of the Deacons' office, at a prayer-meeting held for imploring Divine direction in the choice of new Deacons.

"September 27. Preached twice, and collected about £80 for the Sunday Schools.

"October 2. This evening the Church chose four new Deacons, Messrs. Job, Hurry, Bourne, and Blease. They voted by ballot. I rejoice in the issue, and hope, and pray, and believe it will be for the good of the Church and the glory of God.

October. 6. Heard the Bishop of Chester preach at St. Peter's, for the new church to be erected for the blind. Afterwards I saw him lay the foundation-stone of the edifice, and heard him read a prayer which he composed for the occasion.

"October 13. Went in the mail, at seven, to Sheffield. Dined with my good friend, Mr. George Bennet, when Mr. Mather and Mr. Montgomery met me. Preached at Mr. Mather's chapel in the evening.

"October 14. Went to Leeds and preached on occasion of the annual meeting of the Leeds Branch Missionary Society. Spoke afterwards at the public meeting; the place was exceedingly thronged—a very animated meeting. Poor Edward

Parsons got leave to come out. He is in a very precarious state of health, and for the present totally laid by. The report was most admirably drawn up by him.

"October 15. Went in chaise, at seven, with Dr. Boothroyd and Mr. Hamilton, to York. Preached morning and evening at the anniversary of Lendall Chapel. Supped at Mr. Pritchett's, and got into the mail at midnight, and came through to Liverpool, where I arrived safe, through the mercy of God, at six the next afternoon.

"October 27. Spoke at the formation of the Marine Bible Society in the Music Hall, Admiral Murray in the chair. It was a very interesting and delightful meeting. Mr. Robert Steven, from London, was present, and spoke well, as did Mr. John Gladstone, M.P.* In the evening I went with Mr. Hope, Mr. Steven, and Dr. Stewart, to a distribution of Bibles at West Derby. I was much gratified with this meeting. About eighty persons received Bibles and Testaments. I addressed the poor people on the advantages of the Scriptures, and the importance of reading them. It was a very lively meeting.

"November 2. Left Liverpool in company with Mr. Taylor, of Bradford, and Mr. Rawson, of Leeds, for Chester, and thence to Mold. I have yielded to the solicitations of my kind friend, Mr. Rawson, to spend a few days with them in travelling as a little recreation. The season is rather too late, the leaves are falling all around us.

"November 3. Slept last night at Mold, and proceeded to-day to Ruthin, Llangollen, and Ellesmere. The old road to Ruthin is now shut up, and the beautiful and extensive view of the vale of Clwyd, which it commanded, and which used to burst so suddenly upon the traveller is no longer enjoyed. The views from the hills in the neighbourhood of Llangollen were never more enchanting, and, though the season is so late, I was surprised to find so much foliage in the valleys. The autumnal tints gave peculiar richness to its appearance."

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* Afterwards Sir John Gladstone, Bart.

During the month of November, the Rev. Dr. Philip and the Rev. Mr. Campbell, the well-known African missionaries, arrived at Liverpool, with a party, to embark for Africa. Mr. Raffles records in his diary :—

"November 18. The missionaries sailed. The Lord grant them a safe voyage and a successful mission! They have greatly interested us, and will long live in our affectionate remembrance. I delivered my lecture at Byrom-street, on the imprudent way of discharging sacred duties. A very large and attentive congregation.

"November 19. This morning, intelligence has arrived of the death of the Queen at one o'clock on Tuesday. She expired in the arms of the Regent. She has suffered much. She seems to be but little regretted by the nation, yet she has borne an unblemished moral character through a long life. Perhaps her covetousness was her easily besetting sin. But 'judge not' applies to the Queen as much as to any other person. As Queen of England, we must respect her memory, and unite with her family in condolence and sympathy. But she was no friend to the Dissenters. When my cousin was presented to her at the Countess of Harcourt's, before her arrival he was telling the Countess that he had a cousin a Dissenting minister. 'But,' said she, 'you must not tell her Majesty so, for she does not like the Dissenters.' This he told me himself.

November 20. Went to Mr. Roscoe's to see some beautifully illuminated MSS. belonging to Mr. Coke, of Holkham. They are very splendid, especially a copy of Virgil in two volumes folio. The paintings in the first volume surpass anything I have ever seen. They are chiefly classical. They were collected by the Earl of Leicester, and have been lying in the lumber-room at Holkham. Mr. Coke has now appropriated a library for their reception. Jones* is binding them.

* Mr. Jones was a celebrated bookbinder, resident in Liverpool in that day, and subsequently librarian of the Athenæum.

December 6 (Sunday). This evening, I endeavoured to improve the death of the Queen from Eccles. iii. 19, 20, 'All is vanity—all come from the dust,' &c. The congregation was immense. I must confess I am never at home on such occasions, between the fear of not saying enough and of saying too much. The mind is perplexed, and there is that 'fear of man which bringeth a snare.' I felt it to-night; I confess it with shame; and it was a snare to me, and yet I endeavoured faithfully to discharge my trust, and to preach Christ to the multitude. The Lord forgive my errors and weaknesses, and sanctify and bless what was His own! In the morning, to our surprise, our missionary friends came into the vestry, just as I was going into the pulpit. They have been driven about by contrary winds, and, having discovered that their mast was rotten, have put back to procure a new one."

During the whole of the two years embraced in this chapter, the litigation, which has been already alluded to, was going on, and determined efforts were made to involve every member of the family with which Mr. Raffles had become connected by marriage in one vortex of ruin. In a letter to his sister, on the 17th of December, after mentioning that he had undergone a three hours' examination relative to these affairs, he adds:—

"The Lord speedily deliver us out of their hands, if it be His blessed will. The distraction of mind which it occasioned me you may well conceive, especially as I had a monthly lecture to deliver in the evening, but God was pleased to bring me through that day, and thus again to fulfil His promise in my experience, 'I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee.'"

Chapter IX.

1819 — 1820.

LABOURS IN THE COUNTY—CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS—REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER—ACCIDENT AND SUBSEQUENT LONG ILLNESS—OPENING OF CLAREMONT CHAPEL, PENTONVILLE, AND OF THE POULTRY CHAPEL, LONDON—LITERARY UNDERTAKINGS—BREAKFAST PARTIES—FUNERAL SERMON FOR MRS. PARSONS—REV. JAMES PARSONS, —MEMOIR OF MR. SPEAR, OF MANCHESTER—VISIT TO LONDON—ILLNESS—MS. POEM—DEGREE OF LL.D.

MR. RAFFLES'S diary, during the early months of the year 1819, contains little beyond the usual record of preaching engagements at home and elsewhere, especially in the county of Lancaster, which he ever considered his peculiar field of labour, and throughout the length and breadth of which he was a constant visitor. Very soon after he entered the county, he became aware of the value of the Lancashire Congregational Union, established to promote the spread of religion in the rural districts, and his attachment to it increased as years rolled on. The devoted men who filled the various stations in connexion with the Union never appealed to him in vain for assistance which it was in his power to render; and there are numerous instances, recorded in his earlier diaries, of his preaching in remote places, where the habits of the people

were, at that time, so rural and primitive, that his congregation was gathered together by the aid of the bellman. The editor has often heard his father speak of some of these excellent and earnest men, unknown to fame, whose untiring labours in many wild and scarcely civilized districts of Lancashire had resulted in a degree of success altogether remarkable. One of the foremost among them, for many years, was the Rev. William Alexander, of North Meols, a man of singular natural ability, yet of extreme simplicity, an interesting account of whose useful and laborious life has been given to the world by his son, the Rev. John Alexander, of Norwich. It is fitting that memorials of such men should be preserved, and the writer of these pages would ill discharge the duty which he has taken upon himself, if he did not place on record the high sense which his father ever entertained of the valuable services rendered by his ministerial brethren, in the rural districts of the county, to the sacred cause to which he and they had alike consecrated their lives.

The following are extracts from his diary during the early part of this year :—

March 26. Went to Delph. I spent the day with Mr. Blackburn. My object in going was to obtain what information he might be able to communicate relative to Nonconformity in his part of the county. I preached in the evening to a large congregation.

"March 27. Proceeded by coach through Huddersfield to Birstall, and thence walked to Bradford. Found Mr. Taylor very unwell, and quite laid aside from his work.

"March 28 (Sunday). I heard one of Dr. Stedman's students. Preached, afternoon and evening, for the Sunday Schools. The crowd both times was immense, and multitudes went away who

could not get within the sound of my voice. Supped at Mr. Fawcett's with the Vicar of Bradford."

From Bradford he writes to Mrs. Raffles on the 27th :—

"Here I am, snugly housed in good Brother Taylor's warm and comfortable parsonage-house, after a wearisome journey on a very tempestuous day. There is no conveyance to Bradford from Delph, where I slept last night, so that I have been under the necessity of walking about six miles over the hills, with my bag upon my shoulder and the wind right ahead. But the fatigue of the walk has only contributed to render the repose of Mr. Taylor's fireside the more delightful. * * * * Thus may it ever be with the ills and vexations of life! May they only tend to enhance our enjoyment of the blessings with which they are mingled, and to endear to us the hopes and consolations connected with our better and eternal inheritance! My dear Mary, how much happier should we be, could we dwell more habitually in the anticipation of the glory we expect beyond the grave, and less upon the disappointments that meet us here; except, indeed, to derive from those disappointments an additional excitement to seek a more enduring and satisfying portion. You and I have been taught early in life, and early in our connexion with each other, what a phantom is wealth, and how vain and delusive are the hopes and prospects that are lower than the stars and limited by time. Let us, then, hear the voice of our heavenly Father in these dispensations of His providence, speaking, as it does, expressly and powerfully to us, 'Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth,' 'for the things which are seen are temporal'—short-lived, fleeting, unsatisfying—'but the things which are not seen are eternal.' Happy will it be indeed for us, if our trials have such a holy, heavenly influence! That they may, let us never cease to supplicate the throne of grace."

In the month of April, Mr. Raffles met with a serious

accident. The following entry in his diary records the circumstance :—

"On the morning of Thursday, April 15th, as I was travelling to Manchester, to attend the County Union meeting, I was overturned in the York mail, at Patricroft, at five in the morning, whereby I received an injury in my head, by which I was confined from all public engagements and pastoral duties for eight Sabbaths. During that period I suffered much, and underwent two painful operations, and it was, indeed, of the Lord's mercies I was not utterly destroyed. This season of seclusion and retirement, however, was not unsuitable, and I trust, now that I am restored, I and my people may derive no small benefit from the views which I then had of the responsibility of my office, and of that eternity for which I labour. O! for greater activity and diligence in the cause I love, but serve, alas! so imperfectly."

To Mr. Rankin he writes on the 19th of May from Woolton, whither he had gone for change of air :—

"I hardly know how to begin this note. I would fain send you good tidings, and I certainly may, in so far as that the doctors who have been out this evening, assure me that all is going on well, but I do not advance towards perfect restoration with that rapidity which I had fondly hoped that this week, with the change of air, would have witnessed. Indeed, so far as my own feelings go, I have not been so well since I left home; the pains in my head have been frequent and powerful, and, having been induced to walk out, I have felt my weakness more sensibly than heretofore, while the slowness of my recovery, and the anxiety of my mind in this long suspension from public duties, have together induced a depression of spirits which I deplore as, in a measure, sinful, but against which He who considers our frame and remembers we are but dust knows I both strive and pray. Pray for me, my dear friend, that my faith fail not. My preaching on Sabbath-day now seems to be out of the question,

and the doctors would fain have extracted a promise from me not to think of preaching till my health is perfectly re-established. There is wisdom in such a proposition, but it is a hard thing to yield to it. Here I am then in their hands, or rather in the hands of God; let Him do with me as seemeth Him good. But oh! my beloved people! When shall I resume my delightful labours among you? It is the Lord! I would stand still and see His salvation."

Mr. Raffles was enabled to resume his ministerial duties in June, and was at home during the greater part of the summer, occasionally going over to Tattenhall, in Cheshire, where his family were staying for the benefit of country air. He visited London in September, in order to preach at the opening of Claremont Chapel, Pentonville, one of the Independent chapels built by Mr. Thomas Wilson, of London, through whose exertions so many places of worship have been provided in districts previously destitute, and to whose call Mr. Raffles was ever ready to respond. He writes on the 30th to his wife, who was still at Tattenhall:—

"Through the good providence of God, I arrived at my father's house in perfect safety this morning at eight o'clock. The journey has been rather fatiguing, and I feel the effects of travelling all night, but I am determined to embrace this, the first moment, for writing to you, lest anything should occur at a more advanced period of the day to prevent it. Mr. Atkinson will have told you what an interesting scene we had in Liverpool, on Sunday afternoon, at the opening of the 'James,' an old Greenland ship, for preaching to the sailors. The concourse of people was immense. All the shrouds, yards, tops, &c., wherever the men could stand, were thronged with people, and above, around and below, on shore, on the deck of the vessel where I preached, and on the decks and rigging of the surrounding ships nothing but listening

and attentive and interested countenances were to be seen. It was indeed a touching sight. I preached from Matthew xiii, 1, 2, and 3. The labour of speaking to so many in the open air was great, and the exertion in the evening, together with the previous labour of the morning sermon and administration of the sacrament, completely overcame me. I did not see our dear Mrs. Hurry on the Sabbath till night, and then I merely *saw* her. She had enquired much for me during the day, and this induced me to get my place transferred from the 'Bangup' to the 'Umpire,' at one, on Monday, which gave me the opportunity of seeing her once more. And it was a providential circumstance that I did stay, for she enquired for me very early in the morning, and when I came to her, I found her mind in a measure beclouded, but was happily made instrumental in dispersing the gloom, and I saw her very tranquil and serene ere I left her, and bade her, as I cannot but conceive it was, a last farewell.

"We arrived at Lichfield at one in the morning of Tuesday, and then I went to bed. At half-past eight, I proceeded by chaise across the country to West Bromwich, where I preached morning and evening. The day was very unfavourable, nevertheless the congregations were good, especially in the evening, and we collected at the two sermons £70, which for a small country place I thought very well. There amongst my hearers in the morning was my dear and venerated friend Mr. John Aikenhead, the Methodist preacher, to whose ministry under God I owe my first saving impressions of Divine things. We were, as you may suppose, much rejoiced to see each other, and he was very desirous that I should go over to Dudley and preach in the Methodist Chapel there. But this I could not do. After preaching in the evening, I went in a coach to Birmingham, and slept at the house of my old friend Mr. Dickenson, with whom I lodged at the missionary meeting. He has had some money left him to distribute among poor dissenting ministers, and I obtained the promise of some for poor ——. I know not, however, what the sum will be. I dined at Mr. James's, and left by the mail at three o'clock for London.

"I found my father and mother tolerably well—my father,

however, much the better of the two. They were overjoyed to see me.

"October 2. There was a brilliant congregation yesterday morning at the opening of Claremont Chapel."

On the 6th of October he writes again from Partney, in Lincolnshire :—

"I now sit down to resume the narrative of my proceedings. On Sunday, I had a most delightful day at Claremont. In the morning a most animating congregation, to whom I preached from 'All we like sheep have gone astray.' I deemed it right to begin these stated services in the new chapel, with a clear and distinct avowal of the doctrine of human depravity, as a doctrine to be habitually had in view in the ministrations in that place, and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, as the only and the all sufficient way of a sinner's salvation. In the afternoon, we had the place well filled again, and I preached from 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.' In the evening the crowd was very great indeed. Multitudes could not get within the doors. I preached from 'For we know in part, and we prophecy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.' The people were very attentive, and the whole service was remarkably solemn and impressive; so that I think we had a token for good on the first Sabbath in that new place, and a pleasing evidence that God was with us.

"I should have told you that, on Saturday morning, I was much gratified by a visit to the London Institution, a truly magnificent library in the City. Mr. Upcott, the librarian, to whom Mr. Burrell, the librarian at the Athenæum (Liverpool) gave me a letter, received me very kindly, and paid me every possible attention. He has, himself, a most astonishing collection of autographs, from which he at once gave me a few, to enrich mine, and has promised more. * * * * The principal part of yesterday morning I spent in Red Cross Street Library, hunting amongst their MSS., for materials for my

intended history of Lancashire Churches, but I found very little. * * * *

"I reached Boston at twelve, to-day, after a very disagreeable journey. My work in this neighbourhood does not begin till to-morrow, so that I have come on to this village, twenty miles from Boston, to see my old friend, Mrs. John Bourne."

Mr. Raffles preached at Boston on the evening of the 7th, and took part in an ordination on the following day, after which he returned to London, and writes on the 11th :—

"I preached three times, yesterday, at Claremont Chapel. The congregations, all day, were crowded, but in the evening the pressure was terrible. It was with difficulty that I got in, and my father could not, but was obliged to give up the attempt. I have been very unwell the last few days. * * * * I have strictly adhered to my resolution not to preach anywhere but at Claremont, and though I have been beset on all sides, I now feel the comfort of it."

Mr. Raffles hastened home, in consequence of the death of his attached friend, Mrs. Hurry, to whose illness allusion is made in his letter of the 30th of September, being anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of one whom he so highly esteemed.

He was again in London in November, having engaged to preach at the opening of the Poultry Chapel, Cheapside. The following are extracts from his diary while in town :—

"November 17. Preached this afternoon, at three, at the opening of the new chapel, erected for the Church and congregation of the Rev. John Clayton, jun., on the spot where the Poultry Counter formerly stood. It is a spacious place of worship, adapted to seat about 1,500 persons. It is,

however, very inconveniently placed for the easy discharge of a great body of people, there being but one principal avenue, and that by no means wide enough. An alarm of any kind, and especially of fire, in such a situation, must be attended with very serious consequences. Old Mr. Clayton preached in the morning, and Mr. Jay in the evening. In the evening I preached at Claremont.

"November 21. Preached three times at Claremont.

"November 22. I received a request from Mr. Clayton, and his people, for the publication of our sermons at the opening. I consented to print if the others do. * * * *

"November 23. Breakfasted with Sir Alexander Johnston, late Chief Justice of Ceylon. He is a most amiable and intelligent man. He gave me much interesting information respecting the religious prejudices, &c., of the Hindoos. I was not at all aware that the British authority extended so much over the religious establishments of the Brahmins, as actually to appoint the priests to the pagodas, as is the case in the whole of the south of India. When Sir Alexander made a journey through that part of India, some years ago, he could not obtain admittance to a single pagoda, but on a recent journey, he found them not only perfectly accessible, but under the control of the European authorities. After breakfast, Sir Alexander accompanied me to the Duke of Somerset, who had expressed a desire to see me. * * * * Went with some friends to St. James's, to see the Prince Regent go to the House. We were in one of the apartments through which he passed. He is immensely corpulent, and walked as though it was with difficulty that he passed along. * * * * The yells and groans with which the air resounded, as the procession passed along the Mall, were terrible, and rendered truly melancholy what would otherwise have been a grand spectacle.*

"November 26. Breakfasted with Brown and my sister, at the Temple, and went afterwards to Hammersmith, and

* The populace, as is well known, sided with the Princess, afterwards Queen Caroline.

called on some of my old friends. Went to the Duke of Somerset's to dinner. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, Sir Alexander Johnston, and Captain Auber, Captain of the 'Lady Raffles,' were of the party. I sat next the Marquis. He was very inquisitive as to my knowledge of the state of things in the North, and seemed much interested in the particulars I was able to give him. After dinner, the Duchess shewed me a letter from my cousin, dated Singapore, June 11th. He has named his son, Leopold. His new settlement is flourishing amazingly; the population had already increased to 5,000."

Upon the same date as the last extract, he writes to his wife, who seems to have addressed a mild remonstrance to him on the frequency of his absence from home:—

"I feel the force of what you say about my frequent absences, and the influence they are likely to have on our domestic circle, when our children are grown up. '*Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*' Let us not anticipate to-day the evil that may not happen on the morrow. I hope that as my children grow up, my affection for them, and my sense of duty to them, would enable me so to regulate my engagements, that while I incur not the charge of serving my family more than my Master and of forgetting the minister in the parent, I shall also escape the opposite extreme of losing the parent in the pastor, and being guilty of that culpable neglect of my own household, which is incompatible with the genuine spirit of the Gospel. The present has been a season of peculiar engagements, from circumstances which you know I could not control. I trust that, on my return to Liverpool, I shall not be absent, unless it be for a day or two in the week now and then, at any rate, till the ensuing spring. Mine is, certainly, a very difficult task—to balance between claims so nicely adjusted that it is hard to say where the preponderance ought to be given. Pray for me, that I may guide these important affairs with discretion, and so act, at

any rate, as to please God; please man—all men—I never shall."

Mr. Raffles returned from London by way of Norwich, where he preached at the opening of a new chapel for the Rev. John Alexander, and during the remainder of the year he was occupied with home duties.

Among his papers of this date is a document, apparently intended for circulation throughout the county, requesting information illustrative of the history of Nonconformity in Lancashire. Reference has been made in his diary to the researches which he had undertaken with this view. His own antiquarian tastes made the subject one of considerable interest to him, and he collected a large mass of materials, but never found time to complete and publish anything. It has been already mentioned,* that, since his death, these materials have been placed in hands fully competent to deal with them, and they may, probably, be found useful to Dr. Halley in the preparation of the work which he has undertaken, and which, it is to be hoped, will, without much delay, be now brought to a successful termination.

At this time, and early in the year 1820, Mr. Raffles was engaged, in concert with his friends, Dr. Collyer and Mr. Brown, in the establishment of a new quarterly periodical, called the "Investigator," intended, according to the prospectus, "to elucidate and establish the agreement and connexion between genuine philosophy and scriptural piety, between sound literature and true religion." The work, however, had not a very prolonged

* See note, *ante* p. 53.

existence; and Mr. Raffles was glad to escape from the additional toil involved in his obligation to contribute to its pages. It was the only publication with which he was concerned which resulted in a pecuniary loss to himself.

The editor's cousin, the Rev. William Mills, a clergyman of the Church of England, resident at Nailsworth, in Gloucestershire, has drawn a graphic sketch of a literary party which he remembers to have met in his younger days at the breakfast-table in Highfield Street about this time. He writes to the editor:—

"In January, 1820, I was one of a remarkable breakfast party in Highfield Street. Your father had invited Roscoe, Captain Scoresby, Drew, editor of the 'Imperial Magazine,' Thorpe, jun., Dr. J. B. Brown, and other men, high in literary repute, whose names I forget. Your father's flashes of humour, during breakfast, eclipsed the pleasantries of the others, and after breakfast, he set himself to work, with his usual tact and delicacy, to draw out the talent of his guests. Captain Scoresby was eloquent on the doings of the Baffin;* Thorpe had read up for the occasion, and was brilliant; Dr. Brown rushed into the comparative merits of modern poets; Drew, like Wellington at Waterloo, held his main force in reserve, and came out vigorously and victoriously at the finish. Your father acted the 'moderator' admirably, as you may imagine, repressing undue attempts at monopoly of talk, throwing each man into each discussion, and, whilst aiming to exalt others, proving himself to be a prominent figure in the group."

Mr. Mills's account may be taken as a type of these agreeable breakfast parties, which will be long remembered by many. The host's numerous engagements in the evening compelled him to have his friends around him

* Well known in Arctic navigation.

for the most part, in the morning, and few were the strangers, either from other parts of his own country, or from America, who did not find themselves at his hospitable table on the morning following their introduction, when he would lay himself out for their amusement, by drawing upon an endless fund of anecdotes or personal reminiscences of the past, or by the exhibition of his autographs or interesting curiosities, literary or otherwise, with which his house abounded.

Early in the year 1820, Mr. Raffles was called, under peculiar circumstances, to preach the funeral sermon for Mrs. Parsons, wife of the Rev. Edward Parsons of Leeds. A document was found among the papers of the deceased lady, in which her wishes were conveyed in the following terms:—"Let my favourite young preacher, Mr. Raffles, be asked to preach on my death to our young friends from Eccles. xii. 1: 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' He may assure them, from my experience, how good the Lord is to them that seek Him early, having drawn me to the knowledge and enjoyment of Himself when only six years of age. I wish him, however, to say nothing of me—for I am less than the least of all saints—but what may tend to exalt the free mercy of God to such sinners, that others may be encouraged to trust and hope in Him in their earliest days." To such a request the only possible answer was promptly returned, and Mr. Raffles accordingly went to Leeds to fulfil the mournful duty. The following is his record of the services of the Sunday in his diary:—

"February 13 (Sunday). Preached at Salem Chapel in the

morning from 2 Cor. iv. 17. The congregation was very large. In the afternoon the press was very great. We found the chapel yard and the street filled with people when we went, and I was obliged to get in through the window of the vestry. I preached, according to Mrs. Parsons's desire, from 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' Many hundreds were unable to obtain admission. The deep attention of the people continued during the whole of the sermon, which, with the reading of an interesting account of Mrs. Parsons, drawn up by her son, Edward, occupied an hour and a half."

The service was a memorable one. The Rev. James Parsons, of York, forty-three years after this date, preaching the funeral sermon for Dr. Raffles, and speaking of him, says:—

"After being, in my juvenile days, the object of my distant, but enthusiastic, admiration, he performed a service, by the last request of a sainted mother, which was associated with her death, in producing my spiritual life and my consecration to the ministry of the Gospel. He took a deep interest in the sphere of my appointed labour; he encouraged, by his generous kindness, my early efforts, and he rejoiced with that kindness in my early success, until we became companions in many important public labours and much delightful personal intercourse, being permitted thus to participate and commune for a long succession of years. Honoured by his stedfast and confidential attachment, his presence was ever to me as a charm, becoming more potent with time, until alas! by time, it was broken; nor will my brethren in the ministry be offended if I say that, much as I love and esteem them, I have esteemed and loved *him* beyond them all."

It is not surprising that, united by such bonds, the esteem and love were reciprocal. "James Parsons," as his old friend always called him, was one whom he ever

delighted to serve, and not a few of his most pleasant reminiscences were connected with such services in the city of York.

Mr. Raffles returned to Liverpool to preach a sermon on the 16th, on the occasion of the funeral of his late Majesty, King George III., after which he went to visit some of his wife's relatives in the north of Lancashire, and writes from Burnley on the 18th to Mrs. Raffles :—

"I write to tell you, first, how well I got here: secondly, how well I am now that I am here; and thirdly, to tell you how truly hospitable and kind your friends are to me, and how much they are laying themselves out to render my stay with them agreeable. I very much wish that the season had been sufficiently advanced to have allowed of your bearing me company, for everything around me is contributing to my enjoyment; your presence only is wanting. I am endeavouring to divest myself, as much as possible, of care and anxiety, for I esteem it a duty to seek, in these two days, that recreation of spirit and repose of mind, which will contribute to brace me for renewed exertion, and which I am now, happily, possessed of leisure and disposition to obtain.

"In the coach, yesterday, were three gentlemen, one of whom —I believe he did not know me—talked with much confidence about the doctrines that Mr. Harris* had advanced—said that he had clearly proved that there was no Devil, and that he had no doubt he would also as clearly establish the point that the torments of hell were not eternal, and then, with an air of triumph and bravado, cried out, turning to his companions, 'Can any rational being believe such absurdities?' I had been silent all along, but, hearing this challenge, I could hold my peace no longer, whereupon I said, 'Well, Sir, I hope that I have some claim to the character of a rational being, and yet I believe it, because the Bible tells me so, and I should like to know why

* The Rev. George Harris, Minister of Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool.

you do not.' This brought on an argument, and I had him in debate till he and his companions left the coach at St. Helen's. I will tell you the substance of the conversation when we meet. On their leaving the coach, however, I apologized to them, saying, I hoped I had not obtruded myself unduly upon them, but, hearing their friend's challenge, I felt it an imperious duty not to be silent. They all said I had spoken very properly, and one of them gave me his hand, and said, 'Sir, I thank you very sincerely,' or words to that effect. My opponent, however, seemed rather vexed, and said he had not addressed himself to me, but to his friends, nevertheless, I had not said anything that was improper, but that he should live and die in the same mind. I told him to read the Bible, and pray to God to enlighten him, and I did not doubt but he would think differently. May God bless what was said. 'In the same hour it shall be given you what to say.'"

At the end of March, Mr. Raffles was summoned to Lancaster as a witness in a cause, connected with the legal proceedings already mentioned, which was to be tried at the spring assizes for the county. He writes home on the 3rd of April:—

"I send you a few lines by Mr. Charrier, to let you know that we are all tolerably well, and likely, I fear, to be here some days yet. We are, of course, very anxious, and I especially feel the delay most seriously, but this is an affair beyond our control, and we must submit. I heard Mr. Charrier twice yesterday, and preached myself in the evening. It was not such a Sabbath as I am wont to spend. I felt, perhaps, unduly anxious about home, and could not quite dismiss the business that has brought me here. I find it more difficult to abstract the mind in hearing than in preaching. * * * * We are very busy with the 'Investigator,' or I would write more; but I must only add my love, and a kiss for the darlings."

The allusion in the last extract from this letter relates

to a paper which Mr. Raffles was then preparing for the "Investigator," containing a memoir of the late Mr. Spear, of Manchester, and which shortly afterwards appeared. It is an interesting memoir of an able and excellent man, who, in his day, was most active in promoting the spread of religion, and for many years was the treasurer of the Lancashire County Union.

Mr. Raffles left home on his annual visit to London, on the 24th of April. He writes in his diary:—

"April 24. Left home, on my way to London, with Miss Hurry and Mary, by mail, at twelve o'clock, to Manchester. Mr. Carruthers accompanies us to Huddersfield. Reached Manchester at half-past four, and took up our quarters at Mr. Dugdale's. Spent the evening with Brown, on the business of the 'Investigator.' Found trade somewhat better in Manchester, though still very bad. The weavers cannot earn more than six shillings a-week. They had a great military parade to-day, being the new King's birthday. The town is full of military. The fortifications in King Street, and by the New Bailey, are contemptible.

"April 25. Proceeded by coach to Huddersfield, where we arrived at four o'clock, and took up our abode at Mr. Lockwood's. In the evening I heard Mr. Smith, of Rotherham, preach the introductory sermon to the services at the formation of the West Riding Home Mission. The chapel is neat, but very old-fashioned in its construction. Old Mr. Moorhouse has preached there forty-nine years, and, though near eighty, preached last Sunday. His co-pastor is Dr. Boothroyd.

"April 26. Preached this morning. A very large and attentive congregation. Afterwards proceeded to Sheffield, where we slept at our good friend's, Mr. Bennett. Left Sheffield, and proceeded by Chesterfield and Mansfield to Nottingham. Preached in the evening, at the opening of Mr. Bean's new chapel.

"April 28. Visited the Castle Hill. A comparatively modern stone mansion stands where the ancient castle, of which Colonel Hutchinson was governor, stood. Called on Mrs. White, mother of Henry Kirke White. Went on to Bedford, where we slept.

"April 29. Called on Mr. Hillyard, who kindly showed us the chapel, in the vestry of which is Bunyan's chair, also the church book with Bunyan's handwriting, also the jug with which they used to take his soup, &c., to the prison to him. We also saw the Moravian settlement. On to London.

"April 30 (Sunday). Preached three times at Claremont Chapel. Dined at Mr. Wilson's, with Mr. James. Many applications to preach. I fear I shall find it hard to keep within the bounds my health requires.

"May 1. This morning five of the conspirators of Cato Street were hanged, and their heads cut off, at the Old Bailey. The mob immense, but no riot; many soldiers there. St. Sepulchre's Church railing was stove in by the pressure of the mob, and several people hurt, but none killed. Heard Mr. Matthias's annual sermon, for the Church Missionary Society, at St. Bride's.

"May 3. Attended the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and remained till nearly three o'clock. Heard the Duke of Gloucester, Lords Harrowby, Teignmouth, &c. It was very crowded, and, I thought, rather indifferent speaking.

"May 6. Was obliged to go to bed this afternoon, being seized with very serious and painful symptoms, the result of severe cold.

"May 7 (Sunday). Unable to preach this morning, but preached afternoon and evening. On Wednesday, the ministers of the three denominations went up with their address to George IV. They were most graciously received. The King shook hands with Dr. Rees, who read the address, and said it was the best constructed and best read of any he had received."

Mr Raffles speaks in one of the later extracts of being seized with illness. It turned out to be ague, and

for a time he was very ill. He thus alludes to it in his diary:—

"Was taken ill on Monday, the 8th (May), with delirious fever and ague, and confined to the house for nearly a fortnight. It was no small trial to be debarred the gratification of attending those glorious meetings, which had attracted me to London, and in which I should have deemed it an honour to have taken an humble, but active, part. Yet, though painful, I trust that this trial has been salutary, as I am sure it was seasonable. It has taught me more, perhaps, on the bed of languishing, and by the pain of disease, than I should have learned from the most eloquent addresses, or the most able sermons. May God abundantly sanctify this and every affliction He is pleased to call me to endure."

Mr. Raffles was unable to preach till the 28th. He says:—

"May 28 (Sunday). Preached this morning and afternoon at Claremont Chapel. Morning: 'Clouds and darkness are round about Him.'—Psalm xcvii. 2. Afternoon from 1 John v. 19: 'We know that we are of God.' Mr. —— presented me with a beautifully bound pocket Bible, as an acknowledgment of the good he had derived under my ministry. Should have dined with the Duke of Somerset to-day had I not deemed it unsuitable to my ministerial character to accept his Grace's invitation on the Sabbath.

"May 29. Walked to Homerton, and explored the library. Saw Mr. Walford and Dr. Smith. Dined at Mr. Simes's, at Newington, and was much pleased with his truly magnificent collection of prints. His illustrated 'Pennant,' in seven volumes, folio, is a most splendid book, superior to every private copy I know of, and, in some respects, especially in portraits, to that in the British Museum.

"May 31. Visited the British Museum. I obtained a sight of the Alexandrine MS., which is not shown to the public,

through the kindness of Mr. Planta, the principal librarian, I examined the passage in John, and the *oσ*, the former is not in, the latter doubtful.

"June 3. Called and sat a quarter of an hour with the Duke of Somerset. He regretted I did not dine with him on Sunday. He had invited Dr. Horsfield, who was with my cousin in Java, and has brought the most extensive collections in Natural History from the East, that ever reached this country, to meet me, and Mr. Bowles, the poet.

"June 4 (Sunday). Preached twice and administered the sacrament at Claremont Chapel. Text, morning and evening, 'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.' The crowd, in the evening, was very great. I was rejoiced to learn that the two sermons, which were on the atonement, were the means of convincing a Roman Catholic that there was no atoning sacrifice but Christ."

Mr. Raffles left London on the 6th of June, and travelled home by way of Coventry and Newcastle; at which places he had to visit friends. From Coventry, he wrote on the 7th to Mr. Rankin:—

"My health is again tolerably well established, though I am not, by any means, so strong as I was before my illness, and last week I had many symptoms and feelings that rendered me apprehensive of a relapse. May He who is the Ordainer of all our trials abundantly sanctify the visitation to me, and, in His mercy, still deign to use me as an humble instrument for the promotion of His glory amongst you."

The fear of a relapse alluded to in this extract was not unjustified by the result. Two days later, while at Newcastle, at the house of the Rev. Thomas Sleigh, Mr. Raffles experienced a severe attack of the disease, which compelled him to remain there till Saturday, when he had another attack; but being most anxious to get home,

proceeded, and he says in his diary:—"By an effort too much for my exhausted strength, but, by the mercy of an indulgent God, reached home in safety about half-past nine at night."

This renewed attack of his complaint kept him a prisoner in his own house for some days. He says in his diary:—

"June 18 (Sunday). I have been permitted once more to go up to the house of the Lord. We worshipped in the schoolroom, as the chapel is painting, and is not yet ready. I was not able to take any part of the public service. Mr. Breeze preached a very useful sermon, on the parable of the great supper.

"This afternoon I finished reading Bishop Wilson's Life, kindly sent me by the author, Mr. Stowell, which I have perused with much delight and, I hope, profit. He was a truly primitive bishop, and, in the best sense of the word, a successor of the apostles. Such true dignity, simplicity, humility, wisdom, fidelity, diligence, piety, benevolence—all that a Christian pastor ought to exhibit—are rarely to be met with in a human being. It certainly is a most valuable, and must prove a most useful, piece of biography."

On the 19th, he went to Parkgate, in Cheshire, for change of air. While there, he had several relapses, and was so ill that it was deemed advisable by his physician that he should return home to be under his immediate observation, and he accordingly went back to Liverpool on the 28th. Shortly afterwards he took a house at Woolton, about five miles in the country, which he occupied when his duties would permit for several months.

During his illness he seems to have invoked the aid of the muses to cheer his hours of solitude. Prefixed to a

somewhat extended poem, in two cantos, entitled "The Reverie," still in MS., and containing many beautiful stanzas, is a note written many years subsequently, in which he speaks of the soothing influence which their composition had upon his mind "amidst the wearisome days and lonely hours of a protracted indisposition." He closes the first canto thus:—

"But I must pause—the hand of fell disease
Lies cold and heavy on my throbbing heart;
Even thou, my lyre, hast lost thy power to please;
Friend of my lonely hours! we now must part.
Thou hadst a charm to soothe affliction's smart,
And I have loved thy fascinations well:
Oh! thou Eternal, to my soul impart
Some richer balm—for now th' enchanting spell
Of poesy is broke; farewell! my lyre, farewell!"

He was not able to enter his own pulpit again until the 16th of July, when his medical adviser reluctantly gave him permission to preach. He records in his diary:—

"July 16 (Sunday). Drove into Liverpool. Mr. Sleigh assisted me in the devotional part of the service, and I preached from Psalm cxix. 75: 'I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou, in faithfulness, hast afflicted me.' I was much strengthened for the service, and, though much exhausted, afterwards preached with more ease than I could have anticipated. Dined at Mr. Bolton's, and came in the afternoon to Woolton.

"July 23 (Sunday). Drove into Liverpool early, and buried ———. His death was awfully sudden, and under awful circumstances. He came home intoxicated, and died while undressing. I endeavoured to speak faithfully, at the grave, to the multitudes, who were there. He was an affecting character. Sometimes he would attend the means of grace, and appear like a genuine penitent, and then give himself up to drunkenness. 'Tis dreadful to think that he has died in his sin at last.

"Preached in the morning from John iii. 7: 'Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again.' There were many Methodist ministers there, and, amongst them, my spiritual father, Aikenhead, who is staying at Mr. Hurry's. I felt much at seeing him. It brought the former days to my remembrance.

"July 30 (Sunday). Preached this morning a continuation of the subject of last Sabbath-day. Preached in the afternoon at the Scotch Church. Took tea at Mr. Laird's, with Dr. Wardlaw, and heard the Doctor, at Great George Street, in the evening, pleading for the Scotch Congregational Union."

Mr. Raffles does not appear to have had any further attacks of his complaint, and he gradually resumed his usual duties, occasionally also preaching from home. The only circumstance of interest recorded in his diary during the remainder of the year is a visit to Liverpool by the venerable and Rev. Rowland Hill, then in his 77th year, on which occasion he preached to an immense congregation in Great George Street Chapel.

In September, Mr. Raffles had so far recovered as to be able to pay a hurried visit to Bristol, where he preached for the Missionary Society. He was also actively concerned about the same time in promoting the establishment, in Liverpool, of a Travellers' Society, in conjunction with Dr. Traill * and Captain Scoresby.

On the 22nd of December, the Senatus Academicus of Marischal College, Aberdeen, conferred upon Mr. Raffles the degree of Doctor of Laws. The usual testimonials from two graduates of the same order were, in the case of Mr. Raffles, signed by the Dukes of Sussex and Somerset.

* Afterwards Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh.

The Duke of Somerset, in writing to Dr. Raffles a few weeks subsequently, says :—

"I thought the diploma would be agreeable to you, and I am happy to find, from what you say, that I was right in my conception of your feelings upon this occasion. However necessary testimonials may be in strict academical form, I am sure that, as to testimony, the University need not have waited, as your claim to literary distinction was too public to require any proof of that nature. I was glad on this account, and for the regard I bore to your very excellent and amiable relative, who is doing wonders in the Eastern Islands, to contribute what aid I could towards obtaining this honour. To the powerful influence of His Royal Highness much more is to be ascribed. I am much gratified that the endeavour was successful, and still more that in our expectation of the pleasure it might afford you we have not been disappointed."

The pleasure which Dr. Raffles had in receiving the degree was greatly enhanced by the circumstance that similar honours were, at the same time, conferred on his friend Dr. Collyer and his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown.

Chapter X.

1821 — 1822.

PREACHING IN THE NORTH—ORDINATION OF MR. STOWELL—LECTURE ON PURGATORY AT PRESTON—RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. RAFFLES BY MR. SAMUEL HOLME—VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE—ROBERT HALL—CLAREMONT CHAPEL, LONDON—VISIT TO ASHFORD—VISIT TO IRELAND—LIVERPOOL SEAMENS' FRIEND SOCIETY AND BETHEL UNION—DOCTRINAL LECTURES—PREACHING IN LONDON—ORDINATION OF REV. JAMES PARSONS—ATTACK OF ILLNESS.

DR. RAFFLES, for we must henceforth call him by the designation under which he will always be best known, found himself, with recovered health, in the beginning of the year 1821, immersed, as he was wont to be, in ministerial duties at home and under various preaching engagements in different parts of the country between the Sundays. In February he went to North Shields to take part in the ordination of his friend, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Stowell, and thence to Sunderland and Newcastle. From the latter place he writes to Mrs. Raffles on the 17th :—

"On Wednesday morning I went in the coach to North Shields. We had a most interesting service at Mr. Stowell's ordination. I delivered the introductory discourse, and received his confession of faith. Mr. Atkinson, of Morpeth, prayed the ordina-

tion prayer, with imposition of hands, and Mr. Fletcher gave him a most impressive charge. Mr. Stowell's account of himself was deeply interesting, and you may judge how much I was affected when, in the presence of that vast assembly, he acknowledged my poor labours in the pulpit as the means, in the hand of God, of his saving conversion. The congregation was immense, and much impressed by the whole service. In the evening Mr. Parsons, of Leeds, preached to the people. * * * Thursday morning we crossed the Tyne, and proceeded through South Shields in a chaise to Sunderland, to the ordination of Mr. Stratten. That also was a most impressive service. Mr. Fletcher gave the introductory discourse. I prayed the ordination prayer, with imposition of hands, and Mr. Parsons gave an admirable charge. In the evening I preached the sermon to the people. They are very desirous that the services should be printed. Friday morning I proceeded to Durham, where I preached to a large congregation last night, and have just come from thence in a gig to Newcastle. The account which you give me of ——— has exceedingly shocked me. He must be insane. O! what miserable creatures we are, if left but a moment to ourselves! May God in His infinite mercy keep us, by His grace, even unto death! * * * * To-morrow morning I preach at this place for the Missionary Society, and in the afternoon go to North Shields to preach at Mr. Stowell's at night."

In the month of March, Dr. Raffles delivered a lecture —being one of a series by various ministers—at Preston, on Purgatory. So far as the editor is aware, this, and a lecture in the following year, at the same place, were the only services of the kind in which he was ever engaged. He was never fond of controversy, and, as he grew older, shrunk from it more and more. He was essentially a man of peace. In the opinion of some he may have erred in that direction, but the editor is not prepared to

admit it. It is well, perhaps, that there are men, whose temperament leads them rather to enjoy, than to avoid, the regions of strife and debate; but Dr. Raffles found his happiness in other associations, and was content, for the most part, to shun the arena on which he made his appearance during this month at Preston.

The lecture was delivered on the 22nd of March. He thus describes the scene in his diary :—

"March 22. Went by coach to Preston. In the evening delivered a lecture on Purgatory, in Grimshaw Street Chapel. The crowd was immense. It was long before sufficient order could be obtained to allow of the commencement of the lecture. Those who were without being exceedingly eager to get in, caused a great crush and much disturbance at the door. I preached for an hour and thirty-five minutes. The interest of the people was strongly excited."

Dr. Raffles was compelled to return to Preston, during the following week, to re-deliver his lecture, as it was said that two-thirds of those who went to hear could not get within the chapel. The Methodist chapel, which was calculated to hold nearly 3,000 people, was obtained for the purpose, and it was crammed. The lecture, which had received additions in the meantime, occupied an hour and three quarters in the delivery.

In April he was again in Yorkshire, and writes from Wincobank, near Sheffield, on the 13th, to his wife :—

"I feel my absence from you and the children more and more, but I am about my Master's business. You will be pleased to learn that I am much better than when I left home. I arrived in Sheffield on Tuesday night, just time enough to get a cup of tea and go into the pulpit, where I preached to a great concourse

of people. Mr. Montgomery was there, and spent the evening with me at Mr. Smith's lodgings, along with two clergymen, one of whom engaged very beautifully in family prayer. I left Sheffield on Wednesday morning, and proceeded by Doncaster to Gainsborough. I preached in the new chapel in the evening. Next morning I delivered the introductory discourse at the ordination of Mr. King, the minister, and proceeded by chaise to Attercliffe, where I preached at night for the Sunday Schools. The night was bad, and the congregation, though not so large as it otherwise would have been, was quite as considerable as could have been expected. From the chapel I came to this delightful place. This morning we have been to Wentworth, the magnificent mansion and domain of Earl Fitzwilliam. He is upwards of eighty, and father of the House of Lords. It is a princely mansion, but more adapted for show than comfort. From thence we went to Rotherham, and saw the college in which Mr. Smith and Mr. Bennett are tutors, and thence we drove to Wincobank to dinner, where Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Bennett met us. In the evening I went to Attercliffe, and preached again to a much larger congregation. Here I must pause. It is past midnight, and I have to rise between four and five, to go off to Birmingham to-morrow morning."

The reader may, perhaps, be glad to have a sketch of Dr. Raffles from a less partial pen than that of one so closely connected with him as the editor of this biography. Mr. Samuel Holme, of Liverpool, has kindly favoured the editor with some interesting memoranda, containing recollections of Dr. Raffles from 1813 to a very recent period, and, as Mr. Holme particularly alludes to a sermon preached in May, 1821, his remarks may, with propriety, be introduced here. He says:—

"In the year 1813, when quite a youth, I heard so much said about 'the eloquence of the young man who had succeeded

Spencer,' that I went to hear him. Although I went very early to the new chapel, which had just been erected in Great George Street, and had been opened about a year, I found numbers congregated, and the aisles and the space near the pulpit partially filled. The number rapidly increased, every seat was occupied, and many, including myself, had to stand during the whole service. A young man of somewhat dark complexion, apparently about twenty-five years old, ascended the pulpit, and, in a voice of mingled sweetness and power, commenced the service. I was much struck by his fervour in prayer, and I recollect that he quoted largely from the Confession and Litany of the Church of England. His sermon was characterized by an easy and harmonious flow of language; but it was delivered with an amount of action which was altogether new to me, and contrasted strongly with the undisturbing serenity of the old clergyman of St. John's, which was the church I then attended. I do not now recollect the subject on which he preached. I heard him once or twice during the next year, and the chapel was crowded, as before. Circumstances prevented me from again hearing Mr. Raffles for several years, and I had, meanwhile, become a member of the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, the clergyman being the Rev. J. Jones, then a young man, and now the venerable Archdeacon of Liverpool. As on the former occasion, the chapel was densely crowded, and so inconveniently filled were the aisles and the passages in the galleries, that Mr. Raffles appealed to the pewholders to make room for as many as possible. It was the evening service, and the heat was intense. The walls of the edifice were painted, and the condensation was running down them in copious streams. I saw bonnets untied, and cravats loosened, and it was a great relief when I again breathed the fresh air. Mr. Raffles had still a juvenile appearance, but had grown much stouter. His sermon was remarkable, and its outlines remain deeply impressed upon my memory. His text was Ephesians v. 30:* 'For we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.' He

* Dr. Raffles preached from this text on May 6th, 1821.

described the state of man by nature, his alienation from God, his restoration through the atonement, his membership, not only with the Church, the body of Christ, but his personal relationship with the great Head of the Church, Christ himself. He depicted, in glowing language, the close affinity which existed between the Redeemer and the believer. He alluded, anatomically, to the animal frame, with its bones, its flesh, its nervous sensation, its vitality, and its capacity for enjoyment; and then, using it illustratively, he described the sinner converted to Christ, becoming united to Him as a part of His body, possessing the unmistakeable family likeness, the characteristic lineaments, exhibiting the perfect identity, and being grafted into Christ, having the spirit of Christ, and breathing a heavenly atmosphere. He continued the illustration, and described the growth in grace, till, by a new creation, an incorruptible body was given, when every member should occupy his fitting place, forming one glorious body throughout eternity, Jesus Christ being the everlasting Head. These lofty topics were urged with considerable vehemence, and with a degree of fervour which showed how deeply the preacher felt what he uttered. Yet there was a smoothness of tone occasionally mingled with his argument, which gave a pleasing variety to the general and vigorous flow of his language. He was copious, demonstrative, and always elegant, and he dealt much in illustration. His illustrations were natural and effective, and, without intending it, he was sometimes almost dramatic. I frequently attended his week-day lectures, and, in 1820, it was my privilege to become personally acquainted with him."

Mr. Holme closes his sketch with a few remarks on some traits of character which, probably, no one will gainsay. He adds:—

"I had frequently the gratification of meeting Dr. Raffles on various committees, and also at the tables of mutual friends, and I found him as valuable a coadjutor in the former capacity

as he was a charming companion in private life. His genial disposition and invariable good humour enlivened every party. He was gifted with singular powers of attraction, by his restrained and chastened drollery; by the copious information he possessed, and which he was so willing to communicate; by his fund of anecdotes; by his frankness of manner; and by his never uttering a word which might cause pain, or be construed into disregard for the feelings of others who might differ from him in opinion. During an acquaintance of thirty-five years, I never heard a word fall from his lips, but such as should be used by a Christian gentleman; and there was a silent eloquence in his daily life, more transcendent than he exhibited in the pulpit. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that when the necessity arose, he did not vindicate those high and holy principles which he avowed, nor courageously defend the Gospel which he faithfully preached; and I have been present on several occasions when he has silenced an objector, and corrected erroneous views in a style which showed that he was not to be trifled with, and that he was a faithful ambassador of his divine Master. But he possessed a Catholic spirit, and was not, by nature, a controversialist. General and local politics were occasionally touched upon, and sometimes we have had discussions upon theological topics, and upon which subjects the Doctor's opinions did not always agree with those of other guests. But in mixed companies they were not of his introduction, and when discussion grew warm, he had a happy facility, by a pointed anecdote, or by a sly and good-natured remark, of raising a laugh at the expense of a zealous politician, or an enthusiastic, but not over-wise, theologian, which invariably restored good humour, and caused a change of subject. It would be a happy circumstance for mankind if all ministers of religion were imbued with the same temper and spirit; faithful indeed in essentials, but, in other respects, exhibiting regard for the feelings of those whose views and opinions, politically or theologically, may differ from their own."

Dr. Raffles left home on his annual visit to London,

on the 22nd of May, and writes to his wife on the 26th :—

"I have just arrived here, safe and well, and the moment after having got a little refreshment I sit down to scribble a few lines to you. I found it quite impossible to write you yesterday, from Cambridge, as there was service in the morning, which I was obliged to attend; also a public dinner, from which I could not absent myself. My journey has been, upon the whole, pleasant, though the weather has been very cold. I had the gratification of hearing Robert Hall, at Leicester, and also of supping with him afterwards, at Mr. Nunneley's. He was very kind and chatty. He preached a very plain and useful sermon. I reached Cambridge on Thursday night. On Friday morning, before the service, I just ran over the principal colleges, and got a sight of the Fitzwilliam Museum. In the evening we had an immense congregation at the chapel, and more gownsmen than they have seen for a long while in a dissenting place of worship in Cambridge; I daresay there were thirty or forty. A solemn awe reigned through the assembly, as I preached on the resurrection of the saints to everlasting life."

He writes again on the 8th of June :—

"I had a very laborious day on Sunday. I preached thrice, and administered the sacrament at Claremont Chapel. The congregations, all day, were very large, many standing in the aisles in the morning, but in the evening it was truly dreadful. Long before the hour of commencing the service the place was full, and the squeeze by the doors was awful. I feared some mischief would ensue. * * * *

"I have had a very pleasant journey to Sawbridgeworth. The ride across Epping Forest is exceedingly delightful. The views, in every direction, are most enchanting, consisting of forest scenery, intermingled with little hamlets, spires, and gentlemen's seats. I preached twice at Sawbridgeworth. It is a neat little chapel, in a beautifully situated village. * * * * I have

been very much occupied with Mr. Joshua Wilson, on the work which you know I have in hand, respecting the Churches of Lancashire. His collections are very extensive in that department, and I am availing myself of them, as I have all my materials with me, and can compare notes with him, very much to my advantage. I had no idea that it would prove so long a job; it has occupied me several days, and will, certainly, demand another day or two.

"A few days ago, I was at Mr. John Wilks's,* and who should come in but the famous Alderman Wood,† who, you know, has been twice Lord Mayor of London, and is the great friend of the Queen. Mr. Wilks introduced me to him, and we had a quarter of an hour's pleasant conversation. He is a very mild, gentlemanly, and agreeable man."

While in the south, Dr. Raffles paid a visit to his old friends at Ashford, in Kent, and from that place writes home on the 14th :—

"I have this moment returned from laying the first stone of a new chapel in this place, the scene of my earliest labours. Yesterday Mr. Kemp's settlement over the church was publicly recognised. I delivered a discourse on the nature of a Gospel Church in the morning, and preached again in the evening; and this morning I laid the stone of the new chapel, and spoke on the occasion. It was a very interesting service, and, though conducted in the open air, everything was done decently and in order. I am now going to dine at the public dinner, and then Mr. Brooksbank and his son, who are with me, accompany me to the seaside, a few miles off, for a little sea-air, and to-morrow we all return to London. My old friends here have manifested much delight in seeing me again; and I trust that some permanent good will result, through the blessing of God, on my testimony at this time in this place.

* For many years M.P. for Boston.

† Afterwards Sir Matthew Wood, Bart., M.P. for London.

"In London my ministry at Claremont is, if possible, more attended than ever. Last Sabbath evening the crowd was dreadful, and subscribers to the place were obliged to be admitted by a private entrance. I was much afraid that mischief would be done, and some ladies did faint away. This was the case the Sabbath before, and some pockets were picked in the crowd. These things are not pleasant. My own mind is agitated with the dread of mischief, and Mr. Wilson is himself quite tired of the job of arranging and managing the people. Oh! how I long for the quiet of Woolton and the prattle of my babes!"

Dr. Raffles unfortunately met with an accident, to which he alludes in the following letter to his wife on the 20th:—

"I am not able to walk much yet—indeed I have not attempted to walk at all, except to and from a coach or across the room since it happened. The confinement this week is, you may suppose, a very trying circumstance to my patience, for I had reserved this week for making calls, seeing exhibitions, &c., but here I am, unable to stir at all. It seems as if a fatality attended my visits to London, and it appears to be the determination of God to teach me my weakness in the place where I might otherwise be most disposed to glory in my strength. * * * *

"Last Sunday was a very trying day. I managed to preach twice. A missionary student from Gosport preached in the afternoon, and I had help in the devotional parts of both the services. The crowd in the morning was very great, all the aisles being full both above and below, but in the evening the pressure was terrific. * * * *

"I am going to preach this evening a charity sermon for the Wood Street school at White-row. Mr. Wilson has consented to give me up from Claremont for that purpose, so that it is not an extra service, and being in the parish in which I was born, I feel interested for the charity.

In the month of July, Dr. Raffles paid his first visit to

Ireland, and seems to have been equally delighted with the places which he saw, and the people with whom he came in contact. A passage to Dublin was a very different affair then to what it is at the present time. He writes on the 17th to Mrs. Raffles :—

"Through the goodness of God, I arrived safely in this city about half-past ten this morning, having been about twenty-four hours in the passage. The voyage was much longer than we anticipated, from the circumstance that the wind was right a-head, so that but for the steam we might have been several days upon the water ; as it was, we actually overtook the sailing packets that left Liverpool on Saturday morning with the king's carriages, and were in Dublin before them."

Dr. Raffles was hospitably entertained at the house of his friend, Mr. White. He tells in his diary, how he made the usual tour of the various places of interest in Dublin, and saw the witty Lord Norbury, the eloquent Mr. Plunkett, and the other celebrities of the Irish metropolis. An excursion to Bray, and other beauties of Wicklow, filled up the two weeks he had to spend in Ireland, and on the intervening Sunday he fulfilled his engagement to preach for the Rev. Wm. Cooper, at his new chapel. He writes home on the 21st from Bray :—

"I embrace the opportunity of a few minutes at this place to converse again with you through the medium of the post, for my time is so much occupied in Dublin with seeing and being seen, that I assure you I can get time for nothing else. I have met with the greatest kindness and hospitality in this country, and shall leave it a decided friend to everything that can promote the good of Ireland on other grounds than those of mere benevolence—namely, attachment and gratitude. * * * * Yesterday, at twelve o'clock, I preached at the opening of

Mr. Cooper's new chapel. The morning was very unfavourable; and so I am sorry to say is the situation of the place, but the congregation was good. They, however, expect great things on Sunday, when I am to preach there twice."

He writes in his diary on

"July 22 (Sunday). Preached morning and evening at Mr. Cooper's. The congregation in the morning was very large, but in the evening the crowd was very great; and as many, it is supposed, went away, not being able to get in, as were in the place. We had in the evening a specimen of the spirit of some Roman Catholics, who were determined to annoy us, and made the most horrid yells and noises. Remonstrances were all in vain, and it was necessary to send for the police to keep anything like order.

"July 24. Set off with a party — the Rev. Mr. Cooper, James Parsons, and others, to spend two days in the county of Wicklow. Proceeded over the Dublin mountains, along the military road, over bleak and desolate hills, with no trace of human habitation for many a weary mile, to Glendalough, where are the celebrated Seven Churches—mere ruins—but esteemed choice morsels of antiquity, and the resort of devotees far and near, on account of the saints in whose honour they were built, and whose influence is supposed still to hold mysterious possession of the spot. The scenery around is extremely wild, and the forlorn appearance of the ruins, the loneliness of the mountain-pass in which they stand, the historic facts with which they are connected, and even the legends of the people who haunt them—all conspire to give interest and effect to this remarkable and extraordinary place. From us, however, many of the beauties of the scenery were veiled by a violent shower of rain, from which we took shelter under a holy yew-tree, listening to the stories of the people who stood around us, and whose fictions were in all probability as numerous as their legends. However, they amused us, and drew some money from our pockets, so that both parties were very well satisfied."

In the month of September, the Liverpool Seamen's Friend Society and Bethel Union was formed. Dr. Raffles was for many years one of the secretaries, and in the operations of the Society he ever took a deep interest. It was his custom to preach annually in his own chapel, on its behalf, and on such occasions he generally addressed one of his sermons specially to sailors, whose claims to the kindly consideration of his congregation he ever regarded in the strongest light, and urged, in the warmest manner, fully recognising their importance to the commerce of the great seaport in which his lot had been cast. At the time of which we are now writing he was in the habit of occasionally preaching on Sunday afternoon, on board the ship, which, as we have seen, had been devoted to the purpose, and which continued to be used till its timbers went to decay, when a commodious seamen's chapel was erected in a situation convenient to the docks. His kindly feeling towards sailors took him to Hull a month later in order to preach at the opening of the sailors' chapel there, in regard to which he mentions in his diary, with evident pleasure, that "Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and Episcopalians—all united in the good work."

During the early months of 1822 Dr. Raffles delivered a course of lectures on succeeding Sunday evenings, in his own chapel, on some important doctrines of the Christian Faith, which excited considerable attention and attracted very large congregations. The lectures were afterwards published and well received. They were, as were all his sermons, thoroughly evangelical in tone.

At the time when Dr. Raffles commenced his minis-

terial career, so little known, comparatively, were the essential doctrines of Christianity to the masses of the people, that he ever held it to be the primary duty of the preachers of the Gospel to insist upon them on all occasions in their pulpit addresses. He himself never failed to do so, and it was a favourite saying with him, that in every sermon there ought to be something which would teach any ignorant person, who might happen to be present, the way of salvation through the atonement of Christ. The editor once asked him how he could do this when preaching a practical sermon, venturing to suggest that in the present day, when people were more enlightened upon the doctrines—and, perhaps, sometimes on this score flattered themselves that they were religious, while their outward life bore witness to the contrary—such practical preaching was more necessary than in days gone by. But he would not cede his own view, and readily answered, "If I were preaching a sermon such as you speak of, before I closed, I would give it a *twist* so as to bring in Christ and His great salvation." It could never be said that he forgot his Master. And he gave thanks to God that in the last sermon he ever preached, he preached Christ as plainly as he had done during al his life.

On Sunday evening, January 20th, he writes to his parents:—

"Day after day, for some weeks past, I have resolved to discharge a long neglected duty in writing to you, and day after day the pressure of public business and pastoral duties has compelled me to postpone it, till I assure you I cannot sleep again without relieving my conscience of the burden that thus oppresses

it. And yet, had you been in the chapel to-night and heard me deliver a lecture, on a most intricate and perplexing subject, an hour and a quarter in length, to a congregation of nearly three thousand people, you would say that the pillow was more adapted to my feelings than the pen. Judge, then, my beloved parents, how deeply I must feel my neglect, when, under the influence of such weariness, I had rather relieve my mind by thus conversing with you than give ease to my body by retiring to rest. * * * *

"I ought to feel the deepest and most unfeigned gratitude to God that my ministry was never more prosperous than it is at present. We never had the chapel so completely crammed every Sunday evening, as it has been this winter. I have commenced a course of lectures on the doctrines of the Gospel, and delivered the second lecture this evening. They seem to have excited much attention, and promise to be very useful. My pastoral duties keep pace with my increasing congregation. Seven members were proposed for admission into the Church at our last Church meeting; and, what with visiting the sick, baptizing children, burying the dead, attending committees, preparing sermons and preaching them, my time is wholly occupied. A few weeks ago I baptized twelve children at one time, and seven last Sunday. A stated charge of 2,000 souls is an awful and oppressive weight upon my spirits, and often when I think of the account I shall have to render at the tribunal of God I am ready to exclaim, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' God grant that I may find mercy of the Lord in that day!"

Dr. Raffles was in London, as usual, towards the end of May, preaching at one or other of the numerous chapels in which Mr. Wilson so actively interested himself. He writes home on the 27th:—

"Yesterday I preached three times at Claremont. The chapel was quite full, and some standing in the aisles in the morning, though the weather was rather unfavourable. In the evening it was excessively crowded; the aisles were as full as they

could be, and many went away; but we had none of that dreadful crush which has heretofore rendered preaching there in the evening so distressing, as Mr. Wilson did not allow me to be publicly announced for the evening, but had given it out, that as the place was not equal to the accommodation of the crowds that came, I should not preach regularly at Claremont on the Sabbath evenings. Next Sabbath evening I am to preach at Paddington, and on the Sabbath after, in the evening, a sermon for the Hoxton Academy, at Union Chapel, Islington, and on the Sabbath evening after, at Tunbridge Chapel, for their Sunday-school.

"I was much fatigued with the labours of yesterday, and quite hoarse at night, but I feel greatly refreshed this morning, and am at work reviewing for the 'Investigator.'"

To Mr. Rankin he writes, on the 6th of June:—

"I embrace a leisure moment—and I assure you they are only moments that I can secure in such a busy place as this—to scribble a line to assure you of my continued affectionate remembrance and to let you and the good people, through you, know how I am. Through the goodness of God, I never enjoyed better health than I do now, but the heat of the weather here is so intense that everybody is overcome with an extreme languor, and almost incapable of exertion. What then must I feel who am constantly addressing large bodies of people in places crowded to excess? * * * *

"On Tuesday, I preached morning and evening at Sawbridgeworth, a small village in Essex, for an old fellow-student, at his anniversary. They came for twelve or fifteen miles round the country. Such a crowd had never been in the place before. The place was full almost to suffocation, and they had the windows of the chapel open, while the people sat on the grass round about the place in truly primitive style, and notwithstanding the agricultural distress which prevails, the collection was larger by £8 this year than last.

"You have heard, I daresay, of the safe arrival of the deputation at Otaheite. Since this intelligence reached London

information has been received of the death of the King Pomare. His successor, it seems, is an infant two years old, but there will be a regency, consisting of the queen, and some chiefs friendly to the Christian cause. Another island of the South Seas has abandoned idolatry and packed up the gods to be sent to England. Tell our missionary ladies this for their encouragement."

He writes again, on the 12th of June, to Mrs. Raffles, then at Cheltenham for the benefit of her health, which was always delicate :—

"I rejoice to know that I have been one-half of my time in London already, and the other half, I doubt not, will pass away very rapidly, and bring the period when I hope to see you again. Indeed I feel the absence from you more than ever, and if it were not for those so dear to me who reside in town, I should, I think, never feel a desire to visit London again. I rejoice to find from your last letter that you have reason to hope you will derive benefit from the air and waters of Cheltenham. * * * * You also gratify me much by your account of Mr. Brown's* ministry, and I hope you will find it increasingly profitable. With regard to the frame of your own mind, I would exhort you by no means to yield to anything like despondency. Humility, jealousy of yourself, caution, prayer, entire dependence upon God—these things it is your highest wisdom to cultivate. But remember your delicate frame, the shocks your constitution has received, and bear in mind the powerful influence which a body always frail, and particularly so in you, must have over a spirit so susceptible as yours. You have happily to do with a God who knows and considers this. 'He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust,' and the Redeemer has declared that He will not break a bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. Be encouraged, all the promises are yours—yea and Amen —sufficient and certain—only embrace them and live in the enjoyment of the consolation they impart."

* Now the Rev. Dr. Brown, still of Cheltenham.

He writes again on the 14th, apparently in answer to some remonstrances against over-exertion:—

"The occupation of my time, which seems to awaken so much anxiety in your mind, is not altogether in preaching, but, to a great extent, in calling upon people and paying visits, and in transacting little matters of business, such as you may well conceive must be very numerous to one who is in London only once a year, and who has so large a circle of acquaintance. In preaching I have not averaged more than five or six times a week, and that I find, in this hot weather, to be quite enough. I have been obliged, however, to use great fortitude and decision to avoid being overwhelmed with public engagements, as the letters I have received, when you look over them, will abundantly prove."

On the same day he writes to Mr. Job, the senior officer of his church:—

"I write a few lines to let you and the good people who take an interest in my welfare know how I am going on, and also to convince you and them that I do not verify the old proverb, 'Out of sight out of mind.' No, I am continually thinking of you, and my prayer to God unceasingly for you all is, that as individuals, as families, and as a Church, you may be blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. I have rejoiced to hear of the good attendance at the chapel so far during my absence, and have no doubt that the ministers who have yet to come amongst you will continue to fill the chapel with delighted, and, I trust, instructed hearers. May the word they shall deliver be made effectual by the power of the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many souls. * * * *

"I preached on Sabbath evening, at Union Chapel, Highbury, a charity sermon for Hoxton Academy. Mr. Wilson is building another large chapel at Carnaby Market,* a most important

* Afterwards known as Craven Chapel.

station at the west end of the town. It will be ready about the end of October, and he is very anxious for me to be up at the opening of it. Homerton Academy, in which I received my education for the ministry, is in such a state of decay, that it must be rebuilt at an expense of seven or eight thousand pounds. Dr. Smith is coming into the north to beg for it, and expects much from the friends at Liverpool. I know the poverty of Liverpool, but I do trust that, if the doctor's expectations are not very exorbitant, he will not depart altogether disappointed."

On the 24th of October, Dr. Raffles was at York, taking part in a service of unusual interest to himself, the ordination of his friend, the Rev. James Parsons. Dr. Raffles on this occasion preached to the people, and, for many years subsequently, he was almost an annual visitor to York, where he was ever a welcome guest.

Dr. Raffles was unable to return to London as he had anticipated, to take part in the services at the dedication of Craven Chapel, to which he had been invited by Mr. Wilson. He writes to his father on the 27th of November :—

"Brown will have informed you of my having been seized with an attack of cholera morbus when at Hanley, about three weeks ago. I have never got the better of that attack, but have been in a low and distressing state of health ever since, insomuch that it has been deemed necessary to call in Dr. Lewin, and I am now under his care. You will, perhaps, have already anticipated that he has forbidden my intended journey to London. He has done so, and I have written by this post to inform Mr. Wilson of the doctor's decision. I write by the same post to you, lest exaggerated reports of my indisposition should reach you and fill you with unnecessary alarm. Dr. Lewin says we have no cause for alarm, or even anxiety, respecting me, but every cause for care, and

that a journey to London in my present state, at this season of the year, and the effort of preaching under the powerful excitement which such an occasion as the opening of Craven Chapel would necessarily create, might be followed by the most alarming consequences. It is therefore unquestionably my duty to yield, and remain at home."

Chapter XI.

1823 — 1825.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING SERVICES—ABOLITION OF SLAVERY—CRAVEN CHAPEL, LONDON—HENLEY-ON-THAMES—RESIDENCE AT GROVE COTTAGE, WAVERTREE—OCCUPATION OF HIS TIME—VISIT TO DEVONSHIRE—EDDYSTONE—LAND'S END—RETURN TO ENGLAND OF SIR STAMFORD AND LADY RAFFLES—AT CRAVEN CHAPEL IN NOVEMBER—ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MRS. HARGREAVES—REMOVAL TO EDGE HILL—DEATH OF HIS FATHER—HIGH WOOD.

IT had been the usual practice of Dr. Raffles while he lived in Highfield Street, to attend the Methodist watch-night at Leeds Street chapel on the last night of the year. It is the first circumstance recorded in his diaries during several years. On the morning of New Year's-day, 1823, for the first time, he had a service appropriate to the season in his own chapel at an early hour—a custom which has been continued to the present time. These services were well attended, even at seven o'clock in the morning, and the interest excited by them, from the first, continued to increase during the succeeding years of his ministry.

Early in his diary for this year he alludes to the state of his health as very unsatisfactory, and the performance of his ordinary duties greatly fatigued him. On the 9th

of January, he records that his medical adviser obliged him to give up all engagements, and for a while to confine himself to the house. A few days later, he says of the state of inaction in which his illness kept him, "thus has passed another inactive and almost useless day; yet not useless to myself, nor will it be to others, if the affliction which thus lays me aside from labour is but sanctified. For this I pray." He spent four silent Sundays, and on the fifth he writes in his diary:—

"February 9 (Sunday). Was privileged once more to go to the house of God. Heard Dr. Townley,* and administered the sacrament; was much overcome, but much supported. God forbid that this affliction should prove in vain!"

It was March before he was permitted to take the whole of his Sunday duty, but he seems subsequently to have worked and travelled about as usual. During this month, the following interesting entry occurs in his diary:—

"March 4. Attended meeting of Society for the Abolition of Slavery, at Mr. Rathbone's. Mr. Roscoe, president, read an address drawn up by him, on behalf of the Society."

The abolition of slavery was a question which always called forth his warmest efforts. In the preceding year, as appears from a copy of a letter to the Duke of Somerset, found among his papers, he had been in communication with His Grace on a subject which affected the slavery question, as he states, in forwarding some papers for the

* The late Rev. Dr. Townley, of Limerick.

perusal of the Duke, whose views were thoroughly liberal and enlightened :—

"The subject to which they relate is one in which, I think, your Grace will feel interested, as it concerns the cause of humanity, by promoting the ultimate abolition of slavery, as well as an important branch of the commerce of the country. A highly-respectable deputation of three merchants are now in town from the East India Association at Liverpool, with a view to impart more ample and detailed information on the subject by personal intercourse with such noblemen and gentlemen as may take an interest in it. They were anxious that your Grace should have an opportunity of perusing their arguments for the measure they suggest, and the plan by which they propose to indemnify the West India planters and merchants for the loss which they might otherwise sustain by the scheme."

The slave trade had been abolished scarcely five years before Dr. Raffles settled in Liverpool. The reputation of the town for its share in the prosecution of the atrocious traffic, in which several of its merchants had acquired ample wealth, rendered it a place very unfavourable to the views and opinions of those who urged that the foul stain of slavery should be altogether blotted out from the escutcheon of Great Britain. There was, however, a philanthropic band of men ever ready to take the field in support of the abolition of slavery, and the name of Raffles may be found, on more than one occasion, associated with those of Rathbone, Roscoe, Cropper, and many others, who had the honour to take part in the great movement which ultimately led to the emancipation of the slave throughout the British dominions.

Being unable, as we have seen, in consequence of illness, to take part in the services at the opening of Craven Chapel, London, Dr. Raffles undertook to preach there during five Sundays in the month of June in this year. He writes home from Leamington on the 4th, when on his way to town :—

"I reached Leamington yesterday morning, in time to take the water, but, before I proceed to what has transpired in my peregrinations here, I must finish the history of Coventry affairs. I preached afternoon and evening at West Orchard Chapel, according to appointment. The congregations were very large, that in the afternoon especially, and the day being very hot, I, in common with everybody else, found it very oppressive. On Monday I breakfasted with Mr. Nixon, a very friendly and intelligent gentleman, a Quaker, and a great antiquary. He shewed me some autographs, which, I assure you, made my mouth water, and was kind enough to add some autographs and prints to my collection. * * * *

"June 5. I had written the other side yesterday, before your letter of the 2nd arrived. I am beyond measure shocked and astonished at the death of our poor friend, Mr. G———. I had not the least idea that he was in a dangerous state, and fully expected to have seen him in health on my return. Your account of his last moments is very encouraging. I do cherish the hope that he has found the mercy for which he sought, and that, having washed his robe and made it white in the blood of the Lamb, he is now before the throne. Ah! how soon may we be called to follow him. Be ye also ready. I have written to Mrs. G———, but what can you say in a letter, at all adequate to your feelings on such an occasion? I wish I was at home. I could then utter a thousand feelings and consolations that I cannot commit to paper. I foreboded something melancholy before I left home, and lo! the intelligence of death has reached me, before I have arrived at the place of my destination.

"My health is, I think, much improved already from

drinking the waters. Mr. Bromiley, the minister here, has kindly compelled me to take up my abode at his house, after having slept one night at the inn, and I am very comfortable, and as happy as I can expect to be, while absent from the place where my heart is, and while such dismal intelligence is reaching me from thence."

He writes from London on the 9th :—

"You will be pleased to learn that I arrived here safely on Saturday evening. I spent a very pleasant week at Leamington, and have certainly derived much benefit from the waters. The country round is most delightful, and every day I enjoyed a new walk or drive. I shall certainly endeavour to make it in my way home, and stay a few days after the heat and bustle of London. Amongst other places, while at Leamington, I visited Stratford-upon-Avon, the birthplace of Shakspeare, and where also his ashes rest. The lines which I wrote on that occasion, to add to my poem, I shall send you in another letter, for at present I have not time to copy them. * * * *

"I preached yesterday morning and evening at Craven Chapel. It is a very noble place, and the congregations were very large, especially that in the evening. They never had the vestry full till then, but last night it was crowded. I feel a good deal fatigued this morning with the exertions of yesterday."

On the 13th he writes home :—

"I am well in health, but almost tired of this great city and its bustle, longing to be at home once more in the bosom of my own happy family, in our own sweetly retired and tranquil home. But I have every reason to be pleased with my visit; I am as much at ease here, and have every comfort, as though it were my own house, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are all kindness to me. * * * * Yesterday I was at St. Paul's, to witness the anniversary of the charity schools. The spectacle was, perhaps, the most imposing that this or any country can exhibit. That

immense cathedral was filled from the organ-loft to the west door. Ten thousand children, in their new clothes, were ranged upon platforms, in the manner of an amphitheatre, under the huge dome, and when 1500 voices struck up in singing, 'All people that on earth do dwell,' to the tune of the Old Hundredth, the effect was perfectly electrifying. There must have been five thousand persons present, in addition to the children, for the number of my ticket was 4556. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Calcutta,* but I was so distant from the pulpit that I could not hear even the sound of his voice. I finished the day by going to the House of Commons, where I never was but once, and that many years ago. To-day, I am going to hear a lecture at the London Institution, from the celebrated Frognal Dibdin, on the origin and progress of literature."

On the eve of leaving London he writes:—

"I scarcely know whether you expect another letter from me before my departure, but lest you should, and feel disappointed by my not writing, I take pen in hand to scribble a few lines, for this is Saturday afternoon, and I have thrice to preach to-morrow, and then my work is done here for the present; and on Monday, I leave this busy, and to me, distracting city, for the retirement of Henley and the comfort of my home—my dear home, dearer to me than ever. * * * *

"Monday. It is now Monday morning; my hand trembles from the labours of yesterday. It was a hard day, but I was helped, and I do not think I was more fatigued than usual. The congregation was immense last night, and the people crowded round from the vestry door, leaving me a path between, so that I went down the crowd shaking hands with all I could. May God give me humility!"

Dr. Raffles returned home by way of Henley-upon-Thames, where he spent a few days at the house of Mr.

* The Right Rev. Dr. Reginald Heber.

Peter Benwell, and preached for his friend and former fellow-student, the Rev. J. N. Goulty, afterwards and still of Brighton, between whom and himself a very friendly feeling continued to exist down to the close of his life.

During the remainder of this year, and during the first half of the year 1824—with the exception of the usual preaching engagements in the county and neighbourhood, and of a short absence with Mrs. Raffles in September, when he again spent one Sunday in London, and preached at Craven Chapel—Dr. Raffles, was at home. He had left Highfield Street, and had gone to live at Grove Cottage, Wavertree, and greatly enjoyed the quiet country life he there led, whenever his public duties permitted. He says of his new abode, in writing to his father, then in very indifferent health :—

"It is a delightful spot to which a kind providence has this year directed us. How often do I sigh over the distance between us, which prevents your enjoying it with us. How I should rejoice to see my dear mother and father under our pleasant roof! But I fear that to indulge the most distant prospect of ever realising this, is hoping against hope. But there is a lovelier scene than any that earth can yield, where we anticipate a meeting without the pang of parting, and hope to spend a blessed eternity together. May these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, be sanctified to our increasing meetness for it."

Agreeable however as was the change, a residence in the country was very soon found to be incompatible with his numerous duties in town, and he was obliged to give it up, and take a house nearer Liverpool. His time was always occupied. He could not be idle for a moment.

During each week there were the regular services in his own chapel on Sunday, when he preached morning and evening, and occasionally an address to the children in the Sunday-school, or a service elsewhere in the afternoon; the prayer-meeting on Monday, and the lecture on Wednesday evenings; and every month the church-meeting on Friday evening. He was indefatigable in pastoral duty. His diaries during the week, when he was not preaching from home, or absent on other public duties, are filled with records of his visits. It is a marvel that he found time for it in Liverpool; but this part of his duty Dr. Raffles never neglected. He wrote two new sermons for Sunday every week; in his younger days he composed both on the previous Saturday; in later years he devoted Friday and Saturday mornings to the task. His sermons during the greater part of his life were closely written on a large-sized sheet of letter-paper, but they are so full of contractions which he had made for his own use, while at Homerton, that only those who are familiar with them can readily decipher his manuscript. Each sermon was so far committed to memory, that people for the most part were ignorant that he had his notes in the pulpit. He had a wonderful memory, and that which to many—perhaps to most—men would be a slavish task, was to him comparatively easy. What he had written, and thus got into his mind, he amplified considerably in the pulpit, and altogether his sermons were preached down to a late period of his life, when he began to write out fully and to read, in a manner so natural and easy, that they had all the charm of extempore delivery. On a Wednesday

evening, he had nothing but the heads and subdivisions of his subject before him. He used to say that he *talked* to his people on those occasions. By his own congregation, for whom they were especially designed, these services were much valued. In addition to his strictly ministerial duties, the claims of various religious and philanthropic societies had to be provided for. But he was extremely methodical in all his plans, and time was thus economised which would otherwise have been wasted. The few hours which he could spare from his public duties, in which to enjoy the society of his family and friends, were never unemployed, and those who were privileged to enter within the circle of his home will not soon forget the charm of his manner, nor the many sources of amusement and instruction which his refined tastes and antiquarian pursuits had led him to accumulate, and with which it so much gratified his own kindly feelings to interest others.

Among the entries in his diary during the early part of 1824, is the following, which is of interest. In these days, such an occurrence is unlikely to take place; but public opinion had not then so plainly expressed itself on such points. The manner in which Dr. Raffles acted under the circumstances displays both his tact, his independence, and his right feeling.

"February 15th (Sunday). Preached at Great George Street, morning and evening. In the afternoon drove to Bootle, having been invited by Dr. Edwards to open a barn, which some of his people had taken and neatly fitted up in the village for a place of worship. When arrived, they informed me that Mr. Moss, the clergyman at Walton, and a magistrate, had sent a man down, about one o'clock to the farmer, telling him that if he allowed the

place to be used for such a purpose, such representations would be made to Lord Derby, his landlord, that he would lose his farm. The man, therefore, entreated that we would not persist in worshipping there. Though the agreement was for two years, duly drawn out and signed, and the place was registered in the Bishop's Court, I said, that we would by no means do any thing to injure him, and as there was a small cottage in the village registered as a place of worship, in which they had formerly preached and taught a Sunday-school, we would go there, and as the people were assembled, would hold our meeting in that place, which we did, and I preached to a very serious and attentive congregation. They also informed me that the person sent by Mr. Moss, had orders to take the name of the preacher. I accordingly gave him my card."

In the month of August, Dr. Raffles paid a visit to Devonshire, and being in the neighbourhood, visited the Land's End in Cornwall. He writes from Devonport on the 9th to his wife :—

"I am glad to find that you are a little better, though I am truly distressed that your return to health is so slow, but we must bow to the will of God. He does not willingly grieve nor afflict His children, and unless He had some very important and gracious design to accomplish in you, He would not thus afflict you. May patience have her perfect work! Oh, that I may find you on my return so much restored as to be able to accompany me to some place in the country for change of air, where I may have the delight of your society, and watch the rapid return of health and strength to your poor oppressed frame. * * *

"13th. Such a week of hurry and bustle has this been, that, till this moment, I have not had time to continue the epistle which I began on Monday. The Missionary meetings have been incessant every day from Monday evening till last night. I preached on Tuesday morning, delivered a long speech on Wednesday night, preached again last night, and to-night, Monday, I

went to the breakwater, which is a most stupendous work. * * * * The people here are very kind to me, and Mr. Sparke quite lays himself out to promote my gratification, and for this I am the more indebted to him, as he is a medical man, and his time is very valuable."

The next letter is dated "Sloop *Marshal Blucher*, at sea, off the Eddystone Lighthouse, W.N.W., 11 A.M., Aug. 16, 1824." He says:—

"Though I can scarcely hold the pen, the sea being very rough, yet I am determined to address you from this place, to shew you that in circumstances when the mind is most occupied with other scenes, I still cherish the thought of you. I would fain describe to you this astonishing object which I have come to see, but the ship heaves so, I can write no more."

After another attempt to write, he gave it up. The party was unable to land, as the sea was running too high. On his return to Plymouth, he resumed his letter, and graphically describes the singular and wonderful object he went to see, and on the 17th adds:—

"I am, this morning, setting off on my intended journey to the Land's End. Mr. and Mrs. Sparke. accompany me. The weather is very unpromising, but I hope the best. Being so near the Land's End, I am reluctant to leave the neighbourhood —which I may, perhaps, never visit again—without embracing the opportunity of seeing it. I shall have pleasure in recounting my adventures to you on my return."

His next letter is dated "First and Last Inn in England, Land's End, Cornwall, Aug. 18th":—

"My last was addressed to you at sea, off the Eddystone Lighthouse; this from the last house in England, and it is literally so, for the designation on the sign of the inn is correctly descriptive of the situation of the house. On the side of the

sign, which faces the traveller proceeding to the Land's End, is written, 'The last Inn in England,' and on the side which faces the traveller on his return is written, 'The first Inn in England."

The letter is concluded at Devonport on the 20th:—

"I would have written immediately on my arrival here, to complete this letter, which I began at the Land's End, so as to have saved this evening's post, but I had to preach, and have only just returned from the chapel. I am much fatigued with the journey, it being a very hurrying one, but was very highly gratified with the objects I have seen, particularly the scenery at the celebrated Loggan Stone or Rocking Stone, the Land's End, and a mine called the Bottaloc mine. A considerable portion of that mine is under the bed of the ocean, and I have brought away specimens of ore from the depth of seventy fathoms below the surface of the sea. The charm of the Loggan Stone is now, unhappily, destroyed. It is a mass of granite, of ninety tons weight, which rested by so small a base on another stone, that you might rock it backwards and forwards with your hand. A foolish man, however, a lieutenant in the navy, went ashore from his ship, and, with eight or nine of his men, displaced the stone by shaking it violently till, by its own agitation, it shifted from its pivot. The man has thus procured for himself an unenviable immortality, having destroyed one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world.* The scenery at the Land's End is awfully grand. The wind was high, and the dashing of the sea against the rocks the most majestic spectacle I ever witnessed. * * * * I leave this place for Teignmouth, on Monday morning. I am to preach at Teignmouth on Monday night."

He writes on Sunday the 22nd, on which day he was preaching at Devonport:—

"I have, literally, but a moment to tell you that our dear

* The stone was subsequently replaced.

friends, Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles, arrived safely at Plymouth, this morning. Lady Raffles looks better than I expected to find her, but my cousin is very much reduced, and excessively weak. I have just returned from seeing them, and after service this evening I go to Beechwood, the seat of Mr. Rosdew, the banker, where we are all to sleep to-night."

In November, Dr. Raffles visited London, and again occupied the pulpit at Craven Chapel. During his absence his mother-in-law, Mrs. Hargreaves, to whom he was greatly attached, became seriously ill. In writing to her, on the 1st of December, he says:—

"It is in seasons such as that through which you have been called to pass, that the reality of our religion and the power of our principles are brought to the test. I rejoice that yours have stood the trial, that you can say, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.' I trust now the critical moment is past, and that God is restoring you, though slowly, yet certainly, to health. For this mercy blessed be His holy name! You cannot expect but that your restoration should be gradual, while the pure gold of the Christian temper shines the brighter for the sharpness and the long continuance of the flame by which it is tried. I regret much that I am absent from you, at a period when it would be both my duty and my delight to minister to your spiritual comfort, but though absent in person, I am still present with you in spirit, nor is there an hour in the day in which I do not think of you, and lift up my heart to God in your behalf."

The anticipations in which Dr. Raffles indulged were not realised. Mrs. Hargreaves died on the 24th of December, and Christmas brought sorrow and mourning to the home circle at Grove Cottage, of which she was a happy and beloved member. She was buried on the last

day of the year, and Dr. Raffles preached her funeral sermon on the 9th of January following.

On the 1st of February, Dr. Raffles delivered an address on occasion of the first interment at the new cemetery, Low Hill. Previous to this period, the Dissenters of Liverpool had no public burial-ground and were confined to the narrow limits of their chapel-yards. The Rev. John Bruce, of whom mention has been already made, was appointed to be the first chaplain.

Early in 1825, Dr. Raffles took a house in Mason Street, Edge Hill, which he entered upon in May, where he continued to live for thirty-eight years, and in which he breathed his last. At that time the house was comparatively in the country, and though, externally to the street there was nothing to recommend it, he managed to lay out and plant the garden in such a way as, during all his life, to shut out the view of the town from the ground floor. The situation materially changed for the worse during the years of Dr. Raffles's tenancy, but he could never make up his mind to leave the house, which, from the size and number of its rooms, was admirably suited to receive his numerous collections of curiosities, and his extensive library of printed books and manuscripts. Not alone to his family will that house ever be associated with countless recollections of interest. There he delighted to entertain the friends who gladly gathered round him and the strangers who came to visit him, and exercised that kindly hospitality, reminiscences of which have again and again crossed the Atlantic, and returned to this country in letters of friendship and in books of travel; and there, when his public duties allowed him to spend an evening at home, he

loved to surround himself with his family, and with his own genial humour, to make all within his reach happy and joyous. How tenderly are such recollections cherished!

On the eve of his removal, he writes to his father from Southport on the 10th of April:—

"We are on the point of getting into our new house on Edge Hill, which promises to be everything we could desire, both as to the situation of the house itself, and the accommodation which it affords, but there has been a great deal to be done at it, and much yet remains to be done before we shall be comfortably settled. In the meantime the health of my dear wife is very indifferent, and I have thought it prudent to bring her down to this place, that she may, by means of its excellent air, under the Divine blessing, obtain a fresh stock of strength before she commences the actual and laborious business of moving. The state of her health still causes me great anxiety, and I am sometimes ready to fear that the air of Edge Hill will be too keen for her delicate frame, and yet she cannot live in the town. We have done our best in fixing on a situation, and we must leave the event with God.

"I have been recently at Hull. Having a few hours to spare I went over to Beverley again, to renew my search in the registers, of that place, for the ancestors of our family, and I am happy to say, that I have been much more successful in this instance than in the last. In the last I could only find a name something like ours about 150 years ago, but in this instance I found our name repeatedly in the oldest register of the Minster, spelt exactly as we spell it at this day. * * * * How have you and my dear mother stood the winter? It has been very mild, but windy with us. What say you both to a trip into Lancashire when the summer sun shines warm?"

Dr. Raffles appears to have been for the most part at home during this year. At any rate, there was no long

absence in London, nor does he seem to have visited it till he was summoned to the death-bed of his father in the month of November. His health had been declining for some years, and it was a source of great satisfaction to his son that he had been enabled to minister to his comfort in old age. The last letter to his father in the editor's possession betrays the warmest affection and the deepest veneration for him "who," he writes, "suffered so many privations to make me what I am;" and after alluding to a certain provision which he wished to make, he adds, "to say this, my dear and honoured parents, is only my duty; that God has put it into my power to say it without injury to myself or family is my delight, and a source of unfeigned gratitude to my mind."

On receiving the news of his father's illness, Dr. Raffles hastened to London. The following extracts from his diary relate to the event:—

"November 7. Received a letter from my sister informing me of the alarming illness of my father, and requesting me to hasten up to London. Went immediately to Brown, who was attending the Sessions at Kirkdale, and he agreed to go with me.

"November 9. Arrived in London, by the mail, this evening, but, alas! too late to see my dear father again in this world. His spirit had departed peacefully at twenty-four minutes past seven, that same morning. He was considerably better on Monday, insomuch that they began to think they had given us a false alarm. But the paroxysms of his complaint came on with great violence in the course of the ensuing night. The usual means of affording him relief were resorted to, but with no success, and a stupor came over him, which, happily, rendered him insensible to pain. He continued in a state of unconsciousness all that night, and in the morning following, with a sweet

smile upon his countenance, he breathed his last. It would have been a mournful satisfaction to me, had I been present to close his eyes in death. But it was otherwise ordered, and it does not become me to complain.

"November 14. This day, at one o'clock, we committed the remains of my father to the ground, in Spitalfields church-yard. There followed him to the grave, myself, as chief mourner; Sir Stamford Raffles, his nephew; Dr. Brown, his son-in-law, &c., &c. The funeral service was read by the Rev. Mr. Gregory, the curate of the church, and the whole was conducted with great decorum and solemnity. After the ceremony I went with my cousin to his country seat at High Wood."

He writes from High Wood on the 14th to Mrs. Raffles:—

"I promised to write you again so soon as we had committed the ashes of my dear father to the ground, but I did not then anticipate that my letter would be dated from this place, but my cousin was very urgent with me to return with him for a day or two, as they are going on Friday on a visit to Lord and Lady Harcourt at Nuneham. I did not, however, feel happy in leaving my mother so soon after the funeral, but she seemed desirous that I should embrace so favourable an opportunity of visiting my relatives, and as all the rest of the family were with her they joined in urging me to go. * * * * I was enabled to bear up with great composure at the funeral, till I heard the earth falling on his coffin. At the words 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," I felt at that moment as though my heart would have broke. I am thankful that the mournful scene is over. My feelings are now much tranquilised, and a day or two in this delightful place will be refreshing both to the body and to the mind after so many days of close confinement in a dark room, with no conversation but what tended to deepen the impressions of melancholy which death at all times, and especially that of a parent, is calculated to produce. My dear mother has been much supported during

the whole of the trying scene, and her health is, upon the whole, remarkably good.

"And now, my dear Mary, I must tell you what a lovely place this is. The house is a modern edifice, but it is built upon the site of the old mansion which was formerly a seat of the Russells. And—what renders it peculiarly interesting—it was the residence of the patriotic Lord Russell, from which he was taken to the Tower, and thence to the scaffold. Many of the letters of Lady Russell which have been published are dated from this place, though called by her 'Totridge,' for it was at that time in Totteridge parish. The views are most extensive and beautiful, and the diversity of hill and dale, wood and lawn, truly delightful. My cousin takes great delight in the place, and has already derived incalculable benefit to his health from the air and exercise which it gives him."

Dr. Raffles remained in London till the beginning of December, occupying the pulpit at Craven Chapel during his stay, and spending much of his time in researches at the British Museum, probably for his contemplated history of Nonconformity in Lancashire.

Chapter XII.

1826 — 1827.

NEW YEAR'S POEMS—BIRTH OF SECOND SON—DEATH OF REV. P. S. CHARRIER—APPOINTED SECRETARY OF LANCASHIRE COUNTY UNION—AUTOGRAPHS—VISIT TO THE CONTINENT—ROTTERDAM—THE HAGUE—HAMBURGH—DEATH OF SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES—MISSIONARY MEETINGS—REV. WILLIAM ELLIS—PILGRIMAGE TO OLNEY AND WESTON—ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, LONDON—LONDON UNIVERSITY—DEATH OF HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW—NORTH WALES—YORK.

DR. RAFFLES met his people at the early service on New Year's-day, 1826, for the first time, with the poetical greeting, which was subsequently continued at the commencement of each new year, while he remained the minister of Great George Street chapel. It pleased him to be able to gratify his congregation, and for them only he wrote. He always read the annual lines with deep feeling; and the eagerness with which copies were sought for, when the service was concluded, was to him sufficient recompense for any additional labour which their composition entailed.

On the 2nd of February in this year, Dr. Raffles's family was increased by the birth of a second son, who was named "James Hargreaves," after his maternal grandfather.

On the 29th of March the Rev. P. S. Charrier, the respected minister of the church and congregation then assembling in Bethesda chapel, died. He had received Dr. Raffles with the greatest kindness when he came to Liverpool, and they ever afterwards entertained for each other the most sincere regard. Dr. Raffles had to preach at Chester, for the Methodist Missionary Society, upon the day on which the remains of Mr. Charrier left Liverpool for Lancaster, where they were interred, but he records in his diary that he returned to Liverpool, and "followed the remains of Mr. Charrier as far as Walton. There were thirty-five carriages, and a vast concourse of people walking."

Mr. Charrier had been the secretary of the Lancashire County Union. At the annual meeting, which took place during the following week, Dr. Raffles was appointed to succeed him, and he continued to discharge its duties down to almost the latest period of his life. The interest which he took in the operations of the Society has been already referred to; and in his capacity of Secretary he laboured to promote its success with increasing effect.

Dr. Raffles's taste for the collection of autographs has been more than once alluded to. In a letter to Mr. J. B. Williams, of Shrewsbury,* on the 20th of March, he makes some amusing allusions to his "hobby." He writes:—

"I rejoice to learn, from our friends in Chatham Street, that we may expect the pleasure of seeing you here the latter end of

* The late Sir John Bickerton Williams, LL.D., himself a collector of autographs, and author of several interesting biographies.

this week, to spend a few days in this neighbourhood. Will you add to the many obligations under which your autographical generosity has laid me, by bringing with you, I had almost said, all the rest and residue of those letters, &c., which you placed at my option to take or reject when I was in your *sanctum sanctorum*, but a portion only of which my extreme modesty at that time would suffer me to take. It seems to me that my said modesty since that time has wonderfully declined, and that, if I were in similar circumstances now, I should unhesitatingly take them all. For, somehow or other, I am mightily pleased with the venerably brown appearance of the major part of them; and having lately determined upon making up a volume of baronets and knights who have in any way distinguished themselves either in the literature, the arts, the arms, or the politics of their country, it strikes me that, among that aforesaid residue, I shall find a few articles new or old, and perhaps both, to my purpose. And then, again, I am determined to honour the female sex with a volume especially devoted to the celebrated, the illustrious, and the noble among them, and in this respect I also have a notion that the above specified parcel may be of service to me. In fact, I find that I have a keen appetite for this kind of food, and my eagerness after it seems rather to increase than abate with the difficulty I have in obtaining supplies. We have absolutely nothing of the kind here."

On the 16th of June Dr. Raffles left home for London, where he had engaged to occupy the pulpit at Craven chapel for three Sundays, after which he was to proceed to Hamburg, to open a Congregational chapel which had been erected there for the English residents. A mournful interest always attached to this visit to London, during which he enjoyed the society of his much-loved cousin, Sir Stamford Raffles, for the last time. Dr. Raffles sailed for Rotterdam on the 5th of July. He writes home on the 6th from Rotterdam :—

"I arrived in this city in perfect health and safety this morning, after a passage of twenty-five hours from London, which you will say is famous travelling for a distance of 230 miles. I suffered no inconvenience on the passage except from the heat, which is intense. If the weather continues in the same state, I fear that it will much diminish the pleasure of my journey.

"This is a very fine city. * * * * I have been to deliver my letter to Mr. Ferrier, the British Consul, whom I once saw at Mr. Laird's, and he has politely invited me to dinner; and I have called on the Rev. Mr. Haigh, the English minister, with whom I am to take a walk round the city in the cool of the evening. At present I can do nothing but sit still, and hardly that. The appearance of the city is quite novel to me, being intersected by broad canals, on the sides of which the streets are built, with rows of trees before the houses. The houses are very lofty, in different styles of architecture, and from this circumstance they have a picturesque appearance. * * * *

"After dinner, I took a walk with Mr. Haigh through the principal part of the city, and was fully confirmed in the good opinion of it which I had entertained from the glimpse I had in the morning. It is certainly an interesting place, more than half of it built on piles reclaimed from the river. There are, as you may suppose from the number of canals, many drawbridges, and the perpetual passing and repassing of carriages and pedestrians, and the shipping beneath groves of trees in the midst of lofty houses, give an air of life and beauty to the scene. Withal everything is remarkably clean, for the Dutch are nice in this respect, almost to a fault. In their carriages, however, they do not excel; they are exactly the same uncouth lumbering things which you see represented in pictures in England a hundred years ago. The Dutch are not fond of novelty, nor given to change, and in most cases it is enough for them that their ancestors did so and so and had things in such and such a way before them. * * * *

"P.S. Leyden, July 7. We arrived at this city about half-past seven this evening, having left Rotterdam at seven A.M., and

breakfasted and dined at the Hague. I have joined a very pleasant party, consisting of a gentleman, his wife, and daughter in a carriage which carries four, which we hired, with horses, at Rotterdam to take us to Amsterdam, where we hope to arrive to-morrow night. Hitherto I am quite delighted with Holland, and I do not know that I ever saw, in the compass of one day, so many things to interest and please me as I have beheld since this morning. I am in excellent health. God bless you all."

He writes from Amsterdam on the 9th :—

"I do not know that I ever felt the yearnings of my heart towards you and my own happy home more powerful than at the present moment. In my former travels on the Continent I had a family party constantly with me, and up to this morning I have had pleasant company in this tour; but to-day we parted, and I have felt, for the first time, what it is to be entirely alone in a strange land, amongst a people whose language I cannot speak, with a voyage before me on board a foreign vessel of nearly 300 miles. And this too on the Sabbath-day. I have you all before me in my mind, assembled in Great George Street Chapel, and I cannot help the tear which no affected sensibility excites in the contemplation of scenes so dear to my heart. O ! how I long to be with you again! But I must not pursue this train of thought, for I shall, even at this distance, communicate a portion of my own melancholy to you, and I would not for the world excite a pang or an unpleasant emotion in your breast.

"My last informed you of my arrival at the Hague and Leyden. The Hague is indeed a beautiful place. It is esteemed the finest village in Europe, for I believe it is not a town. It is the residence of the King of the Netherlands during one part of the year, and is so at present. This circumstance, of course, makes the place very gay, and carriages are driving about in all directions. * * * *

"The first object to which our attention was directed at the Hague was the palace in the wood. This is an old-fashioned building, situated in the midst of a beautiful wood, about a mile

from the Hague. If you look in 'Brewer's Palaces,' in my library, you will see a print, and may read a description of it, so that I need not occupy time and paper with any further observations respecting it. Most delightful roads and walks are made in different directions through the wood, and indeed the drive from the Hague to the palace is through one continued grove of trees. Our inn, the Belle Vue, a most noble house, was immediately opposite a park in which the deer were feeding, and we looked out upon fine forest scenery, nowhere to be surpassed near a town even in England. From the House-in-the-wood we proceeded to the museum and picture-gallery. The former is by no means remarkable, but the latter contains some very fine pictures. * * * *

"Having dined, we proceeded to Leyden—about fifteen miles—where we slept. The road for a considerable distance lies through the wood in which the palace is situated, and is most enchanting in its sylvan scenery, and even after it leaves the forest, it passes between rows of trees and fine plantations, and every now and then affords a view of elegant villas, so that it is impossible for any person of taste, however much he may have been prepossessed against the country, as generally flat and uninteresting, not to be gratified with it.

"We found very comfortable quarters at Leyden. This place is the seat of the celebrated University; and in the morning before breakfast we went to view its Museum of Natural Curiosities and Gallery of Antiquities. Of the museum it is impossible to speak too highly. Their collection in all the departments of natural history is most extensive. I was pleased to see the name of Raffles affixed to several of the specimens. They were from Sumatra, and collected by a celebrated Dutch naturalist now at Leyden, during his residence in Sumatra and Java, while my cousin was governor. * * * *

"I have met with great kindness here from both the clergymen of the Scotch Church, to whom Mr. Ferrier, of Rotterdam, gave me a letter of introduction. Dr. Mackintosh, the senior minister, is in delicate health and is unable to preach, but I heard his colleague, Mr. Mackay, this morning."

Again he writes from Hamburg on the 14th, with a heart saddened by the mournful news of his cousin's sudden death, which had reached him at Amsterdam :—

"Your affectionate heart has already sympathised with me in the severe stroke with which I am visited by the death of my beloved cousin, Sir Stamford, for the news must have reached you long ere this. I was apprised of it by a letter kindly written to me for the purpose by our consul, Mr. Ferrier, at Rotterdam, which was put into my hands at Amsterdam shortly before I embarked on board the packet for Hamburg. The only account I have is from the English newspaper, which simply states that he died of apoplexy, on Wednesday last, the very day I sailed for Rotterdam. Oh, how my heart bleeds for poor Lady Raffles! What a cup of sorrow has been wrung out to her! I can scarcely bear to think of High Wood, and yet I cannot think of any other place. When I last saw it, it appeared like an earthly paradise; happiness and peace reigned in its mansion; but what a change has a few days made! It is now the scene of death, and all is agony and gloom. My dear cousin made me promise to visit them again on my way home, on my return from the Continent, and thither I shall go so soon as I shall land in England, but with what different feelings! * * * *

"I turn from the melancholy subject to tell you with gratitude of my safe arrival in this city on Wednesday evening, after a very fatiguing passage from Amsterdam. The vessel was very small, the company numerous, and the roll of the sea terrible during a portion of the voyage, so that my bones were quite sore from being beaten from side to side in my berth, which was hard as any board. You may judge what joy I experienced on reading your letter of the 5th, which was put into my hands on my arrival. How thankful I ought to be, and in some measure I trust really am, to God, that He has been graciously pleased to hear my prayer on your behalf. Your account of yourself seems to me almost too good to be true. Oh, that I may find it all realised on my return!"

Dr. Raffles makes the following entry in his diary on the 28th July, after his return home :—

"Reached home in perfect health and safety through the goodness of God, after an absence of six weeks, and a journey of about 1,600 miles. The first part of the time I spent in London, preaching at Craven Chapel three Sundays. I was Mr. Wilson's guest, but as much as my engagements in town would allow I was with my cousin, at High Wood. My last visit before embarking for the Continent, was on the 27th of June, when Sir Everard Home, and his son, Captain Home, spent the day at High Wood, and I slept there, and returned to town the next day to preach at Craven in the evening. Sir Stamford was then in the enjoyment of as good health as we had any reason to hope he would ever attain, and was busy in improving his grounds and getting in his hay. On the following Friday I called upon him at his house in Grosvenor Street, and we breakfasted together at Mr. Greenhough's, in the Regent's Park, to whom he introduced me for the purpose of seeing his extensive collections in mineralogy and geology. We returned to Grosvenor Street, where I parted with him, never in this world to meet again. I embarked on the following Wednesday for Rotterdam, and that morning, at half-past six, while I was writing my last letter to him before I left Highbury Place for the boat, he died, having been struck with apoplexy at five that same morning. I received the sad intelligence at Amsterdam, on Monday, the 10th, and sailed that night at 11 o'clock for Hamburg. I arrived there on the evening of the 12th, and was hospitably entertained at the house of Mr. Robert Gardner Jackson, of Ottensen, near Hamburg. On Sunday, the 16th, I preached at the opening of the new chapel built for the use of our brethren in that city, under the designation of the English Reformed Church. On Monday, the 17th, I went with Mr. Jackson and Mr. Shelley, of Yarmouth, and his son, to Lubeck, and thence on Tuesday to Travemunde, on the shores of the Baltic, and on Wednesday evening returned to Hamburg. On Saturday, the 22nd, I sailed for London, and landed at Gravesend on the Monday following. That night I

spent with my mother and sister, and on the following day went to High Wood, where I found dear Lady Raffles overwhelmed with grief, mourning, but not murmuring, and on Thursday, the 27th, I took the express coach at Whetstone and arrived safely at Liverpool."

Dr. Raffles addressed the following letter to Mr. Jackson, of Hamburg, on the 31st :—

"It will afford you and the many friends whose kindness I experienced, while in Hamburg, pleasure to learn that, through the good providence of God, I reached my home in perfect safety on the evening of Friday last, and found my family in excellent health—Mrs. Raffles certainly considerably better than when I left her. Yesterday I preached twice to my own people, and renewed the dedication of myself to their service in the ministry of the Gospel. May He who has, I trust, called me to this important and momentous work make me faithful unto death. * * * *

"And now, my dear Sir, I must beg you to accept for Mrs. Jackson and yourself my warmest acknowledgments for your great kindness to me during my late visit to Hamburg. We were in such a constant whirl, bustling from one place to another, while I was with you, that I really had not time to reflect sufficiently on the nature and extent of my obligations to you; but when I consider, as I have since done, how completely you sacrificed the whole of your time—the most precious article a merchant has—to me, and with what cheerfulness you made the sacrifice, I feel that I owe you a much deeper debt of gratitude than I was at first aware of. And when I think of the cordiality with which the Christian friends welcomed me, and the kindness with which my imperfect services were received by them, I cannot but look back upon the days spent amongst you with gratitude and thankfulness, and shall ever esteem them as worthy to be placed amongst the happiest of my life. My text on Sabbath morning to my own people gave me an opportunity to express to them something of the pleasure I have experienced

in my visit to you. You will find it in Acts xi. 23. May you—may all our countrymen, who profess the Christian name in your city, be enabled so to cleave to the Lord with full purpose of heart.

"I must ever feel a lively interest in your own personal and relative welfare, and in the prosperity of the little church in that foreign city, where the providence of God has cast your lot. I hope you will allow me occasionally to hear of both, and be assured, that if ever my humble instrumentality can be of any avail to the promotion of either, it will afford me the highest gratification to exert it."

At the annual missionary meetings in Liverpool, in this year, the Rev. William Ellis, the eminent missionary from the South Sea Islands, was present. Dr. Raffles thus alludes to the meetings:—

"August 16. We have this evening concluded our missionary anniversary, with the public meeting, at Great George Street Chapel. Our preachers have been Mr. James, of Birmingham, and Mr. Ellis, missionary from the Society and Sandwich Islands. Mr. Nott, who went out in the *Duff* on her first voyage, and has been in the Society Islands ever since, was also present, and spoke at the public meeting. Mr. Ellis's account of the islands of the South Sea, before and after their reception of the Gospel, was indeed most touching. Mr. James was eloquent and powerful, as usual. The meetings have altogether been delightful. My old friend, Mr. R. H. Marten, happened to be in Liverpool, and took the chair, and conducted the business in a very able manner."

The death of another cousin is recorded in his diary towards the end of the same month. Dr. Raffles says, alluding to its occurrence so speedily after the deaths to which we have recently referred, "Alas! I feel as though all my family were dying around me, and I should soon

be left alone!" For several years from his father's death he was called upon to mourn the loss of relatives in quick succession.

During the remainder of the year, his preaching engagements in Yorkshire and Lancashire were unusually numerous; and in Manchester and other places he was preaching on behalf of the Blackburn academy, whose funds required to be replenished. In addition to his ordinary duties, his time was considerably occupied by the attention he was required to give to the papers of the late Sir Stamford Raffles. In a letter to Mr. J. B. Williams, on the 30th of November, he says:—

"In alluding to a memoir of my cousin, you have touched upon a topic which gives me no small concern. Something must be done, and Lady Raffles insists upon my doing it; but I want talent, information, political and scientific knowledge, time—in fact, everything but inclination for such a work. Still something must be done, and I must very soon finally decide whether I am to do it."

Eventually Dr. Raffles abandoned the idea, and Lady Raffles undertook the task, and gave to the world an admirable memoir of her distinguished husband.

In the month of April, 1827, Dr. Raffles, on his way to London, paid a visit to Olney. He had an intense admiration for the poems of Cowper, and considered his letters to be models of composition in that class of literature. During his last illness he frequently requested that some of them might be read to him. He writes from Olney, on the 12th, to his wife:—

"I am quite full of Cowper, and can think and write of nothing

else, having just returned from exploring scenes which his genius has immortalized. I arrived here about two o'clock, and took up my quarters at the inn in the market-place, just opposite the house in which he lived for nearly twenty years. The house is one of considerable antiquity, built of red brick, and is now most gloomy and deplorable in its appearance, being inhabited only in part, and that by people who are kept close prisoners, being fearful of opening the doors lest the bailiffs should enter in—a very different state of things to that which it presented when the author of the 'The Task' was its tenant, and Lady Austin was his guest. Things being as I have stated, I find it impossible to gain admittance to the interior of the said mansion, so must content myself with gazing on the outer walls, while imagination pictures to herself the scenes once exhibited within. And O! who, that has any spark of genius or of piety, can look upon that building, ugly and disfigured and gloomy as it is, without the deepest emotion, when he reflects that, beneath its roof, a poem was conceived and executed which will be the pride and glory of our country, so long as England has a name and a place among the civilized and polished nations of the earth!

"My first business, while dinner was preparing, was to visit the bookseller of the place, whom I found to be a very intelligent, communicative young man. From him I learned a great deal respecting Cowper, and the scenes I was about to visit, though he had no recollection of the poet himself, he being but a young man, a native, however, of Olney. From him also I purchased the only remaining copy he had of the 'Rural walks of Cowper,' and—*mirabile dictu*—a button—a veritable button—a true, real identical button—from the poet's coat, for the 'small charge,' (as the hawkers about the streets say when they cry a shipwreck, or a horrid murder, or a dying speech), the small charge of one sixpence! Am not I a lucky fellow? for he has only *one* left; he had twelve at first, but has sold them all save the one which he now reserves for himself. And now I think I see you and Mrs. Crosthwaite, for I mean you to read this epistle to her, laughing at what you consider my simplicity, taking it for granted, as you women folks are very apt on such occasions to

do, that I was taken in. It is you that are taken in, if you think so. I have the whole history of the said buttons detailed with such minuteness by the bookseller, and with such evident internal evidence of authenticity, that the veriest sceptic could find no room to doubt. Perhaps you would like to hear it; but I shall not gratify your curiosity; that shall be your punishment for suspecting me of credulity. This, however, I will tell you, that so soon as it was noised abroad that the bookseller had got some of Cowper's buttons, and that they were esteemed by the curious, he was offered as many for sale as would have buttoned nearly all the coats in his Majesty's army, so wonderfully did they increase and multiply. But, O this button! how prolific a topic it has proved; it has most marvellously increased and multiplied the lines of my letter, and has almost as completely filled my sheet of paper, as once it filled its corresponding hole in its poetic possessor's coat. I little thought, when I began, to scribble nearly a whole letter about a button. Well, no matter; perhaps you have derived as much amusement, at least, from this topic as you would from any other.

"But to return to the poet. After dinner, I set off, book in hand, for Weston Underwood, a very small village, about a mile and a half from Olney. I did not take the carriage-road to it, but went, as the guide recommended, by the fields, visiting in the way 'the eminence,' and other spots alluded to and described in the poems. By this circuitous route, I reached the hall, a very old mansion, long the residence of the Throckmorton family; the walks, the shrubberies, the gardens, the groves, of which are so amply delineated in the works of Cowper. The last possessor, Sir George Throckmorton, has recently died, and the present owner, to whom the title does not descend, is suffering the house to go to decay. Indeed, it is a miserable old place, very disadvantageously situated, and not worth preserving. As Cowper, however, had spent many hours, and perhaps some of the few happy ones he was permitted to enjoy, within the walls of that now forlorn and deserted mansion, I was determined, if possible, to see the interior, and my wish was gratified, one of the female servants showing me through the principal apartments.

But they had nothing about them to recommend them, only—and that was enough to endear them to me—they had witnessed the social hours of Cowper, and the genius of the poet seemed to linger amid their silence and solitude. Leaving the house, I sought the gardener, who introduced me to the garden and the wilderness. He had been only eight years at Weston, and knew nothing of Cowper personally. I found him, however, civil and intelligent. Amongst other things, he pointed out to me a shrub —the *lignum vitæ*—which the poet had planted with his own hand more than thirty years ago. While sauntering through the grounds, the idea occurred to me that you would be gratified, as well as I, with some plant from Weston, to enrich, and, as it were, to consecrate our humble shrubbery at Edge Hill. I communicated my desire to the gardener, which he immediately proceeded to gratify, and in pursuance of which he has packed up for me three China rose plants, which I shall send by the coach, and which, as soon as they arrive, you must cause to be put into the ground. The gardener thinks he has packed them so that they will survive the journey and flourish. If so, we can furnish our friends, who are curious in such matters, with cuttings from our Weston roses. For the present, adieu. I am weary."

On the following day, Good Friday, he again wrote from the same place:—

"While breakfast is preparing, I will resume my narrative, in the progress of which I was last night so much interrupted by Cowper's button. In the garden at Weston, I saw wall fruit trees, one hundred years old, in full bearing, and at this moment covered with blossom. I was much delighted with my ramble through the wilderness, and sitting in the gothic temple renewed some of those tender and melancholy feelings which have been so often awakened in my breast by the perusal of his letters and his poetry. I know not how it is, but there is something about the genius of Cowper that clings to me more closely than anything else I have ever read. However perturbed the mood in

which I may happen to be, Cowper never fails to soothe me, and in sickness, next to the best of books, I would not be without his works. But to my narrative. Having obtained some roses from the gardens at Weston, I must transcribe for you some lines which I have written for them, and which, if they survive, must be placed on a tablet near where they are planted—

'To some Rosebushes, transplanted from Weston-under-Wood to my garden at Edge Hill, near Liverpool.

'And will ye bloom with me, so fair,
Ye roses plucked from Weston's bowers;
Can ye withstand the northern air,
Those bleak, those wintry blasts of ours?

'Then will I prize your modest hue,
Beyond whate'er the eye surveys;
Will linger oft to gaze on you,
And think of COWPER while I gaze.'

"Leaving the garden and wilderness my next object of curiosity was the 'Lodge,' the house in which the poet resided for so many years. This I easily enough found for myself, from its resemblance to the print, which you may remember I once amused myself with copying. It has a more respectable appearance in the engraving than it possesses in reality. Its aspect is rather mean than otherwise, yet it is a good house for a country village. One part of it, and that the part which contains the study and bedroom of Cowper, is at present occupied by the Catholic priest. The Throckmorton family are Catholics, and keep a priest at Weston. The chapel is in the upper part of one side of the mansion house; the other side of the house appears to be occupied by the milliner of the village, for bonnets and such things were exhibited in the window. Having contemplated the exterior of the lodge, my next anxiety was to get a peep within. But it seemed to me rather a formidable business to introduce myself to his reverence for the purpose. Still, however, I felt that it must be done, or my object in visiting Weston would be but imperfectly accomplished. Accordingly, I plucked up courage and knocked at the door, but no one came,

and the people who were standing about the place—a knot of village politicians who appeared to be settling who should be the new prime minister—told me that the priest and his housekeeper were gone to evening prayers at the Hall. I was just leaving in despair when they cried out that they saw the housekeeper coming up the village. I proceeded to meet the damsel—for indeed, she was no withered old maid, but a blooming and comely lass of twenty—and, accosting her in as polite a way as I could command, informed her that I was desirous of seeing the study of Cowper. In the kindest manner possible, she complied with my request, and showed me not his study only, but his bedroom also. I cannot describe to you my emotions on entering these rooms. On the shutter of his bedroom he wrote the two following lines, a few days before he left Weston, for Norfolk, which intimate pretty plainly (notwithstanding the statement of his biographers that it was regarded only as a temporary removal) that he had no very sanguine expectation of returning—

'Farewell, dear scenes, for ever closed to me;
Oh! for what sorrows must I now exchange ye!
'JULY 22, 1795.'

"I could have lingered in these apartments for hours, but a sense of propriety compelled me to hasten my departure, and in the dimness of approaching twilight, I enjoyed a calm and contemplative walk to Olney. There I refreshed myself with beverage from—

'The cup which cheers, but not inebriates,'

and penned the epistle to you which has left by the post of to-day. Thus ended the first day of my Weston-under-Wood pilgrimage."

He concludes his account of his visit on reaching London, and writes on the 14th:—

"I am so pleased with what I shall hereafter call my 'Weston pilgrimage,' that having despatched my second letter with a

postcript, hastily written to save a post, I sit down more at leisure to continue my narrative.

"Yesterday morning (Friday). I rose betimes. The day was most propitious. Thursday had proved very wet, and the walks were very slimy and slippery, so that I had nearly lost all relish for the pathetic and sublime in a tumble in the mud. However, as no bones were broken, and the mud which thus attached to my habiliments I considered might, when dry, be easily displaced, I suffered not my temper to be ruffled, nor my purpose to be impeded by this slight accident, but pursued my way be-spattered and be-plastered as I was. But yesterday was so fine, and a brisk wind having dried the paths, I commenced my peregrinations without the anticipation of any such calamity befalling me. I pursued the same course as the day before, passing through a few fields and gaining the eminence where Cowper was accustomed to stand and enjoy the beautiful landscape that surrounded him. The prominent objects are the spire of Olney, the village of Emberton, the rich meadows through which are traced the windings of the silver Ouse, while the woods and lawns of Weston Park constitute a most appropriate finish to the scene. The scenery of the park is very rich and lovely. It is surrounded with groves and avenues of trees which were the favourite haunts of the poet, and which he has most correctly described in his works. But I was most of all gratified by an hour's conversation with Samuel Roberts, who was, for better than nine years, Cowper's constant attendant. He went into the lace trade after he left Cowper's service, and now lives in a beautiful cottage on the property he has acquired by his industry. Both he and his wife were very chatty and communicative, and the old lady at length brought me the poet's comb, the only relic of him which they had left, except his wig and the diamond pencil which he was in the habit of using when he amused himself by glazing windows. The comb she kindly presented to me, and this, together with the button, I shall preserve as interesting memorials of the bard I so much admire."

The following are extracts from his diary while in

London. His visit at this time appears to have been undertaken very much for the purpose of examining his cousin's papers, with a view to the contemplated life :—

"April 24. I attended the council of the Zoological Society, in Bruton Street, and took my seat as a member.* The Duke of Somerset was in the chair. Having taken my seat at the board, I then announced to the Council the desire of Lady Raffles to confirm the grant of her late husband, of his collections of animals, insects, corals, &c., to the Society, under certain conditions, which I stated. The communication was received with much interest by the Society, and Lady Raffles was immediately elected a member.

"April 30. This day, at three o'clock, I witnessed the ceremony of the laying of the first stone of the University of London, by H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex. Dr. Cox, the secretary, first came forward and read the inscription upon the brass plate, which was deposited within the stone, first in Latin, and then in English. The Duke then laid the stone. The Rev. Dr. Maltby† offered up a very suitable prayer, and Dr. Lushington thanked the Duke for his attendance in a very eloquent speech, to which His Royal Highness replied with great warmth of feeling and felicity of expression. The attendance was very numerous, the day was remarkably fine, and the whole scene was most imposing. The Duke was loudly cheered. In the evening I dined at the Freemason's Tavern, with the founders and friends of the London University. Tickets were issued for five hundred. The galleries were filled with ladies. The Duke of Sussex in the chair. In the course of the evening the company was addressed by His Royal Highness repeatedly,

* He had been elected a member of the Council after the death of Sir Stamford Raffles, in order to represent the interests of his family. He subsequently resigned his seat in favour of a member of Lady Raffles's family, whose residence in London made his nomination more desirable.

† Afterwards Bishop of Chichester, and subsequently of Durham.

twice by Mr. Brougham and the Marquis of Lansdowne, also by the Dukes of Norfolk and Leinster, and several other noblemen and gentlemen.

"May 1. Dr. Horsfield kindly showed me the fine collection of insects which he had brought from Java and presented to the museum of the East India Company. He bred the principal part of them himself during his residence there, while my cousin was Governor. They are in the highest possible state of perfection, and are arranged and preserved with admirable neatness.

"May 7. Preached in the evening, at the Poultry Chapel, the sermon to the Juvenile Missionary Societies."

Dr. Raffles returned home on the 11th of May. In the month of June the circle of his immediate relatives was again invaded by death—his brother-in-law, Mr. Winter Hargreaves, dying on the 14th. Dr. Raffles says in his diary:—"We have great cause to lament his loss, for he was a kind brother to us, and a most affectionate uncle to our children."

Dr. Raffles was very much gratified, about this time, by the present of a handsome cabinet, intended to receive his collection of insects and other curiosities, from the young people of his congregation. In acknowledging the letter of Mr. Hurry which accompanied it, he says:—

"I have this day received a most beautiful cabinet, which I am informed, by your note accompanying it, is presented to me 'by several of the young friends who attend my ministry, as a token of their affection and esteem.' Allow me to request, that you will have the goodness to communicate to them my warmest thanks for this expression of their regard. I cannot but be deeply sensible of their kindness, and shall preserve this demonstration of it in my family with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and pleasure. The gift itself is splendid; more than this, to

me it will prove exceedingly useful; but most of all, I shall prize it as affording to me some ground of hope, that my efforts to promote the best and highest interests of the young people committed to my pastoral charge have not been altogether in vain; for I would fain esteem this gift as an expression of their regard more to the truth preached than to the person of the preacher, though I cannot but rejoice in the assurance which they have thus given me that I live in their affection. Let me live also in their prayers. I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of urging upon them again, as I have often done, the supreme and paramount importance of eternal things. I have no greater joy than that they walk in the truth. This is the evidence of usefulness that I most ardently desire; this is the reward of my labours which I am most ambitious to possess. Oh! that they may each one thus fulfil my joy, and be my crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus."

About the middle of July, Dr. Raffles left home for a short excursion into North Wales, for the benefit of Mrs. Raffles's health, which, at no time good, had been considerably tried by her close attendance on her brother during his last illness. The editor, then very young, accompanied the party, whose journey began most inauspiciously by a long and stormy passage of more than twelve hours from Liverpool to Bangor Ferry. Dr. Raffles kept a full diary during his tour through some of the wildest districts of North Wales; now, however, so familiar to everyone that to transcribe his account might be tedious. He generally travelled leisurely on his Welsh excursions, that he might more fully enjoy scenery to which he was so partial; and so repeatedly did he visit it that he got to know every mile of the country, and was himself well known, and always welcomed everywhere. Frequently, within half-an-hour of his arrival in one of

the towns or populous villages, a "deputation" would appear at the inn to ask him to preach; so that he was compelled, if he would avoid the preaching, as he was anxious to do when he went out for recreation, to arrange his plans beforehand, so as to spend his Sundays in places where he would be most likely to escape from the penalty of popularity. Upon this excursion, he seems to have paid his first visit to Mr. Davies of Vronheulog, under whose hospitable roof, in subsequent years, Dr. Raffles and other members of his family frequently spent very many happy weeks, in the midst of scenery scarcely surpassed in beauty by any of which North Wales can boast.

The following letter to Mrs. Raffles, dated "York, Oct. 11th," does not seem to indicate any relaxation in the arduous nature of his preaching engagements from home; and those were not the days when railways existed to make travelling easy:—

"Till this moment I have not been able to secure leisure for writing to you, so completely have I been occupied in travelling and preaching since I left Liverpool. My journey to Hull was most fatiguing. When I arrived in Leeds, on Monday night, at eight o'clock, the coach had gone to York an hour previously. I was obliged, therefore, to remain in Leeds till half-past three in the morning of Tuesday, when I proceeded to York, where I breakfasted with Mr. Parsons, and then went on to Hull, where I arrived at noon. I do not know that I was ever more exhausted with a journey than I was with this. I went immediately to bed, and slept till three o'clock. At seven, I preached in the large Methodist chapel. The night was most unfavourable, the rain coming down literally in torrents; nevertheless, there were many people out. Yesterday

morning I preached on board the floating chapel, and after dinner came by mail to York. I have preached here this morning, and am just going to the pulpit again this evening. To-morrow I go to Castle Howard, if the day is favourable, and on Saturday proceed to Rochdale for the work of the Sabbath. On Monday I hope to be at home. I am working in a glorious cause, and have my reward in my work; but, though not weary *of* it, I am beginning to feel somewhat weary *in* it. To-day I rose with a very violent headache; I am somewhat better, but not well. May God keep you all."

Chapter XIII.

1828 1829.

AMERICAN VISITORS—REV. DR. SPRAGUE—SECOND VISIT TO HAMBURG —COPENHAGEN — ELSINORE — RAMLOSA IN SWEDEN — RETURNS TO LONDON—HIGH WOOD—MR. WILBERFORCE—PREACHING ENGAGEMENTS, NOTTINGHAM, ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH, &c.—SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, AND GEORGE WHITFIELD — COUNTY UNION — BLACKBURN ACADEMY—TOUR THROUGH THE LAKE DISTRICT—YORK—LETTERS TO MR. PARSONS—REV. JOHN KELLY—MRS. HEMANS—SKETCH OF DR. RAFFLES BY DR. BELL.

IT has been already mentioned that Dr. Raffles was well known in the United States of America, chiefly by the "Life of Spencer" and his other publications. He was constantly visited by Americans on their way to or from Europe. Many agreeable acquaintances, some of which ripened into friendship, were thus formed; for few came to Liverpool without finding their way, on the first Sunday after their arrival, to the chapel, and subsequently to the vestry in Great George Street. In the early part of this year, the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, U.S., arrived with a letter of introduction from the Rev. Dr. Spring, of New York. Dr. Raffles and Dr. Sprague had already corresponded, while unknown to each other except by reputation. They now became personally acquainted,

and the friendship which was thus formed continued unabated to the last. In addition to the ordinary grounds for mutual esteem, on which friendship is for the most part based, there was a strong bond of sympathy in an antiquarian taste which was common to both. Dr. Sprague was a great collector of autographs, and an interchange of MSS. was continually taking place, by which each enriched the other's collection. It was very much owing to the kindness of Dr. Sprague, aided by another friend, Mr. Teft of Savannah, that Dr. Raffles was enabled to add to his collection a volume, unique in this country,* of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, of every one of whom it contained an autograph letter or other document.

Highly as Dr. Raffles esteemed many of his American friends, he regarded Dr. Sprague with peculiar affection, and ever spoke of him as one of his dearest friends. With truly reciprocal feelings, Dr. Sprague writes to the editor :—

"Your dear and venerated father's death I have felt as a deep personal affliction. I have, for many years, not only loved him as a friend, but regarded him as one of the noblest types of humanity within my knowledge. His autographical treasures, which he has left to you, are, certainly, a rich legacy, but a much richer one is his admirable character and his eminently useful and honoured life."

In the summer of this year Dr. Raffles repeated his visit to Hamburg in order to preach the anniversary sermons at the chapel which he had opened two years

* Dr. Sprague and Mr. Teft have also a complete series. That of Dr. Raffles, now in the editor's possession, makes the third.

previously. He sailed from Hull and arrived in Hamburg on the 1st of July. On the 2nd he writes to his wife :—

"You will rejoice to learn that, through the tender mercy of our God, I reached this place, in perfect health and safety, yesterday afternoon, at four o'clock, after a much more pleasant passage than I anticipated. When I wrote to you from Hull, I mentioned that the wind was easterly, and so it continued during the whole of our voyage, till we got nearly to Hamburg. * * * The evening of Monday was the most delightful I ever experienced at sea—the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon the most lovely I ever witnessed. I longed to have you with me. There was such a deep serenity; the sea was like glass, and the air perfume; you would have been enraptured with the scene. We saw the light of Heligoland about half-past nine o'clock, and at five in the morning we were off Cuxhaven. * * * * I have been most hospitably received by my former host, Mr. R. G. Jackson. He has a house very pleasantly situated, about ten minutes' walk from the gate of the city, where I shall remain during my stay. The weather is intensely hot, not a breath of air stirring.

"Friday, 4th. I preached last night, and am announced, in the Hamburg papers, to preach the anniversary sermons on Sunday. I shall then, also, administer the sacrament to the Church. * * * * Next week is pretty well laid out in visits to the people, and on Monday se'nnight I shall leave this for Copenhagen, in which city I expect to spend a few days."

On the 9th he again writes from Hamburg :—

"I preached twice on Sunday. In the morning the congregation was good; in the evening, but thin. I am sorry to say that many of our countrymen here throw off all the form of religion which they may have observed at home, and, generally speaking, go nowhere. This is a city wholly devoted to business and pleasure. You may imagine, perhaps, that I have nothing to do here, and that I must, of course, have plenty of time upon

my hands. In this, however, you are, I assure you, very much mistaken. I am wholly occupied from morning till night, and am seldom in bed till after midnight; there are so many things to be seen, and so many people to be visited, for the friends are extremely hospitable, and, in order to gratify all, I am compelled to divide the day, breakfasting with one, dining with another, and taking tea and spending the evening with a third. Monday morning I spent, chiefly, in paying friendly visits to members of the Church and congregation, pretty much as I am occupied every day at home. In the afternoon I dined with Mr. Beckett, Mr. Jackson's partner, and one of the deacons of the Church; and in the evening I attended and spoke at the prayer-meeting. * * * * On Tuesday evening I sat down to a most splendid dinner, given by Mr. John Jackson to a select party of the grandees of Hamburg. There were present the Baron Binder, the Austrian Ambassador, Sir Daniel Bailey, Consul-General at St. Petersburg, Mr. Canning, His Britannic Majesty's Consul-General at Hamburg, &c., &c. The dinner was altogether in the German fashion, and the wines were most choice and exquisite. There were twenty-one dishes in succession. We were two hours and a half at dinner. Mr. Canning, our Consul, was very polite to me, and inquired, with a good deal of apparent kindness, about my movements, and, at his own instance, has sent me a passport for Denmark and Sweden, both which countries I hope to visit in the course of next week. On Tuesday morning, when you receive this, I hope to be on board the steamboat, on my way from Lubeck to Copenhagen. On Wednesday I dined with Mr. O'Neill, an Irishman, who is here as a missionary to the Jews. I do not think he is very successful. He has a school of seven Jewish children, whom he teaches in his house, and this appears to be all that he can accomplish in connexion with his mission. I preached in the evening. * * * * I anticipate a very pleasant trip to Copenhagen. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson are both to accompany me, and we are to travel in Mr. John Jackson's carriage. I am furnished with excellent letters of introduction, and hope to meet some good people in that city."

His next letter is dated "At sea, in the Baltic, on board the *Princess Wilhelmina* steam packet, off Wismar." He says :—

"I sit down to address you in the prospect of having the letter taken on shore by some gentlemen who are leaving the steam-packet at Doberan, a bathing-place in Mecklenburg, who will put it in the post, by which means you will not be, as I feared you would, a fortnight without a letter from me. I am happy to tell you that I continue in excellent health, but am terribly bitten by the flies that abound in these parts, and as brown as an Asiatic from the heat of the sun. We had a very pleasant but tedious drive to Lubeck, through Möllen and Ratzeburg: the children must get the map and trace out my route. The country is beautiful enough, but the roads most execrable; they are unworthy the name of roads, being, in many instances, mere tracks across extensive heaths, and paths through forests, pretty much as nature has left them. Though we had three horses to the carriage, we were from six A.M. till nine P.M. before we reached Lubeck, a distance of about forty-eight English miles. Such travelling, you may suppose, is very fatiguing. We embarked this morning at seven o'clock, and are already so far on our way to Copenhagen. The weather is remarkably fine, and we have every prospect of a good voyage. We expect to reach Copenhagen to-morrow, at noon. Our intention is to remain in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen till Tuesday, when we shall return by the steamboat to Kiel, and proceed by a different route through the finest part of Holstein to Hamburg. During our stay in the North of Europe, we purpose visiting Elsinore, and crossing the Sound to Helsingborg, in Sweden, just to get a peep of that country. * * * * I promise myself much pleasure in this tour. We are certainly highly favoured in having the weather so fine. The sail down the Trave, this morning, has been delightful, and now the coast of Mecklenburg lies before us in lengthened outline, with woods, and villages, and spires of churches, that seem, in some places, to grow out of the water, and, in others, owing to the looming

of the sea, to hang in the air. I fear you will scarcely be able to make out this scrawl, but a steamboat is no very favourable place for writing. I was reluctant, however, to miss the opportunity."

The next letter is dated, "Hotel d' Angleterre, Copenhagen, July 17th :"—

"Through the goodness of God we arrived in perfect safety in this city yesterday, at twelve o'clock, making our passage from Lubeck in twenty-nine hours. My last was written off Doberan. The Grand Duke has built a very pretty bathing-house, hotel, &c., on the shore, which, being perfectly white, look remarkably well contrasted with the dark woods which rise behind and stretch along the coast for many miles. The town of Doberan itself cannot be seen, being two or three miles inland, but the towers and spires of the churches of Rostock, a considerable town, present a very imposing appearance far off at sea. Having put on shore some passengers at Heiligendam—for that is the name of the bathing-place—and having taken in a German prince, travelling incognito, and a baron, his attendant, we stood right across this part of the Baltic Sea, and about three A.M. yesterday made the island of Meilen. It presents a fine aspect on the side next the Baltic, with its white cliffs, or rather masses of cliff, rising to the height of four or five hundred feet above the sea. After some hours we came in sight of the mainland of Zealand, on the left, and then the coast of Sweden, on the right, and finally the towers and city of Copenhagen, with the fine woods that stretch beyond it. We had scarcely any trouble at the Custom-house, and in a few minutes after setting our feet on shore we were snugly seated in a carriage on our way to this hotel, which is situated in one of the largest squares in Copenhagen, and in the very centre of everything. The first impression is very pleasing.

"About five o'clock yesterday we took a carriage and proceeded to Frederiksberg, about one English mile from the city. It is a palace and garden of the King, where he and his family reside

chiefly in the summer. The Royal Family are there now, and on two days in the week go out in boats on the water, which, not much broader than an ordinary canal, meanders through the garden. In this way they are very well seen by the people, without being incommoded by the crowd. The sky was rather lowering, and we feared they would not come; the heavens brightened, however, and at length majesty and royalty appeared. The King was accompanied by his two daughters, the Princesses Charlotte and Wilhelmina, the Crown Prince, his nephew, and Prince Ferdinand. The princesses are amiable-looking women, and the youngest has a very pleasing countenance. She is to be married to her cousin, a son of the Crown Prince, and nephew to the King, and is destined, therefore, to share with him the throne of Denmark. The King has a very singular physiognomy; his visage is long, thin, and pale, rather sickly, with white hair and eyebrows; his expression is kind, but somewhat melancholy. They say he is very much beloved by his subjects, but though they bowed respectfully to him as they passed, there was no boisterous expression of loyalty on their part, nor any very courteous or warm emotions expressed on his. All the notice he took of the people's uncovering was a slight inclination of the head, here and there, which seemed to say, 'I am glad to see you all looking well and happy,' and had more of the kind notice of a father in it than the proud condescension of a monarch. He seemed a man—and he is, I understand, what he seems—remote from everything like pride. He steered his own boat, which contained the Royal Family, and was rowed by only two men, two other boats following with his attendants, and one boat preceded and the other brought up the rear, each having a band of music. The gentlemen were all dressed in uniform, and the boats being neatly painted and the rowers dressed in white, the whole party had a most pleasing appearance as they glided along, and were occasionally seen, and again concealed from view, amidst the foliage of the garden. Altogether I could not but regard it as an interesting sight to see an absolute monarch, divested, as it were, of all regal pomp, enjoying his recreation with his family and Court, and in the

bosom of his people. I wonder when King George the Fourth will go a-rowing in that fashion on the Serpentine river!

"The palace of Frederiksberg is rather a mean edifice, though large. It is mere brick and plaster, with common whitewash, and has more the air of an orphan school, or some such building, than a palace. Nevertheless, it stands on an elevated terrace, and is kept perfectly white, and presents a bold front. It looks very well seen from a little distance, rising above the green masses of foliage that compose the gardens; seen at the opposite extremity of the principal avenue, it has rather an imposing appearance. From the gardens we proceeded to a very different scene, and one still more interesting, I mean the church-yards, or rather gardens, for they are truly such. They are all outside the city, each church having its own, and the whole comprehending many acres. There, families have their distinct burial-places, which they plant with flowers and shrubs, and adorn with such monuments and tablets as they please. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these receptacles of the dead, and even those portions allotted to the poor are kept with a neatness highly honourable to the people. We saw a poor woman renewing the flowers which had decayed on the grave of her child, whom she had buried two years ago. In some of the family burying-places, there are seats like garden chairs, where surviving relatives may sit, and while they enjoy the fragrance of the flowers they have planted on the graves of the departed, may cherish the still sweeter fragrance of the virtues by which they were adorned."

To Mrs. Crosthwaite, an old and very dear friend, he writes on the 18th from Helsingborg, in Sweden:—

"You know I am fond of rambling, and the date of this epistle will assure you that I have the propensity as strong as ever. I verily believe that, if there was a mode of safe conveyance to the moon, and a sense of duty did not forbid, I should be among the first to embrace it, and then you may be certain that, to all your other curious documents, you might add *a letter from a man in the moon!* and that, I am persuaded, would be a far

more *luminous* production than this is likely to prove, for I am rendered quite sleepy and stupid by fatigue and want of rest, having gone over a great deal of ground, and seen a vast many sights, and lost a considerable quantity of rest, within the last five days.

"The journey from Copenhagen to Elsinore, by Frederiksberg and Fredensborg, has been most delightful. Nothing can exceed the sylvan beauty of the country. The neat white cottages, with their thatched roofs, reminded me continually of England. The forests, chiefly of beech-trees, are most majestic; while here and there lakes of considerable extent spread their blue waters amidst the foliage, to give the crowning feature of loveliness to the scene.*

"At Frederiksberg and Fredensborg, are palaces of the king of Denmark—the former truly magnificent. It was built by our Inigo Jones, and may, perhaps, be regarded as one of the finest

* In another letter he says:—"One of these lakes, called Esrom, is singularly beautiful. It is, perhaps, two miles in length and one in breadth, and it lay like a mirror glittering in the sunbeams, and embosomed amidst dark masses of the richest and most majestic foliage. With the sight of that beautiful lake my poetic feelings awoke, and I send you the result, written in the carriage as we passed along:—

"Sweet Esrom lake, adieu!
I fain would linger near
Thy wooded banks and waters blue,
And skies serene and clear;
Thy lovely bosom bright
With glittering sunbeams now,
And lovely when the moon's pale light
Falls on thy breast of snow.

"Sweet Esrom lake, adieu!
I must not linger near
Thy wooded banks and waters blue,
And skies serene and clear;
Yet 'mid life's troubled sea,
That clouds and storms molest,
Thy cherished image long shall be
An Eden in my breast."

specimens of his art. The chapel, chiefly of marble, in which the kings are crowned, and the hall of the knights, are rooms that will bear comparison with the most celebrated in Europe. But the château is deserted, and with its grass-grown courts, its silent halls, and lonely woods, has a forlorn and melancholy appearance. The king, it is said, hates it; nor can we wonder at his antipathy, for when he was a boy, an attempt was made by two traitors, who afterwards suffered death for their treason, to drown him in the moat that surrounds the building. The palace of Fredensborg has more the air of a private gentleman's country seat than the residence of a monarch. It has but little to interest the traveller, except a few good pictures, and the entrance-hall, which is a noble room, and which, I believe, is also called the hall of the knights.

"Approaching Elsinore, the views of the Sound are remarkably fine, with the coast of Sweden stretching north and south, as far as the eye can reach. On the south is the Baltic, and on the north the Cattegat. An immense number of vessels were riding at anchor, belonging to almost all nations, which not a little enhanced the life and interest of the scene; while the castle of Kronberg, and the gardens of Hamlet, to the north of Elsinore, and close to the town, rendered it classic ground. The ideas with which such objects are associated, and the recollections they awaken, are most powerful and impressive, and you will believe me when I say that I felt them in their full force."

On the same day he writes to Mrs. Raffles:—

"Weary though I am with a most fatiguing day, I cannot resist the impulse which I feel to abridge myself of the few hours' rest allowed me, to tell you of my safe arrival here, and to address you for once on Swedish ground. It is the first, and probably will be the last time I shall have the opportunity of doing so. * * * * I shall take up the thread of my narrative where my last letter terminated. It left me reposing comfortably in the Hotel d'Angleterre, Copenhagen. Yesterday

we commenced our operations early, and began by a visit to the Museum of Northern Antiquities. This collection was begun not many years ago, with a view to concentrate and preserve the various vestiges of former days discovered in the northern isles, Norway, &c. It commenced with only three articles, and now amounts to several thousands, and is certainly, upon the whole, the most interesting museum I have seen. It is kept on one of the floors near the summit of what is called the Round Tower. It is the tower of a church, a circular edifice, of such diameter that you ascend with perfect ease upon an inclined plane, winding round the centre so gently, that I believe Peter could drive our carriage and horses to the top and down again. There is a legend that Christian IV., who built the tower, ordered his coachman to drive him up to the top; this he told his Majesty he could do, but he could not drive him down again; the King would be obeyed, and when, having reached the top, he refused to drive down, the enraged monarch cut his head off. On the top of the tower is an observatory, furnished with astronomical instruments. In the centre of the room is a bust of Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer of Denmark. * * * *

"From the museum we proceeded to view the interior of the palace of Rosenberg, in the gardens of which we had walked the night before. This is an ancient palace of the kings of Denmark, built by our countryman, Inigo Jones, for Christian IV., who appears to have been one of the best kings Denmark ever had. He fought her battles, adorned her with palaces, and, blessed her with various institutions, and, in an age of comparative barbarism, dignified her with the arts of civilized life. In this palace he lived and died, and no other monarch has made it his residence. He always slept in a hammock swung from the ceiling, and the hooks are still shown on which it hung in the room in which he expired. The date of the palace is 1604. In the king's bed-chamber is a picture of Jesus Christ, as he appeared to the king in a dream on the morning of the 8th of December, 1625. The palace has much in it that is curious, and many precious relics which have been left by different kings, comprising many cabinets."

To Mr. Rankin he writes a more detailed description of what he saw on Swedish territory. He says :—

"Slept at Helsingborg, a town in Sweden, and on the following morning proceeded to a place called Ramlosa, celebrated for its mineral springs. It is the Cheltenham of Sweden. It was full of people—the Queen of Sweden being there at that time, and the King was expected daily. But it is a miserable place, consisting of one decent house, and a few small huts—for I can really call them nothing else—all built of wood and painted red. I should think that a good gale of wind would blow down the whole concern. Yet there are the King and Queen, and the chief nobles of the land, together with the poor, the halt, and the maimed, presenting to the eye of a stranger an interesting specimen of the manners, the costume, and the equipage of the different ranks of the people. The latter would have amused you not a little. I saw a nobleman, with an order on his breast, get into a thing, swung between four wheels, literally no better than a good English wheelbarrow, lined with a pepper and salt-coloured cloth. Our conveyance, which was quite first-rate in its quality, was what is called a *stuhl-waagen*, that is, a small waggon without springs, with seats swung across it. You may judge what a beatific vehicle such an one must prove on rough roads and ill-paved streets. The roads in Sweden, however, are much better than those in Denmark.

"I am beginning to long for my return. Nothing like home! No land like Britain! All I see of other places, and other countries, only impresses me more deeply with this conviction. As for real religion, you can scarcely find it; and where it is, it is only insulted and despised. British Sabbaths and British ordinances are unknown in these lands. Yet they are called Christian, and I, perhaps, shall be deemed uncharitable in what I say respecting them."

His next letter is dated on board the *Caledonia*, off the island of Laaland, in the Baltic, July 23rd, then on his return to Hamburg. He says :—

"O! the pleasures, or rather O! the horrors, of a steamboat, when the vessel is small, the engine powerless, the wind right a-head, the weather squally, the company all German and Danish, smoking enormous pipes, and creating a perfect babel by their loud and incessant talk! Such are my reflections arising out of the state of things as they at present are with me. Here we have been at anchor all day, and are likely to be all night, having put in by stress of weather, our engine being insufficient to carry us against a strong south-westerly wind across the belt to Kiel. We left Copenhagen at 6.15 A.M. yesterday, and ought to have been at Kiel by 8 this morning, but it is impossible to say when we shall get there, for nothing is more uncertain than the wind, and till that alters we must stay where we are, and be thankful that we have such a refuge from the tempest, for this is the only haven into which we could run between this and the place of our destination. To add to our afflictions our provisions ran short, but by despatching a boat to a town about five or six miles distant, we have happily got our stores replenished, and so far we are well off; but I dread to pass another night in the narrow, close cabin of this miserable boat. I trust, however, it will be only another. It has been a very comfortless day, with continued squalls of wind and rain, and one so tremendous that the captain quaked for his anchor. However, it remained fast and all is safe, but it is impossible to keep the deck continually; the rain drives one every now and then below, and when crowded with people our cabin resembles the black hole of Calcutta, and is truly a hideous place. * * * *

"July 24. The wind in some measure having abated, we got under weigh again this morning, at five o'clock, and have now the mainland of Holstein in sight, so that we hope to arrive at Kiel about 4 P.M. * * * * I long to be with you once more. My own dear home, dear wife, dear children, dear friends, dear church, dear people! O! absence makes all doubly, trebly dear! It is a cheering consideration that every stroke of the paddle brings me nearer to them all."

Dr. Raffles arrived in London, after a very tedious

passage, on the 5th of August, and on the 8th writes home from High Wood, where he stayed a few days with Lady Raffles :—

"Like a schoolboy, I begin now to count the days and almost the hours that are to elapse before I shall see you all again. I feel this to have been a long, long absence. But upon the whole I have no reason to regret it. I have seen much to gratify me, and in some degree have enlarged my knowledge of the world, and I hope I have done some little good. * * * * I had a very great treat yesterday; Lady Raffles and I dined with Mr. Wilberforce.* I was astonished to see how vigorous his mind still is. He was most entertaining and most instructive; his sentiments so correct, and his conversation altogether so highly interesting. I wished I could write shorthand, and had an opportunity of taking down all he said. There is, moreover, such a tone of deep piety characterising his conversation. He is altogether a most extraordinary man."

Dr. Raffles left London on the 12th, taking his mother with him on a visit to Liverpool, and arrived at home on the 14th, recording it in his diary, "through the goodness of God in perfect safety after a journey by land and water of nearly two thousand miles."

He had passed but a few days at home ere he was called away to fulfil various preaching engagements, and his diary to the end of the year is an almost continuous record of such services, though he generally arranged so as to be at home on the Sundays. He writes on the 15th of October from Nottingham :—

"I reached this place yesterday, about two o'clock. I was exceedingly fatigued with my journey to Chesterfield on Monday. I think I never will undertake so long a journey on a Monday

* Mr. Wilberforce occupied the adjoining house on High Wood Hill.

again; after the fatigues of the Sabbath, it is too much to rise at three o'clock and travel eighty miles and preach the same evening. However, I am in good health and spirits, and about to preach my second sermon here this evening. Yesterday was a delightful day, and I am pleasing myself with the thought that you are enjoying the fineness of the weather at Seacombe; to-day it is rather dull and cold, nevertheless, I have been at Clifton Grove, rendered classic ground by the pen of Henry Kirke White. The day was unfavourable, and therefore I ought not, perhaps, to say that it did not equal my expectations. I am glad, however, that I have seen it, as every spot is interesting which his muse has consecrated.

"Ashby-de-la-Zouch, 16th. I preached to an immense congregation last night, at Nottingham, and slept at Mr. Gilbert's. Mr. Rawson, a fine young man, and but recently married, has broken a blood-vessel, and with his wife and mother, and father and sister, set out yesterday for Devonshire, to pass the winter. Mrs. Rawson sent me her album, and begged me to insert something appropriate. As I dressed in the morning, I composed the following lines, which I sent her just before they set out:—

'THE CUP WHICH MY FATHER HATH GIVEN ME, SHALL I NOT DRINK IT?'

"The cup which my Father hath given,
I'll take it and drink it with joy;
The portion was mingled in heaven—
No mixture of human alloy.

"To the taste it may bitter appear,
And nature may shudder and start,
But precious ingredients are there
To soothe and to soften the heart.

"Yes—sadness, and sorrow, and pain,
Disappointment, vexation, and woe;
In these are my safety, my gain,
And pleasures the world can't bestow.

"Then why should I murmur and shrink,
Or gaze on the portion with dread?
I'll take it, my Father, and drink,
And smile through the tears that I shed.

"I arrived here this evening, a distance of twenty-three miles, just in time to go to the pulpit. I must confess, I do feel a little fatigue, but I am about to preach again this evening, and to morrow I go to Melbourne to preach. This is on many accounts an interesting place. Here are very fine baths and a splendid hotel. The waters are useful for rheumatic and scrofulous complaints. Here are the ruins of a great castle, the ancient seat of the Earls of Huntingdon, and here, in the church, Selina, the pious Countess of Huntingdon, lies buried. She resided for a time in an old and mean-looking house near the castle, and the celebrated George Whitefield lived next door to her. He was her chaplain, and used to preach to immense crowds on the green before her door, the Countess sitting at the window to hear. They were both much persecuted by the brutal people, and at length driven by ill-usage out of the place. Here, too, was held in olden time, the famous 'passage of arms,' or tournament, which Walter Scott celebrates in his novel of 'Ivanhoe,' so that on many grounds this place has claims to notice. * * * * I feel that I am making some sacrifice in leaving you all so much, but I trust that it is to good."

Writing a few days later from another place, he says:—

"There are two Independent Chapels here. I am going to preach to-morrow at both, but I am sorry to find a spirit between them that is not good, the people for whom I am to preach the collection sermons fearing lest my preaching at the other place in the afternoon may injure their collections. I regret this, and it has made me feel very uncomfortable in the anticipation of the services. But I am persuaded I have done right. My object is harmony, not division—souls, not money. Alas! what a world—and what a church too—is this!"

His last public services from home during this year were on behalf of the Lancashire Congregational Union,

the Society he so much loved, and which had become so involved in debt that it became necessary to make a special appeal, and Dr. Raffles was requested to go through certain parts of the county to preach and collect in aid of its funds. He accordingly went upon a preaching tour which, in the month of December, could not have been very agreeable. He was, however, tolerably successful, and writes on the 18th, after detailing what he had done, "I am in good health, but this is a dismal season of the year for such a journey and in such a county as this; but there was a necessity, and I must take the rough with the smooth."

The year 1829 presents few incidents calling for any lengthened detail in this biography. The affairs of the Blackburn Academy, the prospects of which were about this time very discouraging, engaged the especial attention of Dr. Raffles. The Rev. Mr. Payne,* one of the tutors, sent in his resignation in January, in consequence of the state of the institution, and it would seem that the Rev. Mr. M'All, of Manchester, was requested to take Mr. Payne's place, but Mr. M'All did not feel himself at liberty to undertake the duties. Even at this time, the idea of removing the Academy from Blackburn to Manchester had been suggested, but the small endowment which was attached to it on the condition that it was maintained at Blackburn was an obstacle, and the suggestion, which was undoubtedly wise, was not acted upon until ten years later. In the meantime, every effort was made to induce a more prosperous state of things,

* The late Rev. George Payne, LL.D., Western College, Plymouth.

and before the close of the year Mr. George Hadfield, of Manchester, at the urgent request of the friends of the institution, became its treasurer, and along with Dr. Raffles, Mr. M'All, Mr. Thomas Blackburn, of Liverpool, and other gentlemen, worked energetically and with considerable success to restore its tottering fortunes. By their united efforts the number of students was increased, and many able and devoted men were educated for the work of the ministry.

In the summer of the year, Dr. Raffles, accompanied by his wife and daughter, made the tour of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The scenery of this beautiful part of England is now so well-known, and has been so often described, that it does not seem desirable to detain the reader by extracts from Dr. Raffles's note-book, which is full of enthusiastic descriptions of the scenery, the insertion of which would extend this volume beyond due limits. On this journey, as on many occasions when from home, he combined duty with pleasure, generally preaching on the Sundays, for his friends were only too glad to suit his convenience, and have their charity sermons or anniversary services at those times when they were most likely to receive the benefit of his assistance.

Dr. Raffles also paid his annual visit to York during this year. A letter to his friend, Mr. Parsons, in reference to the engagement is characteristic. He says:—

"I suppose I must visit York on the occasion of the anniversary. There are some reasons why I 'rather would,' as they say, and some reasons why 'I rather wouldn't.' First, 'I rather wouldn't,' to begin with the last, which you will say, and

say truly, is beginning at the wrong end, because I got so abused by certain newspaper editors for sermons I preached at said anniversary last year. * * * * In short, I thought I should never have heard the last of it, and really for a man of peace like me to be so assailed is by no means a comfortable thing, and if my coming to York in October is to expose me to another such attack, why then, as I said above, 'I rather wouldn't.' The worst of it is, these people always tell *some* truth with a vast deal that is quite the contrary; but you can't interfere to set things right without being lugged into a controversy, neck and heels, by which you may in vain expect to reap any laurels worth wearing. Yet I suppose I must come to York, or they will say I am frightened and fairly driven off the field, and this will never do. I had rather it was the 8th, I have marked it so in my book. We certainly depend upon your reverence for our next missionary meetings, and cannot do without you."

Unfortunately, shortly after this letter was written, the health of Mr. Parsons broke down, and Dr. Raffles had to write to him in a very different strain. He says, in a letter dated "Kendal, June 22nd":—

"I have just received your letter of the 19th instant, in a parcel from Liverpool. I do indeed sympathise with you and Mrs. Parsons and your friends at York, in the trying circumstances in which you are placed. It is, however, no more than I expected. You are not a giant, but you have worked as though you had been one. I hope that this admonition has come in time, and that, ere it is too late, you will learn the necessity of curtailing your labours, and that thus your valuable life may be long spared to the Church of God. We must, of course, release you from your engagement with us, though your absence, and the cause of it, will be deeply felt and sincerely lamented. I am no flatterer, but you know the love I bear you, and will believe me when I say that my best wishes and most fervent

prayers will continually ascend to God on your behalf, that you may be speedily restored to perfect health and strength, and that your life and labours may be continued to a distant old age to adorn the Christian Church and eminently benefit mankind. Don't begin to preach again too soon. Be cautious and prudent now, and you may be enabled to work the longer and the harder by-and-by."

Dr. Raffles visited Yorkshire in October, and preached twice at York on the 8th. He says in his diary: "Mr. Parsons was at the service in the morning, and dined with us, but he was in a very weak state. We earnestly recommended his going for the winter to the south of France." Mr. Parsons yielded to the advice of his friends, and Dr. Raffles writes again to him on the 3rd of November:—

"I am glad to find that you have come to the determination to leave York for the winter and seek a milder climate. May the presence and blessing of God whom you serve in the Gospel of His Son go with you and give you a prosperous journey, in that sense and to that extent to which thousands wish and fervently pray it may be rendered beneficial. You are not the exclusive property, if I may so speak, of the church at York, though they have a special interest in you, and you in them, but you are the common property, to a certain extent, of the Christian Church, and we all have an interest in you, and you, I believe, in us. For all our sakes, then, as well as for your own, and for the sake of that cause which you have been enabled so efficiently to serve, and which I know is dearer to you than life itself, do your utmost to prolong that life, and when—as I trust with the return of the spring you will—you shall return to the people of your charge with your youth renewed for many, many years of usefulness and comfort, be more sparing in your extra labours, and as God has now blessed you with a wife to be a

helpmeet for you, listen to all the suggestions of her prudence on this important subject. Let me not offend by the freedom which I use, nothing is further from my purpose than to do so. You, I know, will attribute all I say to its right motive."

In the course of this year, the Rev. John Kelly became the minister at Bethesda chapel, Liverpool, in succession to the Rev. P. S. Charrier. As an Independent minister placed in a sphere of labour so important, it was a matter of no small consequence to Dr. Raffles that he should find, in Mr. Charrier's successor, a man with whom he could cordially co-operate in matters of common interest to Nonconformists. Dr. Raffles received Mr. Kelly with his accustomed courtesy and kindness, and they soon learned to regard each other with sincere esteem. Though in many points of character dissimilar, each thoroughly respected and appreciated the other, and down to the latest period of Dr. Raffles's life they worked together most harmoniously and efficiently in all that related to the religious body of which they were leading members. The faithful and beautiful sketch which Mr. Kelly has drawn of the character of his friend in his published funeral sermon for Dr. Raffles does ample justice to his memory.* Dr. Raffles, on his part, ever spoke in the strongest terms of Mr. Kelly's great ability, sound judgment, and fine sense of honour; and the editor cannot refrain from placing on record in these memoirs the expression of an opinion which he knows to have been

* "The Ultimate Object of the Believer's Desire." A Sermon occasioned by the death of the Rev. Dr. Raffles, by John Kelly, Liverpool. Snow: London, 1863.

cordially entertained. During their intercourse with each other, many difficult and delicate questions affecting the interests of the Congregational body frequently arose and demanded the most serious consideration, and while the genial manner, the singular tact, and the excellent habits of business which characterised Dr. Raffles were invaluable in removing a difficulty or in arranging a difference, Dr. Raffles often had occasion to acknowledge the valuable services which Mr. Kelly rendered, by the soundness of his judgment and by the sagacity of his counsel.

About this period Dr. Raffles had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mrs. Hemans, then residing at Wavertree, whose poetry he highly esteemed. She presented him with the original MS. of "The Coronation of Tasso," and a volume of her poems; in acknowledging the latter, he says :—

"I have now a still more pleasing duty to discharge, namely, to acknowledge your kindness in sending me a copy of your delightful poems. I have read many of them with the greatest interest, and shall not rest till I have perused the whole. Such compositions are a great refreshment to me in the few moments of leisure and retirement which I can secure in a life spent almost entirely in public. May you, my dear madam, long live to give such poems to the world, for I rejoice in the assurance that their tendency is not merely to charm the imagination, but to soothe and amend the heart."

The following extracts from some "reminiscences of Dr. Raffles as a preacher," which have been kindly forwarded to the editor by Dr. Bell, of Bath, who for twelve years was a member of the Church at Great George Street,

may, as the reminiscences include this period of his life, be conveniently inserted here. Dr. Bell writes:—

"The beauty and excellence of his sermons arose from their clear and faithful exhibition of the doctrines and truths of the Word of God, couched in the most elegant but clear and plain language, and adapted to the capacities of the most unlearned and ignorant of his hearers, whilst, at the same time, they were equally adapted to the capacities of the most intellectual and refined. Surely it ought not to be any disparagement of a minister's abilities, or any proof of a lack of mental power, when it is said of him, as it was of his heavenly Master during His sojourn upon earth, that 'the common people heard Him gladly.' * * * * He was not in the habit of preaching *before* the people of his charge, but *to* them. * * * * His ideas were often of a very superior order; if they were not so deep and original as those of some of his brethren in the ministry, they were chaste, elegant, and refined. He felt the solemnity of the situation and the awful responsibility of his office as a watchman and an under shepherd in the fold of his great Master, and was aware of his amenableness to the Sovereign of Heaven, as one of His ambassadors to guilty men. * * * * I must not omit to mention that symmetry and harmony pervaded the Doctor's discourses; there was an adaptation of the different parts to each other. There was a suitable portion of doctrinal as well as didactic theology, and these were happily blended so as to produce one consistent whole. * * * * He was particularly happy in the variation and selection of the texts of Scripture from which he discoursed, and never magnified unduly one part of Divine Writ to the neglect or disparagement of the other. The great excellence and power of the Doctor's sermons lay in their point and unity. His pungent and forcible appeals to the minds and consciences of his hearers were rendered 'quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword,' through the agency of the Holy Ghost, and thus became 'discerners of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' * * * * Whilst the Doctor's

discourses were pointed and powerful, there ran through the whole of them unity and connexion. He adhered closely to his text, never rambling from one subject to another, or presenting ideas having but little connexion with each other or with the matter in hand. * * * * It may safely be affirmed, with respect to Dr. Raffles, that whilst he maintained unity and connexion in his sermons, there was no want of variety, no sameness, no paucity of ideas. I have heard it affirmed, by some who knew him in early life and listened to his youthful discourses, that he was too figurative and flowery at that period. Be this as it may, it was not so when I enjoyed the pleasure of listening to his pulpit exercises. At that time his mind had become mature, his experience had been considerable in pulpit preparations, and there was greater depth of judgment to balance the power of imagination, and, consequently, there was no excess or redundancy of symbol or embellishment in his style of composition. In fact, there was nothing to offend the most fastidious or severe critic, or to call forth censure or disapproval. * * * He manifested considerable tact and ability in elucidating and interpreting difficult and obscure passages of Scripture, and rendered their sense and meaning obvious and plain to the most ignorant and unlettered of his audience. * * * * In the composition of his discourses the Doctor derived much assistance from his natural endowments, as well as from mental culture and education. He possessed a sound judgment, a poetical imagination, and a very tenacious memory. His judgment enabled him to discriminate between the literature and philosophy that were useful and essential to the enlargement and cultivation of his mind, and calculated to fit him for the exercise of his ministerial functions, and that species of knowledge which could afford him no assistance in these important particulars. His imagination, which was highly poetic, gave him the ability of calling to his aid the sublime and æsthetic, both in nature and art; whilst his retentive memory engraved indelibly upon his mind those suggestive and valuable ideas which he had obtained from the most learned and intellectual of mankind, and enabled him to turn them to account in his future career.

"His introduction or approach to the subject of discourse was expository and clear, as well as instructive, but not too far-fetched and elaborate. It gradually led his audience to the main branches suggested by the text. These were very appropriate and natural, and were neither too many nor too few. * * * * In noticing the perorations of the Doctor, I am bound to affirm that they were at all times pertinent and impressive, but occasionally solemn and thrilling. Few persons could listen to them without being moved. I am free to confess that they were, at times, so awful and terrific, and yet so Scriptural and truthful, as to produce, as it were, an electrical effect upon my whole frame both of mind and body. Judging from my own experience, I presume that a similar impression was produced upon my fellow-worshippers, and that multitudes who listened to them were led by the Holy Spirit to serious reflection, to a confession and abandonment of their sinful courses, and to seek mercy and forgiveness through the mediation and atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. * * * * But whilst his ministry was blessed to the conviction and conversion of sinners, it was no less beneficial in building up and establishing believers, and confirming them in the faith and hope of the Gospel. Many of these have weathered the storms and tempests of life, have anchored in the haven of eternal calm and serenity, and welcomed him, as their former pastor and teacher, to the realms of bliss and glory. There are, however, many others on this side of the stream that divides time from eternity who enjoy delightful reminiscences of his works of faith and labours of love, and of the great moral and spiritual benefit which they derived from his ministry, and who anticipate with pleasure that period when they shall have fellowship and communion with him and with other loved ones, 'who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,' and who are now before the heavenly throne, serving Him day and night in His holy temple."

Chapter XIV.

1830 — 1832.

YORK—DEATH OF REV. WILLIAM ROBY—BLACKBURN ACADEMY—BIRTH OF A THIRD SON—DEGREE OF D.D.—VALUABLE AUTOGRAPH OF BISHOP HEBER—BRISTOL, HANNAH MORE—LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY—THE RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY—PREACHES FOR WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, LONDON—LOSS OF THE "ROTHSAY CASTLE"—SKETCH OF DR. RAFFLES IN THE PULPIT BY AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN—VISIT TO BRISTOL—THE CHOLERA MORBUS—ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS MOTHER—ANTI-SLAVERY DECLARATION—POLITICS.

EARLY in January, 1830, Dr. Raffles visited York, in order to fulfil the promise which he had made to his friend, Mr. Parsons, previous to his leaving home for the benefit of his health, that he would occupy his pulpit on the occasion of the annual sermon to the young, which it had for many years been the custom of Mr. Parsons, as it was also of Dr. Raffles, to preach on the first Sunday evening in each year. As Dr. Raffles was necessarily in his own pulpit on that evening, for the purpose of this service, he preached for Mr. Parsons, who was then at Penzance, on the 10th; writing to him on the following day, he says:—

"I need not tell you that the perusal of your letter of the 6th,

which I received just before going to the pulpit yesterday morning, afforded me the highest gratification—a gratification in which many of your friends, to whom I communicated the pleasing intelligence, participated. I trust that no untoward circumstance will occur to retard the progress of your restoration to health, but that, in due time, you will be permitted to resume your accustomed labours in this city with energies of body and of mind established and confirmed for a long, a useful, and an honourable life.

"The congregation last night was immense; multitudes could not obtain admission, though I made them come up in the aisles, and pack as closely as possible. I preached from 'Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom,' and there was a deep silence and evident solemnity of feeling throughout the audience. I cannot but entertain the hope that it will appear hereafter that the word spoken was not in vain. I should not say thus much respecting the service, if I were not writing to *you*, but this consideration induces me to be thus particular respecting it, while it shields me from the charge of egotism in what I have said. I have been induced to remain in York over to-day, for I had a very laborious week last week, preaching and travelling every day, and have taken a severe cold, so that I am inclined to think a day's rest will do me good. I purpose attending the prayer-meeting to-night, when you are to be especially remembered, and He who hears and answers prayer will, I trust, be pleased to listen to our petitions on your behalf."

Upon the day on which this letter was written, the Rev. William Roby, of Manchester, died. He was one of the oldest ministers of the Congregational order in the county of Lancaster, and was greatly esteemed. In the following week Dr. Raffles delivered the address at the funeral, to an immense assembly who attended to testify their respect to the memory of Mr. Roby.

Even thus early, comparatively, in Dr. Raffles's connexion with the county of Lancaster, the ministers who had been his seniors were rapidly passing away, and he was called to occupy the posts of honour as one by one their places were made vacant by death.

The position and prospects of the Blackburn Academy continued to occupy the attention of the Lancashire ministers and laymen during the year. Negotiations had been commenced in order to secure the services of the Rev. Gilbert Wardlaw, and eventually they resulted in his acceptance of the post of theological tutor. The following letter to Mr. M'All relates to this circumstance, and the subsequent allusion would seem to refer to a projected memoir of Mr. Roby, in connexion with which Dr. Raffles's name had been mentioned. Writing on the 5th of March, he says:—

"I owe you many thanks for your very kind and highly interesting letter. Most sincerely do I congratulate you and all the parties concerned in the successful issue of the negotiations carried on, mainly by yourself, with Mr. Gilbert Wardlaw. I wrote to that gentleman, by last night's post, to tell him how much gratified I feel by his compliance with our wishes, and how happy I shall be to do all that circumstances may enable me to accomplish towards rendering his residence and labours in the county comfortable and useful—I mean, of course, in the way of cordial co-operation and support. I know not in what other ways than those which you have suggested, we can give publicity to the affair. I shall avail myself of the suggestion, as secretary for this district of the County Union, and I feel perfectly assured that the announcement will afford universal satisfaction and delight.

"With regard to the other matters to which you refer, with a generosity and delicacy of feeling and expression so peculiarly

your own, I scarcely know what to say. I cannot but be deeply sensible of the honour done me by the mere mention of my name in connexion with such a work as that to which you allude, and no man, were I able, would embark in it with greater promptitude and zeal. But I cannot; my labours are already far more abundant than my time and strength and ability enable me, with anything like satisfaction to my own mind, to discharge. I have lately preached two courses of sermons to my people, both of which they earnestly desire me to publish, but the want of time merely to transcribe them for the press has hitherto prevented—and will, I apprehend, finally prevent—the gratification of their wishes; my frequent absences from home on calls that, to me at least, appear to be so much the calls of duty that I dare not refuse to listen to them, cause such an overwhelming mass of pastoral and other duties when at home that I really have not time for meals or sleep, and I feel that, so circumstanced, and with engagements for the ensuing summer before my eyes of almost appalling number and magnitude, it would be next to madness in me to undertake such a work as that which, in the kindness and fulness of your heart, you have in such gratifying terms suggested to me. You must do it yourself; you are on the spot, and to no hands can the work be committed with greater propriety or more to the satisfaction, not merely of the county, but of the religious public at large."

The remark in this letter, in reference to his engagements from home, certainly seems fully justified by the entries in his diary, presenting records of preaching in different parts of the country in more than twenty weeks out of the fifty-two in the year, and frequently during several days of such weeks successively. That he conceived himself to be in the path of duty cannot be doubted. The assertion made by him to that effect, in the letter to his friend just quoted, is frequently found in letters to his wife, in which he would naturally speak

without the least reserve, and it must be remembered that before the days of railroads, travelling was far more fatiguing, and involved a considerable sacrifice of time and comfort. Had he not been most methodical in all his arrangements, it would have been impossible for him to have got through his home duties, which were necessarily crowded into a briefer space, owing to his frequent absences. But he was an early riser. Soon after six o'clock every morning he was in his study, and, in winter, he had his fire laid over-night that he might light it when he came down, as he was generally up before any other person in the house was astir. Before breakfast he had usually done what many men would have considered a good day's work, his letters for the most part being then answered, or occasionally half a sermon composed. He had great facility of composition; and it was well that this was the case, as he made it a rule not to preach the same sermon twice to his own people,* and there existed, therefore, when at home, the necessity for composing two new sermons weekly. With so much pastoral duty as was involved in the charge of a large congregation, and with week-day services and numerous public and social engagements, had he not been an early riser, he could never have gone through his daily round of occupation.

On the 1st of June Dr. Raffles writes to Mr. Parsons, then at home, and in better health:—

"Pardon, I beseech you, my long delay in replying to yours of the 17th ult. You are freely released from your autumnal

* He never did so, except in a few instances, and then it was by request.

engagements with us this year, in the hope that, next year, you may be able to fulfil it without any apprehension of danger. We all applaud your caution, and reiterate the advice, 'Do thyself no harm.'

"But with regard to the second part of your epistle—what shall I say? That I am not willing to serve you? No, that would not be true. That I cannot come this year? No, that would not be true either. Then what should hinder? you will say. Why, if I must speak out in sober truth, it is my *modesty*, an impediment which, probably, you have never contemplated; yet so it is; and it is not, I assure you, a sudden fit of this complaint, but it has been coming upon me a long time; indeed, ever since I was last at York. I really am ashamed of coming so often, and fear that you will overdo it, and I shall become as an old song amongst the people. Can't you release me this year, and get some one who will prove a greater attraction to the people than my well-known face and voice can hope to be? I leave it with you; I too highly esteem you to refuse you anything you ask, but I am really sincere in the feelings I have expressed."

On the 20th of July in this year, Dr. Raffles's domestic circle was augmented by the birth of a third son, who was named "William Winter," after his paternal grandfather and maternal uncle.

In the course of the summer, Dr. Raffles received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College, Connecticut; a college of considerable repute in the United States of America. Dr. Sprague says in reference thereto, under the date of July 31st:—

"It gives me much pleasure to inform you that the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon you at the annual commencement of Union College (of which Dr. Nott is president), this week. I know you will not refuse it, as it comes from one

of the most respectable colleges in the country, and if I may be allowed to plead personal friendship as an argument for your acceptance, it has been procured by my own efforts."

Far from refusing the degree, Dr. Raffles considered himself honoured by the manner of its bestowment, and invariably used it along with his degree of LL.D. in his official signature.

Dr. Raffles took his annual holiday in September, and spent a few weeks in North Wales with Mrs. Raffles, leaving her during one week, in which he paid a hurried visit to Bristol, on the occasion of the missionary meetings. While at Wrexham, on this journey, he was introduced by his friend, the Rev. John Pearce—at whose hospitable house Dr. Raffles generally stayed on his way through Wales—to a gentleman in the town who had the original MS. of Bishop Heber's celebrated missionary hymn. This valuable autograph he kindly gave to Dr. Raffles, who highly prized it. He says in his diary, "it was composed by him immediately before his preaching a missionary sermon in Wrexham church—the first ever preached in that church—at the suggestion of his father-in-law, Dean Shipley."

There is an interesting account in his diary of a visit which he paid during his short stay at Bristol, to Mrs. Hannah More, who had then reached an extreme old age. He says, under the date of

"September 22. Preached this morning at Castle Green. An immense congregation, and about £220 collected for the Missionary Society. After service, we took a car and went to Clifton, and were much gratified by an interview with the celebrated and truly venerable Hannah More. She is too infirm to see much company, but expressed herself to a friend as not

unwilling to see me. She is now in her 87th year, and symptoms of mental decay are beginning to appear, though there is still much of the original vigour of her mind remaining, and considerable sprightliness and energy mark her conversation. She spoke very feelingly of having outlived all her old friends, except Mr. Wilberforce and the Rev. Rowland Hill, and seemed as though she longed, but not impatiently, to depart herself. Having spent half-an-hour with this venerable saint, I prayed with her and departed. I should have mentioned that she showed me a beautiful note of the Princess Victoria, which she had just received, acknowledging the receipt of her book on the formation of the character of a young princess."

The great event of this year in Liverpool was the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in the month of September. The fatal accident which deprived Liverpool so suddenly of its distinguished member, Mr. Huskisson, may naturally have made people somewhat timid in using it, at any rate for a time, but it is amusing, in our day, to find Dr. Raffles writing from Manchester, to announce his safe arrival in *two hours* from Liverpool, as a remarkable fact deserving of special mention. To him, however, as to men of business, the railroad was invaluable, and he was fortunate in escaping all accident in that mode of travelling, whereas, under the old mail-coach system he had on two or three occasions been overturned, and, in one instance, seriously injured.

In the spring of 1831 the Rajah Rammohun Roy arrived in Liverpool, and Dr. Raffles, who was introduced to him, has left, among his autobiographical recollections, an interesting account of his intercourse with the celebrated Brahmin. Dr. Raffles says :—

"I had the good fortune to be twice in company with that remarkable man, Rammohun Roy. A benevolent errand in behalf of his countrymen brought him to this country in the year 1831; and though it is more than thirty years ago, I have a perfect recollection of the man and of his conversation. What astonished me most was the wonderful acquaintance which he had—so accurate and so minute—with all our institutions, and habits, and history. One of the occasions on which I met him was at dinner at Mr. Cropper's, Sen., at the Dingle. I sat next to him at table. Nothing very remarkable occurred in the conversation during dinner, but immediately after the cloth was drawn, a carriage drove up to the door, bringing the celebrated phrenologist, Dr. Spurzheim, and another gentleman, to call on the Rajah. They were ushered into the dining-room, and a chair was placed for Dr. Spurzheim immediately opposite to the Brahmin. The Doctor was scarcely seated, when the Brahmin said—(I wish I could give the deep tone and broad pronunciation with which he spoke; anything said by him must lose much by the absence of that which can't be transferred to paper)—'But I must have a word with this philosopher; I was a member of the Phrenological Society of Calcutta for two years myself, but they all fell to quarrelling among themselves, so I left them; but you say, that the head—it is formed with the bump, the conformation, the figure, and that the bump, the conformation, the figure, does indicate the character, the habit, the disposition of the mind. You say so. Well! you shall meet with a man who lives to be twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years' old, and then he change, he quite change, he becomes another man. Now, his head, does that change?' 'O yes,' said Dr. Spurzheim, with a strong German pronunciation, 'and you shall meet with some men that do change, but there are many more that do not change.' 'O yes,' replied the Brahmin, 'there are many men that never change. You may find me five hundred men that do not change—five thousand men that do never change; but if I find fifty men—five men—that do change, and their head it does not change, my fifty—my five—go to prove that your system is not universal.' Dr. Spurzheim's friend then

related a case of a boy, who was a bad boy, and grew up to be twenty, and till that time was a pest to society; but when little more than twenty years old, he changed, and became an altered man, and the bumps on his head went down till they were entirely lost. The Brahmin listened most earnestly, till the gentleman ceased to speak, and then he lifted up his hands as in astonishment, and said, 'So the bump it go away!' But Dr. Spurzheim cried, 'Don't you believe the fact?' 'O yes,' he replied, 'I must believe the fact, as the gentleman says so; but it is a very remarkable fact, and very much to your purpose.'

"The other instance in which I had the pleasure to meet this most interesting man was at breakfast in my own house. On that occasion I invited men of various religious opinions to meet him, and there were about thirty persons present. The conversation was very lively and well sustained. The Brahmin exhibited wonderful shrewdness. 'Ah,' he said, 'you say that you are all one in Christ, all brethren and equal in Him. Well, you go to the cathedral at Calcutta; there you see a grand chair of crimson velvet and gold—that is for the Governor-General of India; then there are other chairs of crimson and gold—they are for the members of council; and then there are seats lined with crimson—they are for the merchants, &c.; then there are the bare benches for the common people and the poor; yet you say we are all one in Christ; but if the poor man, whose seat is *there*—on that bare bench—if he go and sit down on the crimson velvet chair of the Governor-General, they will break his head! Yet you are all one in Christ!' Some one was about to expound this matter to the Brahmin, and explain the impropriety of any one taking the seat of the representative of Majesty. But the thing was too good for our Quaker friend James Cropper quietly to let it go. He so thoroughly sympathised with the Brahmin's view of the matter, that he could not refrain from interposing. 'Nay, nay,' he cried, 'thou must not seek to put aside the force of our friend's remark,' so the Brahmin and our friend James had the matter entirely to themselves.

"As the morning wore on, there were several who, by their

observations or questions, evinced a desire to hear something of his own personal history. This he quickly perceived, and at once proceeded to gratify. 'I was always,' he said, 'very curious to know things. So I read the Pentateuch, and I was convinced of the Divine legation of Moses; then I studied Greek, and read the New Testament, and I was convinced of the Divine inspiration of Jesus Christ; then I was vexed and grieved at the scorn and contempt with which the Brahmins regarded the name of Jesus Christ, so I published my book, "The Precepts of Jesus," and I gave it to the Brahmins to read, and asked them whether, in any of the systems with which they were acquainted, they had found precepts so pure, so benevolent, so sublime; and they were obliged to confess that they never had met with precepts so pure, so benevolent, so sublime. Then I demanded of them if they could regard the author of those precepts as a mean man, and treat him with contempt?' I then ventured to interpose, and asked the Brahmin whether, having acknowledged the excellence of the precepts, they proceeded to practise them? 'Ah no,' he said, 'No, no.' I then proceeded to ask whether, if he had studied the Scriptures more closely, and given to his countrymen a more complete and correct view of their contents, they might not have had principles set before them, the cordial reception of which would, peradventure, have induced the love and practice of those precepts, the superiority of which they were compelled to confess? 'Ah no,' he said, 'I do not meddle with the doctrine, I do not meddle with the doctrine.' At that stage of the conversation, Dr. Bunting, the celebrated Methodist minister, who was one of the party, narrated the story of the Moravian missionaries in Greenland; how for many years they kept back the doctrines of the Gospel, and only dwelt upon its precepts, and little or no good was done—they remained rude and barbarous as ever. He related how, at length, they became convinced that they had pursued quite a wrong course; how they completely reversed the character of their teaching, and now told them of the love of God in sending His only-begotten Son to die for our redemption; how they preached the great doctrines of the atonement and

justification by faith, and how immediately a wonderful effect was realised; for they received the truth into their hearts, and became, in all respects, new creatures; and the Greenlanders in the Moravian settlements have been ever since remarkable for Christian love, simplicity, and purity. Then the unsubdued pride of the Brahmin's heart appeared, with all its native hostility to the humbling, self-denying doctrines of the cross. 'Oh yes,' he said, so soon as Dr. Bunting ceased to speak, 'that was good, that was very good; but you must not suppose that the same method which succeeded with the rude, the ignorant, the barbarous Esquimaux, would succeed also with the learned, the polished, the enlightened Brahmins of India."'

Dr. Raffles was occasionally in the habit of relating these conversations with the Rajah, and was thus enabled to record them with accuracy after the lapse of many years, for he only very recently committed them to paper.

Towards the end of April Dr. Raffles visited London, having engaged to preach for the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, which he did at Great Queen Street, on the evening of Friday, the 29th of April, and on the Sunday following; in the morning, at the City Road chapel, and in the evening, at Long Lane, Southwark. On the following day he attended the annual meeting at Exeter Hall, and moved one of the resolutions. It was not often that Dr. Raffles appeared as a speaker on the platform. He had a great dislike to speech-making, and his reluctance became even greater with advancing years. The only duty which he would willingly undertake at a public meeting, and could discharge with pleasure to himself, was that of chairman. For this he was peculiarly well qualified by his thorough habits of business, by his universal popularity, by his admirable tact, and by the

genial manner in which he conducted a meeting. During the two other Sundays of this visit to town he preached at Richmond, in a new chapel built through the exertions of Mr. Wilson. He returned home towards the end of the month of May, taking his mother with him, who, though arrived at a great age, was able to endure the fatigue of travelling by easy stages to Liverpool.

In August of this year occurred the loss of the *Rothsay Castle*, a steamer plying between Liverpool and Bangor, by which nearly one hundred persons perished. Three members of Dr. Raffles's congregation, father, mother, and daughter, were lost on this occasion, and the sad catastrophe naturally became the topic of address from his own pulpit on the Sunday evening following. An American gentleman who happened to be present, wrote an account of the service to the "New York Observer," and an extract from that account now lies before the editor. It may be interesting to present the reader with a sketch of Dr. Raffles by an American gentleman. After some preliminary observations, the writer says :—

"At the appointed hour of service a large, portly man, with full and ruddy countenance, and in full clerical dress, ascended the pulpit, kneeled, and laid his face in his hand upon the table of the desk for silent prayer. Then, after a hymn, opening the Bible, he read the 24th chapter of Matthew with great pertinency and pathos of expression, in silvery and subduing tones. From the first opening of his lips he seemed moved from his inmost soul. I could have imagined, though ignorant of the cause, that the deep fountains of feeling were opened within him, and that some mighty sympathies were working there. And I thought, too, that the congregation were ready to be with him in feeling. But, still, I knew not the occasion. 'Is that Dr. Raffles?' said

I in a whisper to the gentleman on my right. 'Yes, Sir,' was his answer. After the usual introductory services, and a prayer which breathed the soul, and seemed a converse with the skies, a fellowship with heaven, and fitted well to enrapture the heart that wished to be where God was, the following text was announced, 'Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.'

"'Nearly twenty years have rolled away since I have had the pastoral charge of this congregation,' said the preacher—and these were his first words after reading the text—'and never have I been called to mingle my tears with the bereaved of my charge, in any instance, for a work of death so astounding to private and public sympathy, as in the late and ill-fated doom of the *Rothsay Castle*.' And here, at the end of the first sentence, the secret was all opened to me, and I felt myself at once a mourner with the mourning, and was ready to claim a full part in the deploring enactment of that solemn hour; for I had passed in full view of the scene of death, and heard the story for the first time this very day. Three members of Dr. Raffles's church, Mr. Lucas, his wife and daughter, were of the number who perished; and this evening it had devolved on the mourning pastor to stand up before a mourning people to tell the story, and try to impress them with the practical lesson of the awful event; and he did tell the story in the outset—the simple story. He did not begin a great way off, and deliver a lecture on abstract truths, till his hearers were tired of a *discussion*, as is too apt to be the fashion on such occasions; but he told the simple story as the exordium of his sermon. He briefly noticed the character of those they mourned, traced the pathway of their spirits through the stormy waves of the ocean to the haven of eternal rest; and then applied himself to the proper theme of his text, in application to his hearers, and in view of the mournful event which had suggested it,—'Be *ye* also ready.'"

"I had heard of Dr. Raffles, and entertained a high opinion of his powers, but still I had not rated him among the highest of the high, and even now I can see faults in his elocution. But he is, unquestionably, an eloquent man, and a man of good sterling

sense, of pure taste, and sound discretion. He is sure to be pertinent, and in these attributes, and others akin to them, great. He demonstrates a perfect unadulterated honesty; it is his full soul that speaks out, and no one doubts it, all feel it; and this is eloquence. Take, then, a theme like the fate of the *Rothsay Castle*, and give it such a man before an audience whose acquaintances and dear ones perished there, and let him bring heaven and earth, time and eternity, probation and judgment, all together, as they stand connected with such a scene, and in the light of Christianity, and none who hear can be indifferent. And there were none indifferent on the present occasion, I dare to say. Never did I see an audience so perfectly spell-bound by the voice of a man. But it was not the voice of man alone; man only gave a palpable utterance to the voice of God.

"Occasionally, in the progress of the sermon, the Doctor was powerful beyond description; his thoughts and manner, and the tones of his voice all befitting each other. The interest of the occasion was, itself, intense, and when the 'Amen,' was pronounced, the perfect stillness which had reigned for the hour, excepting only the speaker's voice, was succeeded by the singular bustle which an instantaneous change of position in every individual of a great congregation, after having been long chained by eloquence in fixed and motionless attitudes, produces. This universal movement was striking, impressive, and itself eloquent, because it told so unequivocally the intense and deep emotions which had pervaded the congregation."

Dr. Raffles visited his old friends at Bristol, in September. He preached on three Sundays at the Tabernacle, and at Kingswood, and once at Lady Huntingdon's chapel, during his stay, to large congregations. In the following month he paid his annual visit to York, and during the remainder of the year home duties and visits in his own county occupied his time. Among the last entries in his diary for the year is one which revives the recollection of

the alarm which pervaded the country at the approach of the cholera morbus. It had appeared at Sunderland in October, and it was feared that it would speedily reach Liverpool. The 15th of December was appointed by the Church at Great George Street, as a day of humiliation and prayer, and Dr. Raffles preached in the evening an appropriate sermon, from 2 Chron. vii. 13, 14. The dreaded disease did not ravage Liverpool till the following spring and summer, when it was frightfully prevalent and fatal. Dr. Raffles was called in several instances to visit members of his own Church and congregation. He never hesitated to go, and, where the sufferers were sensible, invariably saw them and prayed with them; but he did not consider it to be his duty to expose himself to contagion needlessly by approaching the bedside of the patient, if insensible and unable to benefit by his ministrations. In such cases he confined his pastoral duty to the consolation of the relatives and friends, whom he would assemble together and strive to comfort and cheer by his sympathy and prayers.

During this year, Dr. Raffles lost an old and kind friend by the death of Mr. Pilkington, of Windle Hall, near St. Helens. The editor cannot allude to the event without a passing reference to the many happy visits which Dr. Raffles and every member of his family were in the habit of making, from time to time, to Windle Hall. He occasionally found it a delightful retreat from the cares and anxieties of his daily life at home, and the kindliest welcome never failed him beneath its hospitable roof. Few remain of those who then constituted the friendly circle there, and who frequently interchanged visits at Edge

Hill, but to the survivors the remembrance of the past will ever be pleasant.

On the 19th of December he writes to his mother, whose health rapidly declined after her return home from visiting her son :—

"I am truly sorry to learn from Brown that you are so very ill. If I do not hear of your being better on Wednesday, I shall go up to London to see you. In the meantime I hope you enjoy the consolations of religion, and find Christ the great, the only, the all-sufficient Redeemer, precious to your soul. It is a rich source of consolation to me to know that you have not now to seek the way of salvation; you have long known it, but now is the time to experience its truth and its sustaining and consoling influence. Now you must come by faith to the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and cast yourself as a guilty, helpless sinner, on Him, the sinner's Friend. I trust that God will give you patience to bear without murmuring all He is pleased to appoint, and enable you to say, with the patriarch of old, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.' I commend you, my dear mother, with many prayers and much tenderness of feeling, to our Heavenly Father. May He support and comfort you, and never leave you nor forsake you."

Early in 1832 he accordingly went to London. He had to fulfil an engagement to deliver the charge to Mr. Morgan, on his ordination, at Welshpool, on the 18th of January, and thence he travelled to town. He writes from London on the 20th, to his wife :—

"I reached this place in safety, at six this morning, and found both my mother and sister, upon the whole, better than I expected. I have had but an indifferent week, for when I reached Welshpool on Tuesday evening, I was much more fit, from violent headache, to go to bed than to the pulpit; yet I was compelled to address an immense audience in the Town Hall,

the chapel not being large enough to contain a fourth of the people. But I was mercifully supported through that service, and on the following morning (Wednesday) found myself much better. I then delivered the charge to Mr. Morgan, and, after dinner, proceeded with Mr. Weaver and Mr. Williams in a chaise to Shrewsbury. I slept at Shrewsbury, and came by the mail from thence, at twelve o'clock, to London.

"My mother was much affected at seeing me, but after these natural emotions had subsided, she was enabled to talk very freely, and I had some most pleasant conversation with her respecting her spiritual state, and she intimated that she could open her mind to me on that subject more than to anyone else."

The health of his mother materially improved during his short stay in London. He writes home again on the 27th:—

"I am happy to say that my dear mother continues to mend, and there is now a tolerably good prospect of her recovery, at least for a time, so that she will probably survive this shock and continue longer an inhabitant of earth than her medical man anticipated. * * * * * Neither has my visit been without enjoyment, for I have had an opportunity of seeing many interesting things, which during my former visits I either never thought of, or had not witnessed. On Tuesday evening, I was in the House of Commons. Mr. Wilks, M.P. for Boston, got a Speaker's order for me, and took me into the body of the House, where I heard and saw everything to advantage; besides that, he came to me repeatedly and sat with me, and pointed out to me the most eminent of the members.* Mr. Wm. Ewart also came and sat with me, and so did Sir Robert Inglis. About ten o'clock, Mr. Wilks took me to the coffee-house to tea, and in the same box with us was such a constellation of genius as we poor country folks rarely witness. There were Sir John Malcolm, the historian of Persia, Sir James Mack-

* The House was in committee on the Reform Bill during the evening.

intosh and Jeffrey, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, long the celebrated editor of the 'Edinburgh Review.' But I must defer much of the like information till my return."

Dr. Raffles also embraced the opportunity of his visit to town, to attend at the early prayer-meeting held at the church of the Rev. Edward Irving, who was then exciting so much attention in the metropolis; and, as he states in his diary, "he heard Miss Cardale speak in the unknown tongue and exhort."

The spring of the year 1832 completed the twentieth year of Dr. Raffles's ministry in Liverpool. He felt and acknowledged that he had abundant cause for thankfulness in the review of the past. His chapel continued to be crowded; the number of his Church members had largely increased every year; he had gained for himself in the town in which he dwelt an acknowledged position, which reflected honour upon the religious body to which he belonged; he had gathered around him a host of friends, who cherished for him the warmest sentiments of esteem and regard; and in the happy privacy of his own home he was surrounded by all that could gratify the fondest affections, or minister to a cultivated taste.

It may, however, be well to hear what a less interested witness has to say at this period, concerning Dr. Raffles's ministry. A highly esteemed gentleman, who was for many years an active member of the church in Great George Street, writes to Dr. Raffles on the 30th of June:—

"If prayer for those who do us good and wish us well be our bounden duty, then how ought I to pray for you! To your preaching, I believe, I am mainly indebted, as a means employed by that God who is rich in mercy, of preserving me from total

declension and final apostacy, within a few years of your first coming to exercise your ministry in this town, and also of leading me in the way of truth until now—if indeed, I am in that way. And for a considerable period, of late, during which troubles upon troubles have been coming upon me, and which do not seem as if they would soon come to an end, were it not for many of the subjects to which a compassionate Saviour has especially directed you and enabled you to dwell upon, in such a manner as to impart the most abundant encouragement and strength to my soul, I should be overwhelmed and sink, the victim of despair. Still I am enabled to hope, and though I am a subject of nervous debility, &c., which produces much depression of spirits, an almost continual fear of death, and a looking too frequently to the dark side of almost every case, yet I am constrained to say, that to your ministry I owe it, in a great degree, that I am able still to trust—and at times to feel—that all is well, and to believe that all shall work together for my good, and that when I am sufficiently humbled, God will remove His chastening hand from me. O! to be able continually to say, to Him be all the glory, for all that He does, and for all that He enables me to feel and to enjoy! Surely, then, I ought not to cease to pray that God would make all grace to abound toward you and yours."

On the 18th of July, Dr. Raffles, who was then travelling with his wife in the North of England, received the intelligence of the death of his mother on the 15th. Leaving Mrs. Raffles at Barnard Castle, where they were staying with the Rev. W. L. Prattman, Dr. Raffles hastened to London, and followed his mother's remains to the grave. He stayed only three days in town, and then returned to the North, to fulfil his preaching engagements at Newcastle, North Shields, Durham, and other places. On his way home, he revisited some of the Yorkshire scenery which had so much charmed him twenty

years previously, and of which an ample description has been given in an earlier chapter of this biography. In October he paid another visit to Dublin.

In the month of November an important declaration, signed by various Nonconformist ministers, was issued in Liverpool, on the question of slavery in the British colonies, a subject which was at that time very much agitated, and the declaration was especially timed with a view to united action at the general election then pending—the first subsequent to the passing of the Reform Bill. To this declaration Dr. Raffles attached his name. For the first time, he was now called upon to exercise the parliamentary franchise, which he invariably did on the recurrence of an election, but beyond the recording of his vote he continued, as hitherto, to take no active part in politics. His sentiments, however, were thoroughly liberal, and he always voted with the party through whose exertions he had obtained the electoral right. At the same time he had an inherently strong conservative feeling, greatly disliked all extreme views, was a thorough Englishman in his predilections, and a genuine lover of his country. One of his earliest—perhaps one of his best—poems, published in one of the annuals many years ago, is much to the point on this subject, and will not be out of place here :—

"Old England for ever!
No power shall sever
My heart from the land of my birth:
'Tis the land of the brave,
Which none can enslave,
'Tis the happiest land upon earth!

"'Tis the land of the free,
So it ever shall be,
Her children no fetters shall bind;
'Ere Britons are slaves,
She shall sink in the waves,
And leave not a vestige behind.

"If the African stand
But once on her strand,
That moment his fetters are broke;
A captive no more,
He leaps on the shore,
And shakes from his shoulders the yoke.

"'Tis the land of the brave,
And the patriot's grave,
And heroes and sages of old;
We hallow their dust,
And esteem it a trust,
More precious than jewels and gold.

"'Tis the land of the fair,
And beauty is there,
And the gladness that woman bestows,
When the circle is bright
With the heart-cheering light,
From the eye of affection that flows.

"'Tis the land of the wise;
With the glorious prize
Of genius her temples are bound;
And she beams from afar,
Like a bright morning star,
To give light to the nations around.

"Hail! land of my birth,
Brightest spot upon earth,
Shall I leave thee for others? No, never
Where'er I may roam,
Still thou art my home,
Old England, my country, for ever!"

Chapter XV.

1833 — 1836.

THANKSGIVING DAY FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE CHOLERA—SURREY CHAPEL, LONDON—VISIT TO SCOTLAND FOR THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY—MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE IN MANCHESTER—ILLNESS—MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE IN LIVERPOOL—DISSENTERS' MARRIAGE BILL—VISIT TO IRELAND—MONASTERY OF THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE—KILLARNEY—GLENGARIFF—AUBURN AND OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE first day of the year 1833 was appointed by the associated Dissenting Churches in Liverpool as a day of thanksgiving, on account of the removal of the cholera. Dr. Raffles preached in the evening at the Scotch Secession Church, Mount Pleasant, of which the Rev. Dr. Stewart was then the minister. The disease had prevailed in Liverpool to a fearful extent. Dr. Raffles, speaking of it in the introduction to his sermon, says:—

"And it has been, and has executed its high commission, and wrought its work of death amongst us. We have witnessed its ravages; we have seen its victims carried silently along our streets to the asylum which benevolence had provided for the diseased; and we have beheld the frequent trains of mourners following their dead, with consternation and grief, to the grave in which they were constrained, by a regard to their own and the public safety, in haste and fear to consign them.

"More or less, everyone was made to feel the presence of the pestilence, and confess its power, either in his own person or in the persons of those dear to him, or connected with him; and, perhaps, there is not an individual amongst us who has not been called to mourn the loss of a relative or friend. It has been a visitation such as we none of us remember; and we were at once appalled and perplexed by the fearfulness and the novelty of the circumstances in which we were placed."

Those who are old enough to remember the time of which we are writing, will still bear in mind the frightful nature of the visitation; but a generation has since arisen for whom the extract just given will not be without interest.

The year, for the most part, passed quietly away, with little to vary the usual routine of ministerial duty. In the domestic circle must be chronicled the birth of a fourth son, in July, but the child died in infancy before the year expired.

In the month of April, Dr. Raffles paid a hurried visit to London, as one of a deputation to His Majesty's ministers on the question of slavery. The united efforts of the friends of freedom throughout the country were successful, and on the 28th of August, in this year, the Act for the Emancipation of the Slaves throughout the British colonies received the royal assent.

In September, Dr. Raffles received an invitation to occupy the pulpit of Surrey Chapel—then vacant by the death of the Rev. Rowland Hill—during one of the first four months of the ensuing year. Mr. Frederick Smith, who wrote to invite him, mentioned in his letter that Mr. Hill had arranged for the occupation of the pulpit up to December, and Dr. Raffles was requested to make his

own selection of one out of the four months immediately succeeding. After a week's consideration, he replied in the negative. It is idle to speculate upon the possible consequences, had he seen fit to accept the invitation, but knowing how great was his popularity in London, a visit, under the circumstances, might have materially changed his future career.

In October, Dr. Raffles visited Scotland, at the request of the directors, on behalf of the London Missionary Society, as one of a deputation, consisting, in addition to himself, of the Rev. Samuel Thodey, of Cambridge, his old friend and fellow-student, the Rev. Richard Knill, late missionary from St. Petersburg, and the Rev. Mr. Fyvie, missionary from India. Dr. Raffles writes from Edinburgh on the 16th of October to his sister :—

"If it be only for the sake of *auld lang syne*, I must send you a few lines from this northern metropolis. Here I am labouring away, preaching and speechifying, the latter very much against my will, in behalf of the London Missionary Society, being one of a deputation from that institution to this country. I arrived here on Wednesday, the 2nd inst., and on Thursday commenced my labours by preaching at Inverkeithing for the venerable Ebenezer Brown, now in the full discharge of the duties of his ministry at the age of seventy-four. I preached at Portobello, which is become a considerable place, and on Saturday I went to Dundee, where I preached three times on Sunday. On Monday I proceeded to St. Andrew's, where I held a public meeting at noon in the Town Hall, and preached in the evening in the Relief church. St. Andrew's is a most interesting place, a fine city fallen into decay, and abounding in ruins of its former magnificence, of which those of the cathedral and the palace of Cardinal Beaton are the principal. On Tuesday I proceeded to Cupar, where I preached in the Relief church in

the evening, and on Wednesday returned by Kilmaney, a small hamlet formerly the residence of the great Dr. Chalmers, to Dundee. On Thursday I was met by Mr. Knill, and Mr. Thodey, on their return from Aberdeen, and we held a public meeting in the steeple church of Dundee, the largest of the Established churches in that place. On Friday we all came by the steamboat to Perth, a most delightful sail up the Tay of twenty miles, and through some charming scenery. At Perth we held a public meeting, and on Saturday returned by Kinross to Edinburgh. In this city I preached three times on Sunday. We held a public meeting at noon on Monday here, and another last night at Leith, and we hold another this evening in one of the largest chapels in Edinburgh. At all these meetings I have been compelled to speak, so that I fancy I shall get my hand so completely into this kind of work that I shall become quite *au fait* at it, and never shrink from it again. I finish my labours on this side of Scotland to-morrow night, by a sermon at Leith, and on Friday go to Alloa, where I am to preach in Peter Brotherston's church in the evening, and on Saturday proceed to Glasgow, and commence my labours on that side of the country. You see this deputation business is no sinecure. At Glasgow I hope to meet dear Tom, who is then and there to commence his academic life—a most anxious time to me. May the Lord God of his father be his God!"

He writes to his wife from Greenock on the 28th:—

"I preached here three times yesterday, and am much fatigued this morning; last night the service was in the Middle church — the Established church — a noble building, with a fine spire like St. Michael's in Liverpool. It is the largest church in Greenock. It was crowded to excess. Multitudes could not get in. There must have been at least 3,000 people present. What the collection was, I cannot tell, though I fear very small, for they do indeed collect miserably here. Large dishes full of copper are the result of the most earnest pleadings. To-night I am to speak at the meeting at Paisley; and this terminates my mission to this country."

Notwithstanding the "dishes full of copper," the deputation collected about £1,400 in a month, and Mr. Arundell, in a letter to Dr. Raffles after his return, conveying the thanks of the directors of the Society, adds:—"For the limited period which the deputation passed there, I believe the efforts were never more successful."

It may have been noticed that Dr. Raffles, in the letter to his sister from Edinburgh, makes an allusion to the anticipated meeting with his eldest son, who was about to enter the University of Glasgow, with a view, eventually, of becoming a minister. Dr. Raffles writes to him from Liverpool on the 14th of December:—

"You are looking forward to the work of the ministry, but, oh! my dear boy, remember that nothing short of this—the possession of real religion—will be a sufficient qualification for it. No learning, no talents, of any kind or degree, without this, will avail; you had better be anything, however mean—you had better do anything, however humble—than be a Christless, unconverted minister. If there be one place in hell, deeper, darker, more doleful than another, it will surely be reserved for him who has laid an unhallowed hand upon the ark of God, has presented to the acceptance of his fellow-men a Saviour he has rejected himself, and, after having preached unto others, is himself a castaway. God forbid that the doom of that unhappy, wretched being should be the portion of a child of mine! No! dear as you are to me, much as my heart clings to you, I had rather hear of your death, and follow you to an early grave—though in doing so my heart would be well-nigh broken—than realise in the close of your career a catastrophe like this."

On the same day, Dr. Raffles writes to his friend Dr. M'All, in answer to a letter inviting him to a meeting for

the purpose of ministerial conference and prayer at Manchester, in January, 1834:—

"I fear that you will deem me guilty of culpable negligence in not replying earlier to your very kind and interesting letter of the 5th instant, but the delay has been occasioned by a desire to see the circular to which it refers, in order that I might have a distinct and correct apprehension of the design of the anticipated meeting before I wrote. I have now seen that document, and the decidedly devotional character by which it is distinguished, and which it is intended that the meeting at Manchester shall bear, leaves me no alternative. I *must* comply with the wishes expressed by brethren whom I so highly esteem, and conveyed to me in so gratifying a manner by yourself. In a matter of such deep solemnity as this, everything like the affectation of humility on the one hand, or the most distant approach to compliment and flattery on the other, would be impious, and to my own mind utterly revolting. I must confess, that had the contemplated meeting presented anything of a political aspect, I should have paused ere I had consented to bear a part in its proceedings; but the total exclusion of every topic or reference of this kind, both from your own letter and the more public document, has commended the objects to which they alike refer to my warmest admiration; and most fervently do I pray that He, with whom is the residue of the Spirit, would be pleased to pour it out in an abundant measure both upon the pastors and the churches in the solemn meetings shortly to take place. I feel the weight of the obligation devolved on me, and my utter insufficiency for its suitable and efficient discharge, yet sustained, as I trust I shall be, by the prayers of my brethren, I will undertake it in the strength of Him who, in the many scenes of arduous and anxious duty through which I have been called to pass, has never left me nor forsaken me."

The proposed meeting took place in Manchester, early in January, 1834, and Dr. Raffles took the part assigned

to him in the services. A large number of ministers attended. A few days later Dr. M'All writes to Dr. Raffles :—

"Your services here were productive of the most signal and extensive good, not only to our own denomination, but to many around us of very different religious connexions. Only this morning, one of the devoutest of the ministers among the Quakers was telling me how much he had delighted in hearing your discourse, and what spiritual advantage he had reaped from it. All with whom I have conversed agree in the same sentiment, and I think there is the amplest reason to believe that your labour was not in vain in the Lord."

In the autumn of this year, Dr. Raffles was seized with a severe and painful attack of illness, which, for a short time, wholly prostrated him. But as soon as he had thrown off the disease, he recruited his strength rapidly at New Brighton, on the Cheshire coast, where he had purchased a small villa, to which he delighted to resort from the noise and bustle of Liverpool. On the 14th of October, he writes to the Rev. James Parsons :—

"I am happy to be able to reply, myself, to your very kind letter, addressed to my wife. It grieved me much to disappoint you, and other friends in Yorkshire, with whom, as I believe you are aware, I had engagements in connexion with that at York. But man appoints, and God often disappoints, and when the disappointment comes from Him, it is for us only to acquiesce. However, I must hold myself your debtor for another year, if life is spared so long, and health should not then, as in the present instance, be denied.

"My complaint has been a very painful one, and far more severe in this attack than in either of the previous ones. * * * * I am now, I am happy to say, in the enjoyment of perfect ease, and at this delightful place by the sea-side, for the

purpose of recruiting my strength. I was very much reduced—and that very rapidly—by the attack, but am now almost myself again. I was enabled, for the first time, to occupy my own pulpit twice on Sabbath-day, and I think I am none the worse for the exertion, though I felt it much immediately after the service, especially of the evening. My medical men forbid my making any extra efforts for some time to come, or, indeed, for the future, to pursue at all a course of labour similar to that of the past periods of my life. They say I must be contented to do my own work quietly, and give up the *galloping* mode of living which I have hitherto followed. Alas! my friend, is not this a warning and an admonition that whispers, however gently, of a time when I must cease from my work altogether, and give an account of my stewardship to Him whose servant (O how unprofitable!) I am."

From the tone of this letter it would seem as if Dr. Raffles had himself received the impression that his medical advisers were correct in thinking that he was prematurely wearing himself out by his incessant labours. And yet, nearly thirty years of public life were before him!

Among the engagements which Dr. Raffles had to give up in consequence of his illness, was one to deliver the charge to the Rev. W. H. Stowell, on his settlement as minister of the church at Rotherham, and theological tutor at the Independent College at that place. The Rev. Dr. M'All supplied his lack of service, and embraced the opportunity to speak of his absent friend in a manner which could not but be most gratifying to him. He said:—

"But I cannot so easily divest myself of the embarrassment arising from my inadequacy fitly to supply the place of that most eminent individual to whom this task was originally en-

trusted, and on account of whose necessary absence I participate in all your regret. Most fervently do I desire that his remaining illness may be soon removed, and that his life, now more than ever precious to his friends and to the Church, may be spared for many years; that his almost unequalled services may be crowned with yet greater success; and that his reputation, which has hitherto received continual accessions, and has now become the common property and boast of all his brethren, may be sustained with increasing lustre to his last hour. In these wishes I am confident there is not one who hears me that does not cordially unite." *

Writing to Mr. Parsons again on the 13th of December, Dr. Raffles says:—

"Accept my best thanks for your kind letter of the 8th. I trust that I may now consider my health as re-established, though my complaint is of so insidious a nature, that I know not when I may be again attacked. * * * *

"I observe what you say respecting Bristol. † You do not ask for my advice, and therefore I ought not, perhaps, to give it; and yet, as you have named the matter, I could hardly close my letter without a reference to it. Do you incline to go? I am almost ready to say I hope not. Can you have a more honourable, useful, peaceful station than York? There you are everything, and have all to your mind. I had rather be *Archbishop* of York, than *one of the Bishops* of Bristol." ‡

The success of the ministerial meeting at Manchester early in this year, had suggested to the Liverpool

* Discourses by the late Rev. Dr. M'All, edited by the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, vol i. p. 394.

† Mr. Parsons had been invited to become the minister of Brunswick Chapel, Bristol.

‡ There were at that day several Nonconformist ministers of eminence at Bristol; there was but one at York.

ministers the desirability of a similar meeting at Liverpool early in 1835. Dr. Raffles wrote on the 31st of December to Dr. M'All respecting the arrangements. The latter part of the letter is very characteristic of the kindliness and courtesy of his disposition :—

"I thank you for the copy of the circular, together with the observations by yourself, which you were so kind as to send me, and which we have found very useful.

"I regret to say that, owing to Mr. Kelly's absence, and other causes, we could not determine the exact day of our intended ministerial meeting till yesterday. We have at length fixed on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of February. * * * *

"And now, my dear friend, I have to tell you that our eyes are unanimously directed to you as our preacher on the interesting occasion which we thus anticipate, and as you have already given us reason to hope that, in the event of our fixing our minds upon you, you would not disappoint our expectations, I trust that you will, at your earliest convenience, favour me with a line, by which we shall be relieved from all anxiety on this head, by your kind compliance with our request.

"There is one point on which we here feel some difficulty —the associating with us or otherwise, Dr. Stewart, and the Baptist ministers, Saunders, Lister, and Fisher, in this exercise. I am aware that you confined your invitations in Manchester to ministers of our own denomination, but we are, perhaps, somewhat differently circumstanced to what you are in this respect. We live on terms of the closest ministerial communion with the ministers above-named. In all our ministerial and pastoral associations and meetings they take a part, and when we had, last winter, a day set apart for fasting and prayer, they were with us. We fear, therefore, that to pass them over in this instance would be, in their esteem and to their feelings, an act of unkindness, and an occasioning of pain to them, such as it would grieve us exceedingly to be the instruments of inflicting.

Yet we feel that there is also something due to you and our brethren at a distance, who, not knowing the brethren in question as we do, may feel their presence a restraint, in some degree, upon that expression of sentiment and feeling, the unfettered flow of which is essential to the great end which we propose by such a meeting, and was the great excellence of that held in Manchester. Will you favour me with your views, and those, so far as you may have opportunity to collect them, of the ministers in your neighbourhood on this point?"

The meetings were subsequently held, but it was finally determined to confine them to the ministers of the Independent denomination, as had been the case in Manchester.

In writing to his sister, early in the year 1835, on the fly-leaf of his annual lines he says:—

"The trifle on the other side is not worth the postage, and yet I cannot resist the temptation I feel in this way to wish you all a happy New Year. Our years are passing away very rapidly, and we know not how near we may be to their close. I trust that we can view their flight without alarm, and look with hope to the eternity that lies beyond them. I am truly thankful that my own health continues tolerably good, though I am not without monitions and warnings, so that I rejoice with trembling. * * * * We have lately chosen four new deacons, but only two act, Mr. Marples and Mr. James. They were set apart to their office last Friday night. We now have six. I have just commenced the pastoral visitation of the church on a new plan, admirably arranged for me by Mr. Bourne, who has taken great pains in distributing the Church into districts, and making the requisite lists. I have much pleasure in my work, and I am more a *Pastor* than ever I was."

Dr. Raffles took great interest, about this time, in the efforts which were being made throughout the country

to obtain the enactment of a measure whereby those who dissented from the Established Church might be married by their own ministers, in their own places of worship. Among his papers is the following copy of a letter which he addressed to Mr. William Ewart, then M.P. for Liverpool, dated March 21st:—

"I am greatly obliged to you for your favour of the 8th inst. I cannot say that I am satisfied with Sir R. Peel's Bill, though I admire the liberal spirit in which he has introduced it; but I object to it on three grounds:—

"1. Because it makes marriage a civil contract merely, in the case of the Dissenters.

"2. Because it makes an invidious distinction between the marriage of the Dissenters and that of the rest of the community, it being declared a civil contract merely in the one case, and both a civil contract and a religious ceremony in the other.

"3. Because if this Bill pass into a law, I am persuaded that many persons, though Dissenters—and especially the ladies—would rather go to church and be married, as now, than go before a magistrate only, and have so important an affair dealt with as one of the most ordinary and commonplace transactions of life.

"Why cannot a Bill be framed to require what may be called the civil contract to be entered into before the civil magistrate, as now before the surrogate, and on producing the certificate of the magistrate or surrogate to the minister the parties shall choose (being duly registered as a minister competent to celebrate marriage), he may perform the religious part of the ceremony, as the clergyman does now, only in his own way, and in a chapel duly registered for the purpose, instead of a church; provision being made for such as object to any religious service, to have the whole affair terminated before the magistrate. What we want is to be married by our own ministers, on giving such security with regard to the civil contract as the State may require.

"Sir John Campbell speaks my sentiments on the subject when he says, 'There would be no hardship in adopting the same system as prevailed in Catholic countries, in requiring the parties simply to go before the civil magistrate before they went to the altar,' substituting in our case *chapel* for *altar*.

"I write in haste, in order to save the post, and my own individual sentiments—not having had an opportunity of consulting any of my brethren."

Dr. Raffles adds in a postscript:—

"There are some Dissenters, indeed, who regard marriage as a civil contract; to them the principle of the Bill will be satisfactory, but I think that there are more who are of opinion with me, that it is not only a civil contract, but also a solemn obligation, involving the highest responsibilities, and requiring religious sanctions and admonitions."

A Bill passed in the following year, which Dr. Raffles did not consider perfectly satisfactory, and which was subsequently amended. He at once drew up a form for the solemnization of matrimony, altered from that in the Book of Common Prayer, which was very extensively used by other ministers throughout the country.

During this year there was little to vary the usual round of incidents in a minister's life. A letter among his papers of this date has on the fly-leaf the draft of a reply, in his handwriting, in which he refers to the principle on which he acted in the case of a request to preach at the opening of a new chapel in places where another of the same denomination existed. The statement of his practice, founded on a large experience, may be of use to others placed in similar circumstances. He declined to preach unless he received the assurance that

the already recognized minister or ministers of the place, and the supporters of the new chapel were on friendly terms; to use his own words, "it has always been my practice not to make myself a party in any proceedings that may, in any measure, interfere with the good understanding which I am anxious to maintain with my brethren in the ministry and the Churches of Christ." He had ample reason, on more than one occasion within the editor's knowledge, to feel satisfied that he had made such a rule.

In the summer of 1836 Dr. Raffles paid another visit to Ireland, and preached at Dublin on the 19th of June, for the Rev. W. H. Cooper. On the following day, in company with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Curry, of Dublin, he set off on a tour to the lakes of Killarney and other parts of the country. His journal is contained in a series of letters to his wife, full of graphic descriptions of the scenes he visited. But the limits which the editor has marked out for himself do not permit him to transfer to these pages many passages from the letters, nor, perhaps, would it be desirable to enter into details of scenery now so generally known.

An interesting account of a visit to a convent of the monks of La Trappe, near Mill Street, County Kerry, is contained in one of the letters. Writing on the 22nd June, he says :—

"We were informed that they readily admitted strangers to visit it, and, accordingly, we sought and obtained admittance. On knocking at the gate the door was opened by a porter, who civilly inquired my name, saying that Mr. Curry and myself would be admitted, but that Mrs. Curry must remain at the lodge. The Superior received us with great courtesy, and

first conducted us to the door of the refectory, where the monks were then at supper. We did not pass beyond the door. The sight was, for the moment, very imposing; there they sat, in profoundest silence, on each side of two tables, which were placed parallel to each other, to the number of twenty-eight, every one with his coarse dark brown frieze cloak and cowl, while one was placed behind a small desk at the upper end of the room, reading for the edification of the rest. This is their usual practice at meals. We were then conducted to the dormitory, than which nothing can be conceived more miserable. A series of planks were run along the room, supported by sticks of timber, scarcely planed, and broad and long enough to hold a human being of the ordinary size; on this plank was placed a common straw mat, and on the mat the commonest rug, and that was the bed on which, in winter and in summer, the wretched recluse was doomed to lie. Over each bed was placed the name of its occupant—not the name he bore in society, but that which he received on his entrance into the community, as Brother Francis, Brother Edward, &c. From the dormitory we proceeded to the chapel, the altar-piece of which is the workmanship of the monks, as they have amongst them persons of various trades, and they occupy themselves during a portion of each day in the work to which each has been, in former life, accustomed. Nothing can be plainer than the chapel is, with the exception of the altar; it was, indeed, a barn, and its floor is still the bare earth, and its pillars the stumps of trees, undressed, just us they were felled from the forest. From the chapel we proceeded to the burying-ground. We did not enter it, but looked through a grated portion of the door. There are no stones, but mere mounds of earth, with a cross at the head of each. One grave is always kept half open, as the Superior said, to remind them of their own nearness to the tomb. The Superior, who was very communicative, informed us that they were about speedily to remove from their present residence to a building recently erected for them in Waterford; the larger number of the Brothers are already there; they never taste flesh-meat, wine, or spirits, but live entirely on potatoes, meal, and buttermilk. They retire at

eight, and rise, winter and summer, at two in the morning, being occupied chiefly in offices of devotion. The community consists of persons of every rank of life, and is divided into two classes, the one ecclesiastic and the other lay. They are never allowed to speak but in the presence of the Superior, and then only on necessary matters. By-the-by, the Superior is a good jolly-looking fellow, with a remarkably sleek countenance; methinks he lives on better fare than bread and water. He very politely offered us refreshment, saying that he could give us bread and butter or cheese and a glass of wine. He is an Englishman. On the whole I was much pleased with my visit to the establishment, but mourned over the folly of the miserable beings who composed it; as though God could be pleased with such bodily service and austerities as these, while they might be usefully employed in the world which they have, perhaps in disgust, forsaken. How thankful ought we to be to Him who hath taught us a milder system and a better way."

He writes from Glengariff on the 30th of June, after having visited the lakes of Killarney and described them in glowing terms:—

"I have been occupied for several hours to-day in exploring the recesses of Glengariff, and my admiration has risen with every step I have taken. I wish I knew how to convey to you anything like a correct and adequate idea of this most wonderful region; but it combines so strangely the extremes of wildness and of sweetness, of sterility and luxuriance, of savageness and of softness, of the overwhelming and the soothing, of stern and solemn grandeur, and soft and sylvan beauty, that it baffles all my powers of description. Conceive of one immense valley surrounded in its remoter elevations by the loftiest mountains; conceive of that valley again, comprising a succession or a variety of lesser valleys, and those valleys filled with an infinite multitude of well-wooded elevations, like the waves of a mighty ocean rolling one upon another; while from the midst of these verdant billows, rocks, huge and immense, are seen, sometimes just

peeping like the crest of a wave, at others presenting an immense dark, broad, elongated surface to the eye, in strange contrast with the bright green that everywhere surrounds it. Conceive of this mighty valley, terminated at one end by an arm of the sea that runs in amongst islands and headlands, bare and rocky, that divide it into innumerable lakes; but no, I cannot describe Glengariff; you must see it to understand it. Inglis says his expectations of it were not disappointed, because they were not highly raised—it is picturesque, but not sublime. I have no patience with him for saying so. He either did not see it, or saw it in the midst of a shower of rain, when nobody can see anything—a bull you will say, but then I am in Ireland, and have license, therefore, to make as many as I please—or he merely passed hastily through, and speaks from the impression of a passing glance; the latter, I believe, was, in reality, the case. But in my opinion, Glengariff has all the elements of the sublime as well as of the beautiful, and I think, from what I know of the finest scenery of the three kingdoms, I might safely challenge any man to point me out a spot where, within so narrow a compass, these elements are combined and displayed in a greater degree.

"July 1. My patience was tried this morning by the continuance of the rain, so that I was prevented stirring abroad. I had, however, amusement within, for a sort of petty session is held monthly in the inn, and this happened to be the day, and I sat for an hour or two in the room, witnessing the proceedings, which entertained me not a little. The magistrates before whom the causes were tried—if such a *higgledy-piggledy* way of doing this can be called a trial—were Lord Bantry and his brother, Captain White. Captain White, however, was the chief spokesman, and examined all the witnesses. They were nearly all of them unable to speak English, and the proceedings were, therefore, conducted through the medium of an interpreter. The most amusing case was that of a man who had got his nose broken in a row which occurred at a *patron*—a service performed at certain places in honour of some particular saint. Great multitudes of people assemble on these occasions, and when they

cease praying, they usually fall to rioting, drinking, fighting, and all sorts of excess. In this case, the fellow whose nose had been broken was at the patron, selling porter. This was considered a sort of innovation and intrusion by certain other parties, vendors of whiskey, esteemed by far the more orthodox liquor of the two. Ill names and irritating language were used by the whiskey sellers against the porter sellers; a row ensued, and in the fray the unlucky seller of porter got his nose broken. When the unfortunate sufferer appeared in the room, he certainly presented a grotesque and laughable appearance. A short, thick-set, stumpy kind of fellow, with a face scarcely a degree removed from a savage in its expression, with carrotty hair, and long chin, and bristly beard, and the dismal scar yet remaining of his wound on the most prominent feature of his ugly face. The man whom he accused of the outrage was a tall, gaunt, mahogany-faced man, who seemed capable of anything brutal and vindictive. The examination of the witnesses was most entertaining, for Captain White threw a vein of humour into the whole proceeding. Roars of laughter were produced, and at length, after much swearing, and talking, and shouting, one party against the other, the case was dismissed; Captain White observing that the porter seller had drunk of his porter, and the whiskey seller of his whiskey, till they were all gloriously drunk together, so that while it was clear the man had got a broken nose, the scar of which he had been scratching continually, that it might be unhealed and present a woeful appearance on the court day, yet no one was competent to say how it was done, or who did it.

"Birr, July 9. After sitting in the villainous steam-boat for three hours yesterday, the captain came on board with the news that the boats we were to take in tow would not be ready for two hours more, and that he did not think he should be able to reach Shannon harbour that night. Accordingly I took my departure that instant, and retraced my steps to Athlone, which I had hoped to have seen no more. I at once resolved to pass the night there, and spend the remainder of the day in exploring the scene of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.' I hired a car for this

purpose, and after a pleasant drive of seven miles came to a district or hamlet, about a mile in length, which bears the name of Auburn. There are a few scattered cottages or hovels, and the aspect of the place is desolate and forlorn. It *is* a 'deserted village.' The house where Goldsmith resided with his brother, the curate, of whom he says :—

> 'A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich, with forty pounds a year '—

is in ruins, but I stood amidst the ruins, and felt a melancholy pleasure in calling up those scenes of domestic and social enjoyment which he has so admirably pourtrayed in his immortal poem. There it was that—

> 'The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
> Sat by his fire and talked the night away.'

But the fire has long been quenched upon that hearth; the venerable pastor and the inimitable poet, and all that generation have passed away; the ruined walls of the edifice alone remain, while the verse in which they are celebrated can never die. The spot in front of the village public-house, where the 'aged hawthorn' once stood, is still sufficiently manifest, but the tree has been carried away by travellers piecemeal. A gentleman in the neighbourhood has Goldsmith's clock and chair; I sat in the latter."

Chapter XVI.

1837 — 1838.

DEATH OF MR. HURRY—TOUR ON THE CONTINENT—PARIS—GENEVA—THE SIMPLON—MILAN—ROME—ST. PETER'S—DR. WISEMAN—THORWALDSEN AND GIBSON—CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI—RETURN HOME THROUGH SWITZERLAND—WEIGH-HOUSE CHAPEL, LONDON—WILLIAM HONE—MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT LIVERPOOL—OPENING OF THE CRESCENT CHAPEL—LETTER TO REV. DR. SPRAGUE—VISIT TO LONDON—CORONATION OF THE QUEEN—DEATH OF REV. DR. M'ALL—FUNERAL SERMON—VISIT TO SOUTHAMPTON AND ISLE OF WIGHT.

EARLY in 1837, Dr. Raffles lost his old and valued friend, Mr. Nicholas Hurry, one of the officers of his Church, who died on the 14th of February. Mr. Hurry had been among the first to welcome Dr. Raffles to Liverpool, and the friendship then formed between them, continued unabated during twenty-five years of his ministry. Mr. Hurry's house had been a second home to the young minister, when he came as a stranger to the town, and he enjoyed the benefit of his friend's experience, when most he needed the kind counsels of a judicious adviser. Dr. Raffles ever cherished his memory with sincere regard.

After a service of a quarter of a century, Dr. Raffles, surely not unreasonably, felt himself entitled to take a

more extended holiday than usual. He had long been desirous of visiting Italy, and the circumstance that such a journey was pronounced advisable for the health of his wife, decided him to extend his usual time of absence to three months. He embraced the opportunity to take his daughter and eldest son with him. Mr. Reginald Hargreaves, of Burnley, a cousin of Mrs. Raffles, and his two daughters, completed a party of seven. The travellers reached Paris late on Saturday night, the 29th of April, and Dr. Raffles writes in his journal on—

"April 30 (Sunday). I have passed another Sunday in Paris, and found it much as it was twenty years ago, the whole city given to dissipation and pleasure. I, however, spent it much more to my own satisfaction and comfort than in the former instance. For now there is Christian society to be enjoyed, and there are places of Christian worship where one can join heartily in the services. In the morning my son and myself went to the French Independent chapel, with which Mr. Wilks is connected, and heard a French Minister from Lyons, who has been in Paris attending the meetings of the various religious societies. In the afternoon I preached to the few English and Americans who are disposed to attend such a service. There were about fifty or sixty persons present. Mr. Wilks came and sat with us in the evening, and we closed the day with reading the scriptures and prayer. The crowds in the streets and boulevards, seemed to be as great as ever, and the bustle that everywhere prevailed, the throng of carriages abroad, the crowded cafés, &c., would have impressed a stranger rather with the idea of a carnival than a Sabbath. Our hotel (Hotel Bristol), being in the Place Vendome, is in the centre of the scene of gaiety."

At Lons le Saulnier, on the route between Paris and Geneva, Dr. Raffles met with an awkward accident by falling down the stairs at the inn when just about to start

in the early morning. The party proceeded on to Geneva, however, arriving there on the evening of Saturday, May 6th, where for three days Dr. Raffles was confined to the hotel. He writes in his diary on

"May 9. Mr. Cæsar Malan called this morning, and kindly took charge of my letters of introduction, engaging to deliver them for me. His father* left home on a journey yesterday, not to return till Saturday.

"May 10. Took a coach to the library, where Monsieur Diodati was kind enough to show me the autograph letter of Calvin to Farel; also a manuscript in the autograph of Beza. These precious relics are contained in a thin folio volume, in very slight boards; but M. Diodati told me that the volume was kept with very great care. The library contains 40,000 volumes, and possesses a good collection of original portraits of the reformers and others. On my return from the library we were honoured by a visit from the Baroness de Staël, a most delightful and eminently pious woman. * * * The Duke de Broglie, her brother-in-law, is much employed about the person of the King Louis Phillippe, and is commissioned to bring to France the Princess of Mecklenburg, who is to be married to the Duke of Orleans. She is a Lutheran, and should the Duke succeed to the throne, she will be the first Protestant Queen of France. The Duke is deputy-chairman of the Chamber of Peers, and in this capacity delivered the congratulatory address on the first of May; and because, in that speech, he so far manifested a regard to Divine Providence as to observe that 'the life of the King was in the hands of God,' he has been charged with Methodism. Less religion in such a composition could hardly be conceived compatible with anything short of pure heathenism or atheism, and yet this was too much for the French, so completely are they, 'without God in the world.'"

The party left Geneva on the 11th of May, intending

* The late Rev. Cæsar Malan, D.D.

to cross the Simplon into Italy. The season was remarkably late, and, in consequence, the pass was dangerous from the melting of the snow. The travellers were almost deterred from proceeding by the account which they received at Brieg, from a gentleman who had arrived there with the panels of his carriage almost destroyed, but they persevered, and, happily, crossed without accident. Dr. Raffles writes on the 13th :—

"It was exactly ten o'clock (A.M.), when we reached the auberge of the Simplon. The Curé, with his cocked hat and canonical dress, was standing at the door as we entered, and, I understand, kindly lent his assistance in replacing our carriages upon their wheels,* while we were at breakfast. At noon, we set off on our descent into Italy. But I really shrink from the hopeless task of attempting to describe the scenes through which we passed in this descent. They belong rather to the pencil of the artist than to the pen of the narrator; and even the pencil of the artist must often fail to convey anything like an adequate impression of their grandeur and sublimity. The glen or ravine, which opened far above the village of Simplon, expanded and deepened; an agitated torrent, dashing down in an endless succession of cataracts, and augmented by numerous tributary streams, continually heard but rarely seen in the abyss beneath, sent up its incessant murmurs; while the path wound fearfully along the sinuosities of the ravine, and at its very brink. Two men went before us to clear away the snow, in the midst of which the carriages occasionally stuck; and at length, so imminent did the danger appear of their being either upset or broken to pieces by repeated concussions with the masses of frozen snow, that we could no longer retain our seats, but, in spite of the remonstrances of our courier, resolved rather to trust to our feet. Here new difficulties occurred, for the postillions went on far ahead,

* The carriages had to be placed on sledges, for the purpose of crossing the highest part of the pass.

leaving us hapless wights to trudge as we might through the melting masses, which rendered the road in many places little better than the bed of a torrent, against which shoes and stockings afforded no protection. For myself, being still lame from my fall, I was soon left behind, and most gladly did I avail myself of the accommodation of a sledge, which was happily at hand. Having reached the place where the carriages waited for us, we were glad to find ourselves once more comfortably seated. At this point two ravines, each the channel of a roaring stream, met and united in one immense defile, along which we pursued our route, and almost immediately passed through the first gallery in the descent, the entrance to which, seen from the heights above, seemed scarcely large enough for the admission of a Lilliputian cortége. The united stream takes the name of the Dovedro, and no imagination, however vivid, can picture to itself a succession of wilder and more awful defiles, than those through which it pursues its agitated course to the fertile and peaceful plains beyond. Ever by its side, or borne across it on bridges of singular construction, so high above its surface that the eye cannot fathom the depth of the dark and horrible gulf below, the road conducts the astonished, and, perhaps not unfrequently, the affrighted traveller. For the postillions, accustomed to the road and strangers to those terrible annoyances called nerves, go rattling down at a tremendous rate, and one cannot help shuddering at the contemplation of the consequences that must ensue, should any serious accident happen to the vehicle in which you are helplessly seated. At one time you look up and see a precipice rising to the height of a thousand feet or upwards from the bed of the river, as perpendicularly as any wall built by the hand of man, black and bare, from the brink of which I am persuaded that, if a stone were dropped, it would fall unimpeded by any projection into the torrent beneath; at another time, and on the opposite side it may be of the gulf, looking up, you see a most light and elegant cascade, falling from a prodigious height and spreading itself like the finest gauze or lace over the face of the rock; here enormous masses, broken off by some terrible convulsion from the rocks above, lay in the bed of the torrent or upon

its very verge, just ready to take another fearful plunge and bar its further progress. One of these masses is indelibly impressed upon my memory; I compared it at the moment to the hull of a disabled man of war, and I can think of nothing to which more fitly to compare it now. How many ages it has occupied its present position, obviously not that which nature originally designed, no chronicler has told, nor in what fearful tempest, or by what horrible convulsion it was riven from its parent mass. Scenes like these have no record; they belong to an earlier age; they carry us back to 'the years beyond the flood,' and seem like the fragments of a world, once blasted and withered in the great Creator's wrath, and deposited in these awful solitudes, as a memento to future generations of the crimes that provoked and justified the deed. Then, again, it seemed as if vast battlements and gigantic towers, reared by some Titan hands, in defiance of the Creator and with the intent to reach to heaven, rose above and around us, and it required no great effort of the imagination to man their lofty turrets with thousands of warriors, and to fill these vast ravines with the roar and smoke of their dread artillery; yet all was the stillness and solitude of the grave—a stillness broken only by the roar of the torrent, and the dashing of the cataract—a solitude traversed by no intruders but ourselves. But I abandon the effort to describe such scenes as these; epithets are exhausted; objects of comparison there are none; and, utterly dissatisfied with all that I have written, I give up the task I have vainly endeavoured to execute in despair.

"May 15. At Baveno. I cannot say that the far-famed Lago Maggiore has met my expectations, nor, indeed, has the Italian scenery, so far. The lake is a noble expanse of water, but the mountains which surround it are by no means so picturesque and beautiful in their forms or their clothing as I had imagined them. True it is that their sides are covered with vines, and that these are no longer trained to upright sticks, with a monotonous and repulsive uniformity, as in France, but are gracefully festooned from pole to pole, and from tree to tree, forming shady bowers, under which happy groups may cluster;

but these present nothing like the rich and graceful masses of foliage which rise from the very borders of some of our English lakes, and throw their deep shadows on their bright and placid surface; and here, too, in the midst of the fairest scenes by which we are surrounded, the most hideous heaps of half-ruined buildings continually obtrude themselves upon the eye, enough to spoil the effect of the happiest combinations which nature could present.

"May 1. Milan. My first visit was, of course, to the far-famed cathedral. It is, indeed, a wonderful pile, and, of its kind, has no parallel. I had often read of it in poetry and prose, and seen it represented to my eye in pictures, and it fully realised my conceptions. It is an immense structure, being 500 feet in length, but such is its elegance, so light and airy is its style of architecture, so infinitely divided and subdivided by pillars, and profusely adorned with pinnacles and statues, that you have no idea of its vast dimensions; while the purity of the white marble, of which it is entirely constructed, and of the atmosphere in which it stands, combines to add still more to the lightness of its appearance. * * * * Altogether it is a matchless and incomparable pile, and looks as though it had arisen rather from the wand of the magician than by the slow process of human effort. Faults it has, for the Gothic and the Grecian styles of architecture are strangely mingled in its front, the general character being of the former, and the doors and windows of the latter; but, in the *coup d'œil*, these are overlooked, and the eye rests with perfect satisfaction—at any rate, it was so with me—on a structure which, at first sight, disarms criticism by its rare and exquisite beauty.

"But draw aside the curtain that hangs before the vast centre door and enter, and what a contrast, in the deep religious gloom that reigns within, to the lightness that reigns without. Five hundred feet of magnificent perspective are before you; a splendid vista of clustering columns, unbroken, as in the cathedrals of our country, by any intervening screen, is before you, rising to a prodigious height, crowned by capitals of costly workmanship, composed of niches, each containing its appropriate statue, and

supporting, what at first appears to be a fretted roof, but in reality is only painted. Shrines and altars, and richly painted windows are around you, and from the high altar that is dimly seen over the lights perpetually burning above the shrine of S. Carlo Borromeo, whose remains lie in a stately chapel and tomb beneath, voices of the surrounding chanters break, and the deep tones of the organ peal, while the clouds of incense diffuse their odours throughout the gorgeous pile."

From Milan the travellers proceeded to Venice, and thence by Florence and Bologna, to Rome. Dr. Raffles writes from Rome on the 11th of June to his sister;—

"From the first contemplation of this tour, I resolved, in the event of my reaching Rome, to address you thence, and I know not that I can better employ a portion of this sacred day than in carrying my purpose, in this respect, into effect. For we are, of necessity, detained the whole of the day at home. There is no public worship here in which we can unite,* though I would fondly entertain the hope that, in the midst of all this form and ceremony, and outward pomp and show, He that reads the heart sees many a true penitent, many a spiritual worshipper, many a sincere and devout Christian. But it is hard for us who are, happily, unaccustomed to such services, to associate them with that grave and genuine devotion which alone is regarded with complacency and acceptance by God. We do not think it right to go about to-day merely to see churches, and therefore we stay at home, except in the evening, when we go to vespers, and the service is the chanting of a litany, the substance of which we know to be scriptural, and in the spirit of which we can cordially unite. We have at home our own little service, in which I go through the usual course of worship, reading a sermon, and reading, but not singing, hymns. But we long for the happy Sabbaths of England again.

"This is a wonderful city, and you scarcely dare to write

* The season being over, the English church was then closed.

about it. It seems like temerity to attempt to say anything upon a topic which has exhausted all the eloquence of poetry and prose, from the revival of letters to the present day. Yet you will have me say something, and, that I may do so, I must concentrate my thoughts and feelings, and fix upon a single spot, and that spot shall be St. Peter's.

"I have been repeatedly to St. Peter's. My first visit to that sublime temple was alone. I determined that it should be so. I arose at an early hour on the morning after our arrival in Rome, and went ere the rest of our party were up. The emotions excited within me, as I entered its gates, and sauntered along its aisles, and stood beneath its ample dome, I may in vain endeavour to analyze or to record. Was it awe? was it admiration? was it devotion which prevailed? or was it a compound of all? Was it God or man, the temple or the Deity, for whose worship it was professedly reared, that occupied, elevated, absorbed my mind? Did I there commune with God? Was my heart lifted up to the Eternal, amid the majesty and glory of human genius and human enterprise by which I was there surrounded? I verily believe it was. I never felt more elevated, more absorbed, more abstracted, than in that not gorgeous, though most magnificent, edifice. My breast heaved with the pressure of its emotions, and more than once I found relief in tears. I was alone. St. Peter's was a perfect solitude to me. There were people moving about, and the voices of the chanters, and the pealing of the organ, came occasionally upon my ear; but I was alone. I sought the most retired and unfrequented portion of the building; I communed, not with the visible, but with the unseen, not with the present but with the past; I seemed as though I had lived for ages, and the great and the mighty of ancient times were my contemporaries, or the men but of yesterday. I thought of apostles and martyrs, and their martyred Lord; I thought of emperors and tyrants, and their deeds of cruelty and blood; I thought of popes and cardinals, and of the long reign of ignorance and darkness, which they have done their utmost to perpetuate and confirm; I thought of Luther and of Wycliffe, and of the wondrous achievements of that

reformation, with the rise and the results of which the rearing of that splendid fabric was so marvellously connected; I thought of my own happy and highly-favoured land, so bright and free in comparison with this. The history of the world seemed concentrated on that spot, and compressed within the limits of that interesting hour. Though I should visit St. Peter's a thousand times again, the emotions of that first visit can never be reproduced with equal freshness and power.

"To tell of the antiquities of Rome, of the galleries of the Vatican, and all the wonders of this epitome of the world, would be, as you know, to fill volumes. I am wearied with seeing, feeling, thinking, writing; and, O! the heat! it is most oppressive. We regret that the cholera prevents our going to Naples; one hundred deaths in a day!"

Dr. Raffles writes in his diary, on

"June 10. Called on Chevalier Bunsen* and Dr. Wiseman.† Dr. Wiseman is head of the English College. He received me very courteously, and was very ready to communicate information on the topics to which I drew his attention. The principal of these was China, in consequence of Mr. Medhurst's request for information on that subject. Dr. Wiseman said that they had many missionaries in China; that they have a seminary at Canton, and one at Naples for Chinese; that the Pope has more immediate and regular communication with China than with any other part of the world; and that he hears from China twice a-year. The number of Dr. Wiseman's students at present is seventeen.

"June 12. Early in the morning Mr. Gibson, the sculptor, called. He took us first to Thorwaldsen's house, and we were much delighted to see this great sculptor, and truly venerable man, at his work. He was engaged in modelling an alto rilievo for the base of one of his statues. He allowed us the range of his rooms, into all of which we entered, not excepting his bedroom.

* Then Ambassador at Rome from the King of Prussia.

† Now Cardinal Wiseman.

They are full of works of art, the sculpture and models chiefly his own, and the pictures the works of modern artists, and for the most part purchased by him from motives of benevolence. He lives in the plainest manner possible, and occupies the same humble dwelling which he took soon after coming to Rome, forty years ago. He was kind enough to give me his autograph. From his house we went to one of his studios, for he has many. We there saw the models of his Christ and the apostles, which he executed in marble, and presented as a free gift to his country, Denmark. Gibson said that he believed Iceland was his native country, but Denmark that of his adoption, having been brought to it when quite a child. The statue of our Lord in that group, which is colossal, is, unquestionably, the finest representation of our Saviour I ever saw. Calm, dignified, benevolent, tender, it is the mingled personification of majesty and love. Each of the apostles executed in stone would, had he been paid for his work, have produced him £1,200 sterling; this, his country was not rich enough to pay. The king, therefore, ordered them in plaster, but the generous and disinterested sculptor presented them in stone. From the studio of Thorwaldsen we went to that of Gibson, and were greatly delighted with his works. His chisel and his genius are more delicate and chaste, perhaps, than Thorwaldsen's, and while the one excels in majesty and loftiness of conception and boldness and vigour in execution, the other equally excels in classic elegance and grace. We could have lingered for hours in the studios of these admirable sculptors, but our limited time forbade, as I had an engagement to meet Monsignor Mezzofanti,* at the Vatican library, at eleven o'clock. We, therefore, hastened thither, and, while the rest of our party were engaged in looking at the curiosities usually shown to strangers, I was favoured with an interview with the celebrated linguist. On sending my card to him, he immediately came to me and received me with the greatest kindness. I told him my errand, of which, indeed, he had previously been made aware by Chevalier Bunsen. He said that the copy of the inscrip-

* Afterwards Cardinal Mezzofanti.

tion after which I inquired was not in the library of the Jesuits' College, but in the Vatican, and he presently brought it to me. I had some very interesting conversation with him relative to the points in Mr. Medhurst's letter. He knew of Dr. Morison's dictionary and translation of the Scriptures in Chinese, but appeared to be ignorant of that of Dr. Carey and the Baptist missions. Yet he knew the name of Dr. Marshman, and was aware of his having published a Chinese grammar. He is an extraordinary man; his talent for the acquisition of languages is unrivalled. It is said that he speaks forty-four languages, with greater or less fluency. I heard some amusing anecdotes illustrative of his skill in this respect. The Pope, on one occasion, put it to the test by assembling thirty young men from the several colleges in Rome, each from a different country, and required Mezzofanti to converse with each in his own tongue, which he did with perfect ease. I am told that he understands Welsh, and, from his manner when he inquired of me whether I spoke Chinese, I feel assured that he was prepared to converse with me in that language."

The editor might continue to give interesting extracts from Dr. Raffles's journal, while in Rome, but the space at his command forbids. It may be taken for granted that the wonderful antiquities of the Eternal City were eagerly visited and carefully noted. His antiquarian tastes were here fully gratified. But these grand memorials of the past have been so often described that it would be idle to occupy these pages by dwelling upon them. Dr. Raffles, moreover, after a subsequent visit delivered a lecture on Rome, which has been printed, and gives ample details of its most celebrated sights and scenes.

The travellers returned home through Switzerland, and arrived safely at Liverpool on the 21st of July.

Dr. Raffles has recorded in his autobiographical reminiscences a circumstance which he always referred to with interest, and which occurred on his passing through London on his way home. It relates to William Hone, the celebrated political writer. Dr. Raffles says :—

"I never saw Hone but once. That, however, was under circumstances that impressed him indelibly upon my memory. Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution, who knew him well, in 1822 gave him my album, in which he wrote some beautiful lines. Between that date and 1837 a saving change was undoubtedly wrought by divine grace in his heart, and from a sneering sceptic he became a humble Christian, and a consistent member of the Church at the Weigh House, London, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Thomas Binney. In 1837, on my return from a tour on the Continent, I preached for Mr. Binney on a Sabbath evening. After the service, Mr. Hone came into the vestry, and, introducing himself to me, referred to the fact of his having written in my album several years ago; 'but now,' said he, 'I am another man; take this as an evidence and memorial of the change.' Then taking his Bible from his pocket, he tore out the fly-leaf, on which he had written the following lines, and which he begged me to accept as an addition to my collection of autographs :—

'LINES WRITTEN BEFORE BREAKFAST, 3 JUNE, 1834—THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BIRTHDAY, 1780.

The proudest heart that ever beat
Hath been subdued in me;
The wildest will that ever rose,
To scorn Thy cause and aid Thy foes,
Is quelled, my God! by Thee.

Thy will, and not my will be done,
My heart be ever Thine;
Confessing Thee, the mighty Word,
I hail Thee, Christ, my God, my Lord,
And make Thy name my sign.

'W. HONE.'

"On the leaf which contains the above I wrote at the time, 'This leaf was torn out of his pocket Bible and given to me by Mr. Hone, in the vestry of the Weigh House Chapel, London, July 16th, 1837. T. R.'"

Dr. Raffles was strongly urged to publish an account of his travels, but he could not be persuaded to do so. In a letter to Dr. M'All, on the 21st of August, he says; "Everybody cries, referring to our late tour, 'a book! a book!' but I hesitate. I scarcely know what to do; I am not what I was twenty years ago, when I wrote the last, and could not throw the same life into the narrative now."

The meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, then in the spring of its existence, was held at Liverpool, in September. Dr. Raffles was a member of the local council which was appointed to prepare for its reception, and took a great interest in its proceedings. People in the present day will hardly understand how dubiously the Association was, at that time, regarded by many, and how slightingly it was spoken of in some leading public journals. Its utility to the interests of science has now, however, been generally recognised.

A new and handsome chapel in Everton Crescent, Liverpool, erected by the congregation of the Rev. John Kelly for their own accommodation, was opened in November; Dr. Fletcher, of London, Dr. M'All, of Manchester, and Dr. Raffles, took part in the services. Subsequently, in connexion with the chapel, large and commodious day-schools were established, which have ever since been maintained with singular efficiency, and wholly supported by Mr. Kelly's congregation.

The following letter, dated December 6th, was addressed by Dr. Raffles to his friend, the Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany, U.S., on the occasion of the death of his wife, and refers with gloomy anticipations to his own domestic circumstances :—

"I seize a moment at this place (Halshaw Moor), where I preached last night, and from which I shall soon depart to another, where I am to preach to-night, to do what I have, as yet, not been able to secure time for doing at home, namely, to acknowledge your affectionate and affecting letter of the 3rd October. Most deeply and truly do I sympathise with you in the mournful occurrence which it announces, and most earnestly do I pray that divine consolations may abound to you in this season of deep affliction, in a degree fully adequate to your support. The sources of comfort to which you have yourself adverted, are, indeed, most abundant, and I rejoice, not only that they are yours, but that you are enabled, in some happy measure, to avail yourself of them. I have not yet been called to experience the bitterness of separation, as you have, but I regret to say that the health of my dear wife is such as to awaken and keep alive in my bosom the keenest anxieties on her account. She is at present residing, and must reside all through the winter, at our villa at New Brighton, the air and quiet of which are deemed by the medical men essential to her restoration; while I am obliged, from the duties I am required daily to discharge, to be alone at Edge Hill, so that I am, even now, almost in a state of widowhood, and oppressed with fears of the gloomiest kind, that that condition, in its full and sad reality, may, ere long, be my portion. This is not our rest, and it is well for us that it is not. O! who would wish to live always, amid the dying of his kindred and the removal of all that is dearest to him on earth! But we have a happier world in view, and it is well if all we suffer here is graciously rendered subservient to our increasing meetness for it. I thank you for the interesting particulars you have given me respecting the

departed, and rejoice with you that she whom you so tenderly loved on earth sleeps in Jesus, and is in the fruition of a felicity from which nothing but selfishness could induce the wish for her removal."

Early in the year 1838, Dr. Raffles had a sum of money placed in his hands by a benevolent member of his congregation, to be distributed among the ministers connected with the County Union, who might require the addition of a few pounds to their small stipends, and the grant was continued for several years subsequently. The liberal donor would not allow his name to be made public, but the circumstance is mentioned in this narrative in the hope that those who have it in their power may be induced to do likewise. To distribute the donation was a labour of love to Dr. Raffles, who well knew the wants of his poorer brethren, and the letters of thanks which he received were frequently most touching. In some cases these donations were the means of saving more than one of the ministers of Christ's Holy Gospel from absolute want. The miserable incomes which, in too many instances, clergymen of the Established Church and ministers of the various Nonconformist denominations derive from their churches and chapels are a reflection upon the religion of the age.

In June of this year, Dr. Raffles went to London on the occasion of the Queen's coronation. He was always fond of sight-seeing, and his devoted loyalty was highly gratified by a view of the most magnificent procession which probably had ever passed through the streets of the metropolis. He hurried home after a stay of a few

days, and then proceeded to Burnley, where he had left Mrs. Raffles in very delicate health, at the house of a relative. He writes from Spring Cottage, near Burnley, on the 11th of July, to the editor, who was then in London, and studying for the bar :—

"I hope that you are making the best use of your time and opportunities. No man can attain to eminence in any profession, and least of all in that which you have chosen, without hard study. And I trust that you will be satisfied with nothing less than eminence. Remember, nay, I believe you do remember, the name you bear, and the many eyes that are upon you. I sometimes think that I shall be left to my children as my only earthly solace in the decline of life. To see you eminent and useful in an honourable profession, and connecting with the highest principles of honour, as a lawyer, the noblest and purest principles of piety, as a Christian, will be the truest felicity of a worldly kind by which my advancing age can be cheered."

The month of July in this year was full of mournful interest to Dr. Raffles. On Sunday, the 15th, he was at Northwich, preaching a funeral sermon for a venerable and excellent minister whom he highly esteemed, the Rev. Job Wilson. On the following day he was summoned to Manchester by tidings of the alarming illness of his valued friend, Dr. M'All, which terminated in his death on the 27th. Dr. Raffles attended his funeral on the 3rd of August, and on Sunday the 5th, preached his funeral sermon at Mosley Street Chapel. It was a most trying occasion for him. The sermon, which contained a biographical sketch, occupied nearly three hours in delivery, but so great was the interest excited by the death of this singularly gifted man, that Dr. Raffles was

compelled to re-deliver the sermon in the same place, on the Tuesday evening following, to another crowded audience. It was afterwards published.

In the month of August, Dr. Raffles's only daughter was married to Mr. Marshall Bulley, then of Oakwood, near Stockport. In September he paid a visit to Southampton and Romsey, making a trip to the Isle of Wight in company with his old friend the Rev. John Reynolds. Writing to his daughter, he says :—

"I had, upon the whole, a very pleasant journey to the South, and a delightful trip to the Isle of Wight. Very few of my old Southampton friends remain. Six or eight, however, came to the vestry to tell me that they remembered me, and it was gratifying to me to find that their remembrance of me was pleasing."

Chapter XVII.

1839.

BLACKBURN ACADEMY—CONTEMPLATED REMOVAL TO MANCHESTER—COUNTY UNION, TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF DR. M'ALL—DR. RAFFLES, PRESIDENT FOR THE YEAR OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION IN LONDON—TOUR IN SCOTLAND—IONA AND STAFFA—JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE—ABERDEEN—INVITATION TO VISIT AMERICA AS A DELEGATE FROM THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION—ALARMING ATTACK OF CHOLERA—STAY AT CHESTER.

REFERENCE has been already made in these pages, more than once, to the affairs of the Blackburn Academy. It had been permitted to continue on its old basis for many years after it had become evident that it was far behind the requirements of the times. At length it was universally admitted that some change was necessary. The situation was bad, the amount of accommodation was thoroughly inadequate to the wants of the tutors and students, and the domestic arrangements were consequently such as to be utterly unsuitable for the purposes of the institution. At the annual meeting on the 20th of December, 1838, it was resolved that the Academy should be removed to Manchester, and the meeting was adjourned to the 10th of January following,

for the purpose of taking measures to carry the resolution into effect. At this meeting an address was agreed upon on behalf of the "Lancashire Independent College, Manchester," which set forth the necessities of the case, and urged its most serious consideration upon the Churches of the denomination throughout the county. It was signed by Dr. Raffles, and sixteen other ministers present at the meeting, and contained the most ample and forcible reasons to justify the step which had been taken. The scheme was started with much more moderate anticipations and desires than were subsequently indulged in. Mr. Hadfield, the liberal and energetic treasurer for the new college, in writing to Dr. Raffles at the time, expresses his fears "that the sum of £10,000 may sound too large in the ears of some," though, in the result, treble that amount was expended. But the movement was fairly commenced; the interest excited was never allowed to flag, and the new college was eventually established on a scale thoroughly creditable to the large and important body of Dissenters whose opinions it represents, and whose churches it has supplied, and will, it is to be hoped, long continue to supply with able and efficient ministers. Dr. Raffles was an ardent friend to the project from the first, and devoted his time, his services, and his influence to promote its interests with untiring energy. He travelled through the county, during this and the following year, to collect on its behalf, and was a constant attendant at the various committee meetings which were held in Manchester, to determine the site, to fix upon the plans, and to make all the necessary arrangements. In the month of March, he was elected

chairman, and continued to discharge the duties of the office with admirable tact and discretion till his death.

There is a characteristic letter to Mr. Hadfield from Dr. Raffles, in answer to a communication from the former, announcing a handsome donation to the proposed college from a gentleman in Manchester, accompanied by a letter containing certain strictures on the academical system hitherto pursued, upon which Dr. Raffles felt himself called to animadvert. He says :—

"That our academical system may be improved, I have no doubt, but the opulent must give us the means, for most of the evils complained of arise from our poverty. If we 'make priests of the lowest of the people,' it is *not* 'on principle,' if by that is meant that we prefer such to those of the higher classes, but because none or few of the higher classes offer, whose piety would justify their being placed in the priest's office. But it is 'on principle,' if by that is meant that we prefer poverty with piety, to rank and talent without it; and, after all, the grade of society which, according to Mr. ———, supplies our ministers, is not lower than that which furnished the first preachers of the Gospel—the tent-makers, the tax-gatherers, the fishermen of apostolic times. We do provide for the piety, the diligence, the mental capacity of our students, and I am bold to say, that in these respects, and in proportion to the advantages they have enjoyed, they will bear a comparison with any other class of students, no matter in what academic halls they may have studied. I do not think our door of entrance to the ministry a bit too wide. Every care is taken to exclude improper persons from entering, and with regard to others, I hope it will always be wide enough to admit the poorest candidate whose piety and talents fit him for the work. What independence our ministry ought to have, that it has not, I am at a loss to conceive; it certainly has not independence of property, nor is it independent of public opinion, neither is it any the worse for this; but, with

regard to independence of mind, there is no class of men who have it and exercise it in a greater degree than our ministers. And as to our taking more than we give, I think it is quite the other way, for what we receive, in any sense, is far less, in most instances, than we impart. I think the remarks really uncalled for, and something unkind. That we have not the pomp and glory of universities, cathedrals, and a splendid establishment is certain, but our simplicity is our ornament, our principles are our strength, and our work is with our God."

Dr. Raffles had one or two amusing stories which he was accustomed to tell of his visits to collect money on behalf of the college. On one occasion, in company with Mr. Hadfield, he went to call on an old and wealthy, but somewhat eccentric gentleman, the late Mr. Samuel Lees, of Oldham. They found him at home smoking his pipe, and, after a time, opened fire upon him in reference to the college. Dr. Raffles and Mr. Hadfield successively enlarged upon the prospective benefits of the projected institution, but apparently to little purpose, for all they could extract from Mr. Lees was, "Weel, I mun gie ye a lift; I mun gie ye a lift;" but what was the extent of the "lift" was wholly left in the dark. Mr. Hadfield enlarged upon the mode of payment by instalments as very desirable; but Mr. Lees only said, "Weel, I mun gie ye a lift;" adding, "I've two causes at th' assizes, I mun see how they turn out." At length, the talking being somewhat exhaustive, tea was asked for and brought; and, after some more conversation, the two visitors departed, Mr. Lees saying, "Happly I might call some day at Mr. Hadfield's office in Manchester." On leaving, Mr. Hadfield expressed an opinion not very favourable as to the probable result of the visit;

while Dr. Raffles, on the other hand, said he would give £100 for it. Weeks or months rolled by, when, upon a certain morning, Mr. Lees walked into Mr. Hadfield's office, and on being shown into the presence of that gentleman, he said, "Weel, Mr. Hadfield, I've come about th' college;" and, pulling out a large pocket-book, apparently well lined with notes, he said, "You said you'd take it in 'stalments," and inserting his finger among the notes, speedily pulled out one for £100, and presented it to Mr. Hadfield, saying, "Here's th' first 'stalment;" then, taking another dip, he drew out a second note for the same amount,—"Here's th' second 'stalment;" and so with two other notes, till he counted £400 down on Mr. Hadfield's desk "in 'stalments;" and, having done so, he added, "An' if ye want more, ye mun have it!" The eccentric, but worthy old man died some years since. He was one of a class in the eastern part of the county, who, under a plain exterior, often manifest great natural shrewdness, much quiet humour, and no little kindness of heart. But the story can be only very imperfectly told on paper; as Dr. Raffles related the incident, and threw into it his own rich vein of humour, it was inimitable; but the recollections of many of his friends who may peruse this imperfect record will enable them to supply the deficiency in the editor's narration.

After much inquiry and discussion, an excellent site of seven acres was obtained for the college on the estate of Mr. Samuel Brooks, at Withington, near Manchester. Premiums were offered for the best designs, and, eventually, that of Mr. R. G. Irwin was selected; but the

consideration and selection of the design, the settlement of the trust-deed, the collection of funds, and other preparatory arrangements, occupied the attention of the committee during the remainder of the year.

The annual meeting of the Lancashire Congregational Union was held, in Manchester, in April. After the reading of the usual report, Dr. Raffles concluded a few remarks bearing upon the object of the Society with an affectionate tribute to the memory of the friend he had so recently lost, and the loss of whose countenance and support, at a time so critical in the history of the denomination in the county, was of so much consequence, especially in reference to the new college. He said—and the memory of his friend demands that his touching words should be recorded :—

"We appear to-day shorn of our strength and despoiled of our beauty. Since last we met on this annual occasion, one of the brightest ornaments that ever adorned the Christian Church in her militant state has been removed from amongst us. His death has been to us as when, in an army, a standard-bearer falleth, and deeply have we bewailed our loss. Yet still the name—the beloved and honoured name of M'All—is enshrined in our hearts as a name associated with all that is profound in learning or overwhelming in eloquence—all that is sacred in religion and tender and endearing in friendship; and still to his cherished memory we will not cease on all suitable occasions to pay—as we have already paid—the warmest tribute of affectionate respect. Let us not forget that He who made him what he was and placed him where he was, 'liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore, and hath the keys of death and of the invisible world.'"

In the month of May Dr. Raffles visited London, and fulfilled his engagement to preside at the annual meeting of

the Congregational Union of England and Wales. During his stay in town he occupied the pulpit of Spa Fields Chapel on three Sundays, and preached the annual sermon for the Home Missionary Society at Chapel Street, Soho. His engagements from home appear to have been unusually numerous during this summer, and, with the constant labour devolving upon him in connexion with the new College, added to his ordinary ministerial duties, taxed his time and strength more than was desirable. He was glad to seek rest and recreation, which he did by a tour in Scotland in the month of August, accompanied by his eldest son, and two of his friends. The journey extended to John O'Groat's house, and proved most beneficial to Dr. Raffles, who greatly enjoyed his temporary release from care and anxiety. He writes from Inverness, on the 15th, to his daughter :—

"On Monday we had a most delightful and interesting day on board the 'Maid of Morven' steamer, visiting the ruins of Iona, and Staffa. We sailed at six A.M. and got home by ten P.M., the distance 110 miles, making the complete circuit of the Isle of Mull. We landed at Iona, or Icolmkil, and spent an hour in exploring its interesting and remarkable ruins; thence we proceeded to Staffa, a distance of nine miles, which fully realised all my conceptions of its wonderful structure and magnificent appearance. Fully to describe it would require a sheet, and I have but space for a few lines; but there can be no necessity for me to attempt what has been done a thousand times far better than I could hope to do it. We were enabled to enter Fingal's Cave in the boat, and then to explore it by cautiously stepping upon the stumps of the basaltic columns, which are broken off to allow a precarious footing or causeway, into the deepest recess of this wonderful cavern—this magnificent cathedral of the Almighty's rearing!".

He writes to Mrs. Raffles, on the 19th :—

"I believe I once wrote to you from the Land's End, in Cornwall; I now write to you from the Land's End, in Scotland. This letter is literally dated on the site of the house once occupied by the celebrated John O'Groat, of which not a vestige now remains, though the site is distinctly to be traced. The scene around us is bleak and bare, while the view across the Pentland Firth presents a series of bold headlands—the cliffs of the Orkney Isles. We have just dined in a miserable hovel called an inn, the last in Scotland."

The editor well remembers the inn and the dinner, the staple article of food consisting of fowls, which were running about the place on the arrival of the party—the signal for their speedy execution. But if the fowls were tough, the air was keen, and there was no rival hostelry, to which a hungry traveller could resort. Dr. Raffles writes from Dunkeld, on the 22nd :—

"We sailed from Wick on Tuesday afternoon, at five o'clock, and, after a rather rough passage, reached Aberdeen about five on the morning of Wednesday. We called, immediately after breakfast, on my old friend, Principal Dewar, who received us most kindly, and devoted the whole of the morning to shewing us the Colleges. Aberdeen is a very fine city; the principal street, Union Street, is equal to almost any street in the United Kingdom, excepting Regent Street, London, and Sackville Street, Dublin. It is broad, straight, uniform, built of the finest granite, and, I should think, more than a mile in length. They are rebuilding Marischal College, in a style of great magnificence. I felt no little interest in visiting it, having received from its Senatus Academicus the degree of LL.D."

The travellers returned through the beautiful highlands of Perthshire, and reached home on the 29th.

In the course of the autumn, Dr. Raffles received a pressing invitation from the Committee of the Congregational Union to visit the United States, as a delegate from the Churches in this country to those of America. Dr. Raffles wrote in reply to the Rev. Algernon Wells, who, as Secretary to the Union, had made the request:—

"I ought, perhaps, ere this, to have replied to your important communication of the 23rd of August, but I have been so fully occupied since that time in business of a public nature, calling me much from home, that I have not, till recently, been able to command the leisure and composure of mind, which the due consideration of the subject to which it relates demands. It has, however, been continually in my thoughts, and, more especially of late, has engaged my most deep and serious contemplation.

"I can truly say that it has been my desire, not to consult my own feelings or to follow my own inclinations in this affair, but rather to yield to the indications of the Divine will, so far as they could be gathered from a careful survey of all the circumstances in which I am placed, as they bear upon the question before me; and the result has been a deep and settled conviction that it is not my duty to undertake the important mission with which my brethren seem disposed to entrust me. I trust I feel, in some measure as I ought, the confidence which they would thus repose in me, and the grateful satisfaction that I experience, in the demonstration thus afforded me of their esteem, is far beyond the power of any language which I have at my command to express, and will be numbered amongst the most precious and delightful reminiscences of my life. But when I look fairly at the subject, I see it compassed about with so many difficulties and forbidding circumstances, that, however willing, I am utterly unable to entertain it. The health of Mrs. Raffles, my own mental temperament, the peculiar and, in some respects, critical position I am called to occupy here, not only in reference to my own pastoral charge, which is, after all, my first concern,

but also with regard to other most momentous interests, which now press upon me with a heavy weight of responsibility and an intense anxiety, together with other considerations to which I cannot now more distinctly advert, but to which I may refer in more familiar intercourse with yourself;—all combine to produce upon my mind the impression that, at present, at least, and perhaps finally and for ever, I must forego the high gratification which, by the letter with which, on their behalf, you have honoured me, the Committee of the Congregational Union seem to have placed within my reach.

"I can only add the expression of my unfeigned respect and esteem for my honoured brethren, on whose behalf you have written, and my sincere acknowledgments to yourself for the spirit of brotherly kindness by which your communication is, in this instance especially, pervaded; and my earnest prayer and confident hope and assurance that the good Spirit of God will conduct you to an agent in this important mission, who will much more ably sustain the character and efficiently discharge the obligations with which the brethren have invested me, than I, in my brightest hours of anticipation, could ever have hoped to do."

Mr. Wells subsequently wrote to Dr. Raffles, on receiving his letter, to say that the Committee "could not but acquiesce" in the reasons assigned by him for declining to undertake the delegation to America; and it was agreed, for the present, to postpone any further action in the matter.

Dr. Raffles finished his duties as Chairman for the year of the Congregational Union, by presiding, on the 9th and 10th of October, at the adjourned meeting at Birmingham. Within a week of his return home, he was seized with a most violent attack of cholera, and for a time his life was in imminent danger, his pulse being at one time almost imperceptible. His medical men, Dr.

Sutherland and Mr. Parke, who were first called in, immediately summoned Dr. Brandreth to their assistance. By the application of very violent remedies, they succeeded in restoring the circulation; and, by the good providence of God, his life was spared for further usefulness in the work to which he had devoted himself. He retired into Wales, as soon as he was able to travel, to recruit his strength, and shortly, in some measure, resumed his work, but he does not appear, from his diary, to have again performed the whole of his ordinary Sunday duty in his own chapel till the middle of December.

In the meantime he took lodgings at Chester, and stayed there, with his family, for three or four weeks, occasionally going over to Liverpool. He was very partial to the fine old city, and had many friends in Chester, who always kindly welcomed him. He mentions in his diary, while there, that he "sat two hours with Archdeacon Wrangham, looking over his autographs," and he enriched his own collection during his visit by some valuable additions. Indeed, he seldom came home empty-handed from any of his journeys, and his friends throughout the country were only too well pleased to gratify him by procuring any interesting letters or other documents which they could obtain. In this way, for the most part, his valuable collection was gathered together. He purchased comparatively few autographs, but he attached to them portraits and other illustrations, at a considerable cost in the whole, which he had picked up, from time to time, at the old print-shops in London and elsewhere.

The year about to close had been an eventful one in

the life of Dr. Raffles. A project had been fairly set on foot for the establishment of a great institution, with which his name would ever be inseparably connected; and while energetically employed in furthering the scheme in every way in his power, he had been arrested in the design, and forcibly reminded of his own mortality by a near approach to death. Writing to the editor, at midnight, on the last day of the year, and urging upon his consideration the flight of time, and the necessity of preparation for eternity, he says:—

"I have lately been so near to death myself, and have had such realising views of that eternity to which we are all so rapidly advancing, that I cannot but, at this moment, in my communication with you, revert to a topic which is of itself of such infinite moment, and has, at the present time, such a happy ascendancy in my mind."

His life-task was not yet completed. Many years of labour were still to be accomplished.

Chapter XVIII.

1840 — 1843.

DESTRUCTION OF GREAT GEORGE STREET CHAPEL BY FIRE—PROCEEDINGS FOR RE-BUILDING—FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE LANCASHIRE INDEPENDENT COLLEGE LAID—OPENING OF THE NEW CHAPEL—DEPUTATION TO LONDON, ON BEHALF OF THE COLLEGE—OPENING OF THE COLLEGE—DEATH OF MRS. RAFFLES—VISIT TO LONDON—LETTERS TO THE REV. DR. SPRAGUE—DEATH OF DR. BROWN.

THE year 1840 was destined to be a year of considerable interest in Dr. Raffles's history, in consequence of the destruction, by fire, of his chapel in Great George Street. He has told the story in his autobiographical recollections. He says:—

"On the 19th of February, 1840, the first Great George Street Chapel was utterly destroyed by fire. How the fire originated was, I believe, never satisfactorily ascertained, though the probability is that it arose from the apparatus which was introduced for warming the chapel. Unhappily, it was not insured for more than £4,000, and even that would have been lost, had it not been for the somewhat remarkable circumstances which I am now about to relate. On the Friday evening before the fire, there was a meeting of the Juvenile Missionary Society held in the schoolroom under the chapel, at which I presided. At that meeting I observed a young man—evidently, from his dress, a working man—sitting, throughout the whole of the evening, apart. Occupied with the business of the meeting, I

thought but little of this circumstance, though it arrested my attention; but when the meeting was over, I observed that he still remained, occupying the same position as he had kept throughout. This induced me to inquire what was his business there, when I was told that he was the person sent to look after the stoves which had been recently introduced into the building. That answer at once brought to my mind the subject of the insurance. 'By-the-by,' I said to Mr. Samuel Job, 'have those stoves ever been reported at the insurance offices?' On his replying in the negative, I requested that the necessary steps might be taken immediately to make all sure. Notice was given at the offices on the following day (Saturday). The next day, being Sunday, of course nothing was done. Monday passed without any action on their part, but on Tuesday the agents came, surveyed and reported; an indorsement was made on the policies, accepting the premises as they then were, and on the next morning, Wednesday, they were totally consumed. One of the agents, Mr. Wallace Currie, actually sent up to London notice of the acceptance of the insurance, and of the destruction of the chapel by the same post. 'Pretty fellows you are,' said he to me, 'to insure your chapel one day and burn it down the next!' to which I replied, 'If it had not been for me, it would not have been insured at all.'

"The fire took place a little before nine in the morning. It must have been about the time that I left Liverpool for Manchester, to attend a meeting of the College Building Committee. The boy to whom I have already referred, as sent to look after the stoves, had gone up to Mr. Blease, one of the deacons, to beg him to look in at the chapel, as he went into town, that he might see how well they worked. He did so, but alas! he found them working too well; for, by that time, the whole building was in a blaze. The fire burned with almost incredible rapidity. The spacious edifice seemed to have been caught by the flames in every part at once, and in the course of half an hour from its commencement, the work of destruction was complete. Nothing remained but the bare walls and the burning embers.

"Mr. Thomas Bulley came to Manchester in the middle of the day to bring me the sad intelligence. Having received an earnest and unanimous assurance of sympathy from the committee, which broke up, I returned by the first train to Liverpool. At the station I took a car, and drove directly to the chapel. The scene that awaited me there I shall never forget. I caught sight of the smoking ruins on entering Berry Street. Some of the engines were still playing. The crowd was immense; and all seemed uproar and confusion. The driver got as near as he could to the building, and when, on opening the door, I emerged from the carriage, and was recognised by the crowd, instantly the tumult was hushed; the silence of death prevailed; they made a clear gangway for me, and I walked to the melancholy scene of desolation and ruin, as if at my own funeral. I did not stay long; my heart was full; my thoughts and feelings were too deep and powerful for words; and returning to the car, I departed for my home, to seek relief in solitude. The same solemn and respectful silence was maintained till I had departed.

"Our great concern now was the re-building of the chapel, subject, in the first instance, to the obtaining of a suitable place wherein to worship in the meantime. These matters were attended to by our friends with a promptitude and a celerity truly astonishing, and with admirable judgment. As a place of temporary worship, the hall or theatre of the Mechanics' Institute was most readily and kindly placed at our disposal. The locality was, perhaps, the most convenient that could be well conceived. It would accommodate from 1,200 to 1,400 persons, and all the necessary arrangements were immediately made, so that we were enabled comfortably to assemble there, on the following Sunday morning. I preached in the morning, and my excellent friend, the Rev. Samuel Luke, then of Chester, in the evening, to large congregations. Mr. Luke was with me during my melancholy journey from Manchester, and on my first visit to the ruins, so that his mind was fully imbued with the spirit of the scene. The services were, as may well be supposed, peculiarly solemn, nor can I ever forget the

deep, the awful silence, which prevailed, as I read out the three passages which I chose as most appropriate to the occasion, and from which I preached. They were these: Isaiah lxiv. 11.—'Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste:' 1 Kings xix. 12.—'And after the fire a still small voice:' Psalm xlvi. 10.—'Be still, and know that I am God!'

"The resolution instantly to set about the re-building of the chapel was most earnest and unanimous. Not a minute was lost. On the evening after the fire, the deacons, with Messrs. S. Job, Wright, Blackaller, Crosfield, Higgins, and Priestley, met at my house, for consultation, and on the day following, I presided at a meeting of the trustees, at Mr. Morecroft's office, for the purpose of forming committees, and taking the necessary steps for the prompt commencement of the work. The unanimous vote of the committee of the Mechanics' Institute was cordially and gratefully accepted, and finance and building committees were formed. On the evening of the same day a large party met at my house, and subscriptions were then entered into, which, ere the friends left the room, amounted to £3,672. There was a debt upon the former chapel of £2,000, so that the insurances (£4,000) enabled us, after paying that debt, to add the remaining £2,000 to the sum subscribed that evening, and gave us nearly £6,000 towards the re-building of the chapel within two days after its destruction. At one of the meetings it was unanimously resolved not to throw the work open to competition among the architects, but to commit the preparation of plans to Mr. Franklin, the town surveyor under the Corporation, in whose skill and judgment our friends had the most perfect confidence. Nor was the confidence misplaced, as the present noble structure, universally regarded as an ornament to the town, and a lasting memorial of the taste and ability of the architect, testifies. A vast amount of preparatory work had, of course, to be accomplished, so that the foundation-stone was not laid till July 7th, when, accompanied by the building committee, I proceeded from the schoolroom in Nelson Street, and performed that ceremony, and delivered an address in the presence of a

large assembly, Mr. Job, the senior deacon, presenting me with a handsome silver trowel for the purpose."

The greatest sympathy was felt and expressed for Dr. Raffles and his congregation on all hands, quite irrespective of political or religious opinion. Writing to the editor on the 21st, Dr. Raffles says:—

"Dr. Tattershall* and Dr. Byrth† came up together, this morning, to condole with me. Mr. Jones,‡ of St. Andrew's, who is confined to the house, has written me a most beautiful letter, and the whole town seems moved with one common feeling of sympathy. Methodists of all kinds, old and new, Baptists, Presbyterians, all have offered their chapels, and held meetings of their trustees, &c., to express their sorrow."

The universal sympathy of his friends, and the generous action of his own congregation, could not but be highly gratifying to Dr. Raffles. But he deeply felt the destruction of the old chapel, endeared to him and to his flock by a thousand associations of interest. Nearly thirty years of the best part of his life had been spent in fulfilling, within its walls, the divine commission to "preach the Gospel to every creature!" During that period, how many immortal souls had there found salvation through Jesus Christ; how many children had been presented to God in baptism; how silently, yet steadily,

* The late Rev. Thomas Tattershall, D.D., Incumbent of St. Augustine's Church, Shaw Street, Liverpool.

† The late Rev. Thomas Byrth, D.D., Rector of Wallasey, Cheshire —an old and much valued friend. Dr. Raffles, when at New Brighton, was one of Dr. Byrth's parishioners; he was a most able man and an excellent preacher, and his premature death was greatly lamented.

‡ Now Archdeacon of Liverpool.

had the young grown up to middle age, and the middle aged passed into the decrepitude of years; how many, young and old alike, had vanished altogether from the scene, and gone to give in their account of the solemn services in which they had there borne their part. These and kindred thoughts pressed upon the mind of the minister, and found utterance in the first sermon which he preached in the lecture-room of the Mechanics' Institute, on the first Sunday after the occurrence, and to which reference is made in the extract just given from the autobiographical recollections. He says, in the course of his sermon:—

"Long before the completion of the building I became your pastor, and there, since the month of May, 1812, when it was opened and dedicated to the service of God, we have assembled Sabbath after Sabbath for the worship of God, and the spot is endeared to us and rendered hallowed ground by those gracious tokens of the Divine presence which we have there been privileged to realise, and the happy hours we have spent in communion with each other and with God. We have thought of His lovingkindness in the midst of His temple; we have seen His goings in the sanctuary; O! there He has made the place of His feet glorious in our esteem. Often have we there been constrained to say, 'It is good for us to be here.' Often we have been ready to exclaim, awed and yet elevated, abased and yet exalted by a consciousness of the present Deity, 'God is in this place!' And there, too, are the tenderest recollections of departed relatives and friends. Who amongst us does not call to mind a wife, a husband, a parent, a child, a brother, a sister, a friend, a companion, dear to us as our own souls, who once sat by our side in that sanctuary, and mingled their prayers and praises and sacred enjoyments with us? Can it be otherwise than dear to our remembrance? Can we gaze upon its smoking ruins without emotion?"

Nothing had been saved from the destructive element; the Communion plate, the minister's robes, and even the pulpit Bible and hymn-book perished. But the ladies of the congregation took these matters in hand, and speedily repaired most of the minor losses.

In the meantime, the necessary preparations for the building of the new College were progressing. The subscription list had soon exceeded the sum first suggested, and it was evident that the Congregational Dissenters of Lancashire had determined to establish an institution which should be an honour to the denomination. Perhaps one of the most important matters was the settlement of the trust deed, which was carefully drawn up by Mr. Hadfield—the extent of whose services to the institution cannot be exaggerated—and submitted to the criticism of the leading ministers in the county. That there might be no dispute, in future times, as to the principles of the founders of the College, distinguished divines, whose sentiments had been recorded in their published works, were solicited to give their names as trustees. The Rev. Dr. Pye Smith and the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw consented to the proposal. The arrangements necessarily involved a great amount of labour, but they were at length so far perfected, that it was determined to lay the first stone on the 23rd of September.

Accordingly, on the appointed day, a large concourse of people assembled on the ground to witness the ceremony. A sad accident, however, occurred, which cast a deep gloom over the whole of the proceedings. The state of the weather compelled the ladies, of whom there was

large number, to take shelter from the rain under a covered platform, which, under the circumstances, was resigned exclusively to them. The ceremony had hardly commenced, when this erection gave way, the ladies were precipitated to the ground, and some of them seriously hurt. The proceedings were, of course, suspended for a time, and afterwards hastily hurried through. It had been intended that Mr. Hadfield should deliver an address, and he was to have been followed by Dr. Raffles, but it was impossible, after the accident, by which one of Mr. Hadfield's daughters had been seriously injured, that this plan could be carried out. Mr. Hadfield's address was, however, delivered in Rusholme Road Chapel, in the December following, and subsequently published.

The proceedings of the Education Committee were of equal importance in another direction, and early in the year 1841, a report was issued, clearly indicating the absolute necessity which existed for a more complete plan of education than had hitherto been considered necessary, if the ministry among Congregational Dissenters was to occupy its proper position. To use the words of the report, which was ably drawn up by the Rev. John Kelly, the committee regarded it "as no more than the obvious duty of the Churches to provide for those who may hereafter occupy the building the very highest educational advantages which it may be in their power to afford." In addition to theology, classical literature, and mathematics, the study of biblical criticism, of mental and moral philosophy, and of some branches of natural science, was insisted upon as incumbent on those who were hereafter to bear their part in the task of

educating the people at large, so far as the influence of the pulpit extended. The importance of the foundation of scholarships was also urged upon the Churches, that the zeal of the young men might be stimulated; and the advantages of affiliation with the University of London were duly considered.

The amount of labour involved in all these arrangements was very great, and only those who have had access to the minutes of the various meetings, and who have gone through the correspondence, can form any adequate idea of the important services which were rendered by the gentlemen who constituted the committees.

Dr. Raffles's ministerial work at home and abroad seemed to suffer no diminution, notwithstanding the additional burden thrown upon his shoulders as Chairman of the College Committee. Sermons at the dedication of chapels, and addresses, sermons and charges at the ordination of ministers, occupied him as usual. At Leeds, in January, he preached at the opening of a new and spacious chapel for the Rev. John Ely; in London, in May, at the dedication of Westminster Chapel; and again in London, in August, at the opening of Trinity Chapel, Poplar.

Dr. Raffles's reluctance to take any active part in political matters has been already mentioned. His views are well expressed in a letter which he wrote, on the 8th of June, to a candidate for parliamentary honours:—

"As a minister of religion, I have always regarded it as out of my province to take any active part in political movements and electioneering affairs. I am, however, a warm friend of

civil and religious liberty, and as such my vote is at your service at the next election. Beyond this, I am not aware of any influence that I possess; but if I have any, it will always be employed in harmony with my known sentiments on this great subject, and with a due regard to what is befitting my station as a Christian minister."

On Thursday, the 21st of October, the new chapel in Great George Street was opened for public worship. Dr. Raffles took the introductory part of the morning service, and offered the dedicatory prayer, and the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, of Stepney, London, preached. In the afternoon, the pulpit was occupied by the Rev. John Kelly, and in the evening, by the Rev. James Parsons, of York. On the following Sunday, Dr. Raffles preached in the morning; and in the evening, the Rev. Dr. Harris, President of Cheshunt College. The Rev. Dr. Halley, of Manchester, closed the services with a sermon, on Monday evening, the 25th.

The new chapel was an ornament to the town. Mr. Franklin's design was carried out under the superintendence of the late Mr. Thomas Haigh, the builder, the architect being debarred by his position as a public officer from superintending its erection. The interior was admirably arranged for sight and hearing, and a very fine organ was erected by Hill, of London. The cost of the building, including a few yards of additional land and the organ, amounted to £13,922. Nearly £6,000 were collected in donations. For some years a sum of £4,000 remained on mortgage, but that sum has long since been paid off, and the chapel has been perfectly freed from debt.

Previous to the opening, it was determined to increase the minister's income to £700 yearly. Dr. Raffles had certainly not been overpaid up to that period. He came there in 1812, at a yearly stipend of £300. In 1816, it was raised to £400, and remained at that amount till towards the end of 1837, when it was raised to £500. During twenty-eight years of his ministry, the debt on the old chapel, which cost about £13,000, was being gradually liquidated, mainly out of the income of the place, which remained after the payment of the minister's moderate stipend and other disbursements. Quarterly collections for defraying annual expenses were not made, as usual, in many Dissenting chapels. When the destruction of the old chapel occurred, there remained but £2,000 of the original large debt. Whether this was a fitting illustration of the voluntary principle, the editor must leave others to determine. In making this remark, he does not consider himself to be reflecting upon any body of men at present existing, as the congregation has so entirely changed since the period to which reference is made. It is desirable, however, that the facts should be correctly given, and the end which the editor has in view in recording them will be accomplished, if it serves to prevent, under similar circumstances, what may probably appear to some to have been, in this instance, an error, if not an act of injustice towards the minister.

In January, 1842, Dr. Raffles, accompanied by the Rev. John Kelly and the Rev. Richard Fletcher, visited London, as a deputation on behalf of the College, and were engaged for more than a fortnight in collecting funds towards the still remaining deficiency in the larger

sum which it was now proposed to raise. The deputation collected upwards of £1,200; but many of the London Congregationalists seemed to think that the Lancashire College had no claim on them. Dr. Raffles, however, was able to urge his own readiness, at all times, when in his power, to give his services willingly in the various pulpits of the metropolis, and the plea was, for the most part, successful in the quarters to which it was addressed. The saving clause requires to be added, as Dr. Raffles mentions in his diary, that after an effort of three hours with one gentleman, he could get nothing. But, on the whole, the deputation had every reason to be satisfied with the result of their visit.

During this year the affairs of the College, which was rapidly progressing towards completion, involved anxious and careful deliberation. Writing to Sir John Williams on the 21st of September, Dr. Raffles says:—"We have an arduous course still before us; there are many minds to whose suggestions attention must be given, and I feel more deeply, every step we take, our need of His divine and unerring guidance who giveth wisdom liberally to those who seek it."

The commercial aspect of the times in Manchester and the neighbourhood had been unfavourable to the raising of the necessary funds. Nevertheless, in a circular issued early in the year, it was announced that the contributions amounted to the handsome sum of £20,000, of which the friends in Manchester, with their usual liberality, had given by far the largest share; and it was intimated that an additional sum of four or five thousand pounds would be required, in order that the College might be opened in

the following year "free from the incumbrance of any debt whatever."

The labours of the Education Committee during the same time were most arduous, and of the utmost importance to the future prosperity of the institution. It was decided to establish three professorships; the first of Theology, with which was to be combined the Presidency of the College; the second of Biblical Criticism and Oriental Literature; and the third of Classical Literature and Mathematics. The Rev. Gilbert Wardlaw, who held the theological tutorship at Blackburn Academy, declined to undertake the additional duty and responsibility of the headship of the new college, and placed his resignation in the hands of the committee; while Mr. Hayward, the classical tutor, objected to take the same position in the new institution, when the teaching of mathematics had been added thereto. The ground, therefore, was unoccupied. In the first instance, the attention of the Committee was directed towards the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, as President of the College and Theological Professor, and Dr. Raffles was instructed to write to request an interview for a deputation, consisting of himself, Dr. Halley, and Mr. Kelly; but, after due consideration, Dr. Wardlaw replied to the invitation in a manner which forbade all hope of his accepting the proffered appointment, and the idea of a deputation to him was abandoned. The gentleman whose name next engaged the attention of the Committee was the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, of London, by whom the Presidency and Theological Chair were eventually accepted. The Professorship of Biblical Criticism and Oriental

Literature was entrusted to the Rev. Dr. Davidson, and that of Classical Literature and Mathematics to Mr. Charles P. Mason, of the London University.

In July, Dr. Raffles visited Devonshire, and spent a Sunday at Clifton. He then crossed the Channel to Dublin, and preached the anniversary sermons at Zion Chapel in that city, on the 17th, after which he made a short tour of ten days, through the north and north-west of Ireland.

In September, he took his last journey with Mrs. Raffles, when, after a short stay with some old friends near Birmingham, he travelled by Malvern, Worcester, and Hereford, into South Wales, revisiting, after an interval of thirty-three years, the wild scenery of the Devil's Bridge and Aberystwith, returning home through North Wales, and passing a few days with his friend Mr. Davies, of Vronheulog, near Bala. During this year his preaching engagements continued to be as numerous as usual, and he assisted at the dedication of nine new chapels.

The new college was opened on the 26th of April, 1843. Dr. Raffles conducted the introductory part of the service, and Dr. Vaughan, the president, delivered the inaugural address. At an evening meeting, at the Corn Exchange, Manchester, the sum of £2,000 was raised, and Dr. Raffles adds in his diary, "the institution is free of debt."

And thus this truly great scheme of the Congregational Dissenters of Lancashire was accomplished. To Dr. Raffles, as chairman, the satisfactory conclusion of the labours of the Building and Education Committees was a

cause for great thankfulness. Much responsibility had devolved upon him, and the editor feels that he may affirm, without any fear of contradiction, that the great influence, the urbane and genial manner, and the ready tact and discretion of Dr. Raffles contributed, in no small measure, to the establishment, on its present basis, of the Lancashire Independent College. His heart was thoroughly in the work, and the institution occupied a high place in his affections to the last.

The editor has paused once or twice—he trusts not unduly—in the course of this narrative, to linger for a moment, with the partiality of a son, over scenes and events which memory has cherished and loves to recall. Perhaps never, in the course of a career which, though not without some trying experience of the cares and troubles which more or less attach to all men, had been, on the whole, eminently happy and prosperous, had Dr. Raffles greater cause to congratulate himself on the proud position which he occupied in the denomination to which he considered it an honour to belong, than at the present period.

"Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

were his to a degree which falls to the lot of few. How could it have been otherwise? He had a kind look and a hearty word ever ready to greet a friend, a courteous welcome for a stranger, and if he had it in his power to render a service, it was done promptly and cheerfully. His character had been, so far, singularly uniform through life. He always entertained a moderate estimate of his own abilities, which, while in his younger days, it had displayed itself in a becoming humility, prevented the

assumption of any offensive arrogance or egotism when placed in a position of prominence and influence. His domestic circumstances had, for the most part, been prosperous, and within the happy circle of his own home he was often heard to acknowledge the goodness of God, which called for, and which received the acknowledgments of a grateful heart.

But at this very time, the shadow of a great grief impended over him. Before daybreak, on the morning of the 17th of May, upon which day he completed his 55th year, his wife died suddenly, as she lay by his side at Stamford Villa, New Brighton, where they were then staying. Without a moment's warning, the ties of twenty-eight years were broken; for though she had long been in delicate health, there were, at that time, no premonitory symptoms which had not existed during many years previously, to indicate the approach of death. It was an irreparable loss to him, for in all the relations of life which, as the wife of the minister of so large a church and congregation, she had been called to sustain, she had admirably discharged the duties of her position.

Dr. Raffles turned to his old friend, Mr. Parsons, in the hour of his sorrow, and asked him to come and preach to him and to his people. He says on the 18th:—

"I write to you with a heart bleeding at every pore. My dearest earthly friend, and for twenty-eight years my faithful and affectionate companion in the pilgrimage of life, was, yesterday morning, literally taken from my side, breathing her last so peacefully, that it was some time after the vital spark was extinguished, ere I could persuade myself that she was dead. The sad event happened about 3 A.M.

"Now, my dear friend, the earnest desire of us all is that you should preach to us on Sabbath week. We don't want what is called a funeral sermon, but such a sermon in the morning as will do us all good, and such an one as your affectionate heart would dictate. Can you—I don't say *will* you, for I know that you will if you can—give me this proof of your regard? I say nothing to urge it, for that would imply that I suspected your disposition, which I do not. Only let me have a line by return, and, if in the affirmative, I cannot tell you how largely it will add to the grateful and affectionate esteem of your afflicted friend.

"My voice in this matter is the voice of my whole family, and would, I have no doubt, be that of the whole Church and congregation."

Again, on the 22nd, he writes:—

"I owe you, and I feel more gratitude than I can ever express, for your kind and prompt compliance with our wishes for Sabbath next. With regard to the beloved one, we have no statement to make. Dying testimony there was none; none was needed, and none was given. She slept on earth, and awoke in heaven. Her living testimony all saw and read, for she was, indeed, an epistle of Christ, and fair and lovely were the characters of meekness, humility, purity, and love, in which that epistle was written. We don't wish, and have not announced, a funeral sermon, but simply, that in the morning you will improve the melancholy bereavement with which the Church, and especially the pastor and his family, have been visited. We leave you, therefore, entirely to the course which your own affectionate and delicate mind will dictate. To benefit the living, and not to eulogise the dead, has ever been my aim, and is pre-eminently my desire now. O! that to this end the good Spirit of God may, in a most remarkable manner, be poured out upon you!

"We can't think of you being anywhere but here, and shall expect you on Saturday evening at our house of mourning. God

be with you and yours, my beloved friend, and render into your own bosom a thousandfold for this most seasonable and inestimable act of kindness to me."

Mr. Parsons accordingly preached on Sunday, the 28th, from Psalm cxvi. 15: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." On the following day, Dr. Raffles went to London, accompanied by his eldest son, and spent a fortnight with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Wilson, at Highbury Place. While there, he writes on the 12th of June to his youngest son, then a boy of thirteen:—

"As I wrote to your brother James, I fear you will think me unkind and partial if I do not write to you. Besides, I promised that I would write to you both, and I must not forfeit my word. And yet, my heart is still so much oppressed with grief, that it is painful to me to write, and I have many letters which must be written every day to persons to whose kindness in writing to me I would not seem indifferent by my silence.

"I am thankful to say that, though I still deeply mourn the irreparable loss which I have sustained, and feel it more intensely every day, my health continues good, and the change of scene has contributed to relieve my spirits. But how I shall endure my return to you all, my home, my pulpit, and the duties of my office, I can scarcely tell. I both long for it and shrink from it, but God can and will support me, in every trying scene that lies before me. But why do I write thus to you, my dear boy? I have been unconsciously led into this strain, and I think you are old enough to enter, in a great degree, into my feelings.

"I went yesterday morning to the Temple Church, where your brother occasionally attends, and heard a most excellent sermon from Mr. Benson, the Master of the Temple. The church is very splendid, and there is a great deal of beautiful chanting in the service. There were many great people there.

I sat next to Lord Brougham. * * * * I was delighted to hear so faithful a sermon preached in the hearing of such persons. I intend to return home on Friday next. Tom, I hope, will accompany me. I long to embrace you all again, for you are dearer to me now than ever."

Dr. Raffles left London on the evening of the 16th, having remained in town that he might pay a last tribute of respect, by following to the grave the remains of an old and attached friend, the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, of Stepney.

On the morning of the 18th of June, he occupied his own pulpit, and preached from the words, "It is well." It was a most trying service to him, but he had resolved to face his work, and in the gradual resumption of his ordinary duties, he sought, and sometimes found, a refuge from the grief which was too recent to be banished from his thoughts.

To his friend, the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, U.S., Dr. Raffles writes on the 2nd of August:—

"I cannot tell you how rejoiced I was to see your handwriting once more. I had been, for some time past, accusing myself of negligence in not writing to you, fearing, though not perfectly assured that it was so, that the failure of our correspondence was chargeable on me. But the scenes of deep affliction through which I have recently been called to pass, will, I am sure, furnish to you a sufficient reason for my silence, at any rate, of late. For your kind letter of condolence, I am especially thankful. You have experienced similar seasons of trial, and are able, in some measure, to estimate the severity of mine. But, O! it is hard to part, and that, as it regards this world, for ever, with one so tenderly beloved, and that, too, after a companionship the most close and endearing that this world can realise, of twenty-eight years. I mourn, I cannot but mourn, but I trust I am not permitted to murmur. 'I know, O God,

that Thy judgments are right, and that in faithfulness Thou hast afflicted me.' O for greater nearness to God, and meetness for that blessed world into which she has entered!

"I have now returned to my accustomed labours, and can truly say that I find my greatest solace in my work. This is well, and I am unfeignedly thankful that it is so. I feel that I am indebted to the kind condolence and fervent prayers of innumerable Christian friends, known and unknown, to an extent of which I shall never be fully aware on this side of eternity. The Lord render into their bosoms a thousandfold for all their kindness shewn to me! Pardon, I beseech you, my dear friend, this letter, so full of the egotism of grief, and believe me, &c."

In September, Dr. Raffles sought recreation in Wales, and spent a fortnight under the hospitable roof of his friend Mr. Davies, of Vronheulog. Dr. Raffles writes on the 14th to Dr. Sprague:—

"The spot where I am now for a few days located is the residence of a friend, a few miles from Bala, once the scene of labour of that excellent man, the Rev. Thomas Charles. He may be regarded as the parent of the Bible Society, for it originated in his visit to London to obtain funds for printing an edition of the Holy Scriptures for the Welsh. I am going on the evening of to-day to attend a Bible meeting in Bala, and anticipate much pleasure from the reminiscences which will be then awakened. I thank you for your kind intention of sending me some autographs, and for the delicate feeling which induced you to suspend your purpose for a while. I have long since returned to the avocations to which I have been accustomed, and amongst the many sources of enjoyment which are open to me, be assured that I remember as not the least the maintenance of my correspondence with you."

In November, Dr. Raffles paid a hurried visit to

London, in order to be present at the marriage of his nephew, the Rev. James Baldwin Brown, at whose ordination, a short time previously at Derby, he had, in conjunction with Dr. Leifchild, and Mr. James of Birmingham, assisted. Before the end of the month, Mr. Brown's father, Dr. Brown, died, and by the death of his brother-in-law, Dr. Raffles lost one of his oldest friends. His widow, who, previous to her marriage, had kept her brother's house at Hammersmith, now came to live with him at Edge Hill, and remained under his roof till her death.

Dr. Raffles was again called to London, to preach at the opening of Camden Town Chapel, on the 6th of December. He occupied the pulpit on the following Sunday, and attended an Educational Conference at the Congregational Library on the 13th of the same month.

Chapter XIX.

1844 — 1846.

JUBILEE SERMON FOR THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT CRAVEN CHAPEL, LONDON—CONFERENCE IN LONDON ON THE COLLEGES—REV. DR. WINTER HAMILTON—SERMON FOR THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY —RAMBLES IN WALES—EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE—OPENING OF HOLLOWAY CHAPEL, LONDON—MR. DAWSON TURNER'S COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS—TOUR ON THE CONTINENT—AUGSBURG—MUNICH—THE TYROL —PASS OF THE STELVIO—BATHS OF BORMIO—MERAN—BERCHTESGADEN AND THE KÖNIGSEE—THE DANUBE—VIENNA—PRAGUE—DRESDEN—HANOVER—HAMBURG.

THE years 1844 and 1845 passed quietly away in the ordinary discharge of ministerial duty. As Dr. Raffles has well said, in more than one of the letters at the close of the last chapter, he found in his work the best antidote to the grief which had overwhelmed him. But it was sometimes difficult to face it. The lapse of time seemed but to show him more clearly and painfully, how much he had lost; and those who knew him most will best understand how keenly the kind heart which ever sympathised so readily with the sorrows of others, felt the desolation which had visited his own happy home. Writing to the Rev. Dr. Tidman, early in the year, in answer to a request that he would preach one of the

jubilee sermons of the London Missionary Society in September, he says :—

"I must entreat you to forgive me for the anxiety which I may have occasioned you, by my delay in replying to the communication with which, through your medium, I have been honoured from the Directors of the London Missionary Society. It has, I assure you, caused a severe and most painful conflict in my mind. With the extreme depression of spirits which I have recently suffered, I have shrunk from so formidable a service as that to which they have invited me, and yet I have not had courage to write a refusal. But your letter will suffer me to hesitate no longer. I must decide. And what can I do, but, casting myself upon His aid who never failed me yet, and, entreating to this end an interest in your prayers, say, that if life and health are spared to me, I will, to the best of my limited ability, meet the wishes of the Directors, by being one of the preachers at the approaching jubilee. Yet even now I tremble on a review of what I have written, and feel that I have secured to myself an additional weight of anxiety and care for six or seven months to come. But I had rather bear this burden than endure the accusations of conscience for dereliction of duty."

The sermon was preached at Craven chapel, London, on the 24th of September, from Exodus xiv. 15, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward," and was followed by a request from the Directors that he would allow it to be printed.

In the month of October, he was called upon to condole with his kind friend, Mr. Parsons, who had so readily obeyed his friend's summons to Liverpool on the death of Mrs. Raffles, and who was now himself mourning the loss of an only son. Dr. Raffles writes on the 25th from Vronheulog, where he was staying :—

"A letter from Mr. Leeman has reached me at this place,

conveying the sad intelligence of the death of your only son, and I hasten to convey to Mrs. Parsons and yourself the expression of my unfeigned condolence and sympathy. I am not aware of the exact age of the child; but, whatever may be his age, the loss to you must be most severe, and such as will require especial grace and succour from on high, to enable you to bear it with that exemplary resignation which, under such circumstances, I am sure you will be most anxious to display. We, of all men, are bound to this by the position which we occupy in the Church of God. Our sorrows, like our talents, are public property, and many eyes are directed to us in our seasons of affliction, for illustrations of the doctrines and the duties we publicly announce and enforce. To the ordinary topics of consolation I need not direct *you* who know so well how to direct others, but I will commend you to the tender and compassionate regard of Him who can impart an influence so soothing and so sanctifying, that, when the first keen emotions of anguish have subsided, you shall be enabled cheerfully to acquiesce in the dispensation, while you realise from it a permanent advantage to yourself and to your ministry."

Mention has been already made of the practice Dr. Raffles was accustomed to adopt, when invited to preach at the opening of a new chapel in a place where an accredited Independent church previously existed. On the back of a letter from the Rev. Edward Hill of Shrewsbury, dated November 27th, there is a copy of Dr. Raffles's answer, which is very characteristic of the courtesy of his disposition. He says, on the 3rd December:—

"I have not replied with my usual promptitude to your favour of the 27th ult., because it has occasioned much anxious thought in my mind to which I could not in a moment give suitable expression. I shall be happy to render you, according to the measure of my ability, the service you desire at the

opening of your new chapel, but then I must frankly tell you, that my gratification in doing so will be greatly diminished, if my old and valued friend, Mr. Weaver, does not preach one of the sermons connected with the opening solemnities, or take some suitable part in them. I cannot but think that, were he invited, he would do so cheerfully, and entertain such an opinion of your kindly and respectful feeling towards him, as to be assured that it will afford you the highest pleasure to see him occupy that position, which his long and honourable course of labours in Salop seems to demand for him on such an occasion; whilst his brethren also, by all of whom he is esteemed and beloved, will rejoice to see him occupying that position, and a state of things will thus be created amongst you, which, to the Churches of Christ, and throughout the whole community, will be both 'lovely and of good report.'

"Will you, my dear Sir, pardon the liberty I thus venture to take? I feel that, in doing so, I am confiding very much in your kindness and favourable construction of the motive by which I am influenced. I can truly say that, as I know my own heart, it is of the purest kind; an earnest desire that nothing may be wanting to complete the satisfaction and the joy of an occasion so delightful, and services so hallowed."

The editor has been informed by Mr. Hill, that Mr. Weaver, who was the senior minister at Shrewsbury, took part in the ordination service, on the day after the dedication of the chapel, in reference to which Dr. Raffles says, writing to Mr. Hill, on the 6th February, "I am truly glad to find that Mr. Weaver takes part in the service." It is not surprising that, exerting his influence in such a spirit, Dr. Raffles secured the love and, in old age, the reverence of his brethren in the ministry.

Early in January, 1845, Dr. Raffles went to London to attend a Conference, consisting of deputations from the various Congregational colleges, to consult upon

matters of mutual interest relative thereto. The editor, in answer to his request for information, has been favoured by the Rev. John Kelly with the following particulars, respecting the origin and the object of the Conference. Mr. Kelly says :—

"At the autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union, held in Norwich, in October, 1844, amongst other subjects that of the collegiate institutions of the denomination came under discussion. It resulted in the Committee of the Union undertaking to communicate with the several colleges, and to invite them to a Conference for the consideration of various questions bearing on their efficiency and success. The proposal was favourably received. All these institutions, with one exception, sent representatives to the meeting. The Revs. Dr. Vaughan, Dr. Raffles, Richard Fletcher, and John Kelly, and Messrs. Samuel Fletcher, and James Carlton were selected by the Lancashire College. The Conference was held in the Congregational Library, London, on the 7th and 8th of January, 1845. To the calling of the Conference and the presentation of a paper explanatory of its purpose, the responsibility of the Committee of the Union was confined. The object in view cannot, perhaps, be better expressed than in the language of the explanatory memorial, when, in addressing the Conference on its assembly, it is said, 'It is hoped that you will bear an impressive testimony in favour of the best methods for advancing the efficiency of the colleges, and for supplying, through them, to the Churches, in sufficient numbers and lasting succession, a devout and learned ministry; that you will promote an enlightened approval among all the Churches of the educational system pursued in those seminaries, and so, at the same time, both conciliate towards young brethren educated in them the favourable hopes of the people, and secure their willing contributions to their support: that you will give a holy impulse and elevation to the ministry itself amongst us by your devout counsels to secure the best possible preparation for it, and that the free utterance of your sentiments and publication of your

conclusions will promote, as far as is desirable, uniformity of design and plan in all the theological colleges of the denomination.

"The Rev. Dr. Redford, at the request of the meeting, presided over its deliberations. Papers were read by the Revs. Dr. Pye Smith, Burder, W. Smith, Payne, Hamilton, and several others, on the various topics of importance embraced in the object of the meeting. The conclusions arrived at, embodied in the form of resolutions, were unanimously adopted, and bore some fruit in future years. Dr. Raffles took a warm interest and an active part in the proceedings throughout."

After a week's stay in London, Dr. Raffles went direct to Leeds, where he preached twice on Sunday the 12th, for Dr. Winter Hamilton, who seems to have exchanged pulpits with Dr. Raffles, as, on his return home, he found Dr. Hamilton at Edge Hill. They were very great friends, each entertaining the warmest regard for the other, and they enjoyed extremely the few occasions of intercourse which their different spheres of labour permitted. Early in life, through mutual friends, they had been brought together, and Dr. Hamilton, who was six years younger than Dr. Raffles, entered Hoxton College just after his friend's settlement at Hammersmith. There were many points of sympathy between them. Each of them possessed the same kindly and genial disposition, and they were both characterised by a strong vein of humour, which, when they were together, was largely drawn upon, to the great amusement and enjoyment of all who were privileged to enter the social circle. Dr. Hamilton, who was a man of great intellectual power, died at a comparatively early age, and Dr. Raffles, though his senior in years, was called, on the premature death of his gifted friend, to add another name to the long list of those whom he survived to mourn.

Dr. Raffles's public services were by no means confined exclusively to his own denomination. He frequently preached for the Wesleyan and other bodies of Methodists, for the Baptists, and for the Scotch Presbyterians, and, if it could have been permitted, nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to have occupied the pulpits of many of his ministerial brethren in the Church of England, between whom and himself a strong and reciprocal esteem existed. On the 30th of April, in this year, he preached at the Poultry Chapel, in London, the annual sermon for the Baptist Missionary Society; and in the month of August following, he preached one of the sermons at the opening of St. George's Free Presbyterian Church in Liverpool. He delighted to overlook the minor points upon which differences existed, and when, in September of this year, a conference was held in Liverpool on Christian Union, he joined in it most heartily, while he hailed the formation of the Evangelical Alliance with the warmest anticipations, and the most sanguine hope.

In May, Dr. Raffles lost another of his oldest friends. Mr. Job, the senior officer of his church, and for many years its treasurer, died, after a long illness, on the 24th. After a lapse of more than thirty years, it could not in the course of things, be otherwise than that, one by one, those who had cheered and sustained the young minister in the early period of his career, should be removed by death, while he was left to labour. But he felt keenly the now frequent severance of those ties which had especially attached him to the friends of his youth, and which, from time to time, reminded him of his own advancing age. During the summer of this year he

rambled into Wales more than once; in June spending ten days at the house of an old friend, Mrs. Jones, of the Gungrog, near Welshpool, during which time he preached at the opening of the new Independent Chapel there, and gave the charge on the day following, at the ordination of the Rev. Henry Kerrison, the elected minister; and in September, again occupying his old quarters, at Vronheulog, near Bala, a place to which he was much attached, and where he never failed to receive a cordial welcome from his kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Davies. In the course of this summer, he visited also the Isle of Man. The editor fears to weary his readers by a repetition of the constantly recurring round of incidents, which must, more or less, fill up the life of an active and popular minister. Never were those incidents more numerous in the life of Dr. Raffles than at the present date. A full record was kept by him in his diaries of all his engagements to the last, and unless it arose from occasional illness, a blank in the daily journal is indeed a rarity. But in the later years of his life, his diaries, which, in his younger days, contained much that was interesting in the way of personal reflections, and remarks upon passing events—some of which have appeared in the earlier chapters of this biography—consist only of bare records of names and places connected with his public and pastoral duties. In regard to the latter, it was his daily practice to enter in his diary the names of those on whom he called. He was still constant in the performance of that part of his duty—more so, perhaps, than in these days ought to be required, when so great a strain on the mental energies of ministers is demanded, to prepare in a satisfactory

manner for the performance of pulpit duty. At the same time it cannot be doubted that Dr. Raffles greatly endeared himself to his congregation by his kind and constant attention to them, especially in sickness.

A large meeting of the friends of the Evangelical Alliance, to which reference has just been made, took place on the 16th of December, at the Amphitheatre, Great Charlotte Street, Liverpool, in which Dr. Raffles took part; and early in January, 1846, a Conference of the aggregate Committee of the Alliance was also held in Liverpool, when the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, Sir Culling Smith,* and other gentlemen interested in its proceedings attended, and took part in the sittings, which lasted during several days. Dr. Raffles anxiously watched the progress of this movement, and did all in its power to promote its success; but many held back from whom co-operation had been anticipated. In Liverpool, the Rev. Dr. Byrth, the Rev. W. W. Ewbank, and one or two other clergymen of the Established Church joined the association; and the two gentlemen just named, along with the Rev. Mr. Cordeaux, gave practical proof of their regard for its principles, by attending the annual meeting of the London Auxiliary Missionary Society, in Great George Street Chapel, during the same year; of which circumstance Dr. Raffles says, writing to the editor, "You will be pleased to learn that both Dr. Byrth and Mr. Ewbank, are to speak in Great George Street Chapel, to-night—a new thing in Israel, two clergymen speaking at our missionary meeting." Unfortunately for

* The late Sir Culling E. Eardley, Bart.

the interests of the association, both these gentlemen died prematurely, while other clergymen, who were also members, removed from Liverpool. Dr. Raffles regretted that their places were not supplied, though careful not to judge those who abstained from joining the Alliance.

Occasionally he was called upon to administer reproof, and the following copy of a letter written about this time is interesting, and its publication may be useful. To whom it was addressed, the editor, happily, knows not. The circumstances which called it forth, sufficiently appear from the context :—

"I trust you will allow me with mingled kindness and fidelity to reply to your letter of—. I am truly grieved to receive such a letter from one who is a student for the Christian ministry. You acknowledge, and without any sense of impropriety, that you have 'a considerable debt,' which you have no hopes of defraying, unless from the successful issue of appeals similar to that which you have addressed to me. Now let me ask you, if your conscience approves of such a proceeding as this? Ought you, in any case or under any circumstances, to contract a debt, which, at the time of contracting it, you have no reasonable prospect of being able to discharge? Is this common honesty? And what promise does such a proceeding in early life give of that high tone of principle, and upright and honourable feeling, by which the character and conduct of the Christian minister ought, through the whole course of his ministry, to be distinguished? I assure you that I am deeply pained to be compelled thus to write to you, but I could not be faithful to my own sense of duty in this case not to do so, and I feel assured that your own conscience will be the first to justify and approve the course I have adopted. I would recommend you to make known your circumstances to your tutors, take their advice as to the line of conduct you should pursue, and henceforth, rather suffer any privation than place yourself in a position so painful in itself to

an upright mind, and inducing a recourse to means so humiliating and equivocal in their character for extrication from it. Be assured that this letter is dictated by anything rather than an unkind feeling towards you. If I know myself, it is from a sincere desire to promote your real welfare, and induce on your part correct views of a transaction which I cannot but regard as pregnant with momentous influences upon your future course."

He records in his diary on the 22nd and 23rd of April, 1846, an instance of the rapidity of his movements in connexion with his preaching engagements from home by no means of unusual occurrence. On the former day he preached at the opening of Mr. Ford's New Chapel at Salford, and, after dinner, went by the express train to London, where he preached on the following morning at the opening of the new chapel at Holloway, built for the Rev. A. J. Morris, and returned on the same evening to Liverpool, "having gone 410 miles and preached two sermons in 38 hours."

In the month of June, he spent a few days in London, on the business of the Evangelical Alliance; and from London he proceeded to Yarmouth and Norwich, where he preached twice on Sunday, the 14th, for the London Missionary Society. At Yarmouth, he mentions in his diary, having "spent the day and dined with Mr. Dawson Turner, looking over his unrivalled and wonderful collection of autographs."

Dr. Raffles determined upon making another continental tour in the autumn of this year. He spent a few days in London, in order that he might be present at the sittings of the Evangelical Alliance, and having attended the first public meeting of that body at Exeter Hall, on

Tuesday the 25th, he joined his party, consisting of the editor and his youngest brother, and Mr. Samuel Job, of Liverpool, and his nephew, and they proceeded to Ramsgate, whence, on the following day, they crossed to Ostend.

By railroad, and steamboat on the Rhine, the travellers proceeded to Mayence, and thence to Frankfort and Heidelberg, where they rested on the Sunday. From Heidelberg they passed through Stuttgart, Ulm, and Augsburg, to Munich. Of Augsburg, Dr. Raffles says in his diary:—

"September 2nd. Augsburg, that I expected to find solemn as the Reformation itself, and savouring only of creeds and confessions, and rife with memorials of reformers and divines—this same Augsburg we found the scene of gaiety and grandeur, and military parade, and royal pomp, that rendered it more like a scene of enchantment than reality. Long. before we entered the city, we encountered the evident tokens of some great commotion or extraordinary cause of excitement. On one hand, we saw a vast encampment, with booths and shows, and groups of people; on the roads we met troops of horse and regiments of foot, all covered with dust, and strangely intermingled with crowds and carriages of all descriptions, some conveying plain and well dressed citizens with their wives and children, and others, military officers with their crosses and their plumes glittering in the sun, or waving in the breeze. It really was a spirit-stirring sight; and when we entered the city, what a spectacle! Every house, from top to bottom, was adorned with wreaths and garlands, and brilliant coloured hearthrugs and carpets—streamers floating from every window, of white and blue, as though every house was itself the concentration of the festivity, of which all the city seemed equally to partake: and when we reached Maximilian Strasse, at any time and under any circumstances one of the finest and most picturesque streets in Europe, we were constrained to pause in admiration of the gay and

really imposing spectacle it displayed. And then we learnt the cause. The King (of Bavaria) was in Augsburg, and presently a splendid carriage appeared, containing His Majesty and the Crown Prince. * * * * Well, was not this famous, that we should light upon Augsburg on such an occasion as this—one that had not before occurred perhaps in the memory of man, nor would, in all probability, to the present generation, occur again—for the fact is, there has been an encampment, some say of 40,000 troops, in the neighbourhood, and this morning there was a sham fight, and to-morrow there is to be a grand review, and the King and Queen, and Crown Prince, and nobody knows how many other princes grace the spectacle with their presence."

At Munich the travellers stayed four days, which were fully occupied in seeing the galleries and churches of the city, which are too well known to be described here. To Dr. Raffles the royal library was among the most interesting of the places he visited. He says:—

"It is an immense building, recently erected in the Ludwig's Strasse. It is said to be capable of containing two millions of volumes. Its utmost number at present is not more than a quarter of that amount, and it appears to be something like a waste of money to provide a building capable of receiving more than twice the number of books it is ever likely, in the nature of things, to possess. I am not aware that there is any library in the world that contains so many as one million of volumes. Certainly the Royal Library of France does not, nor does the Vatican, nor the British Museum; and are the resources of Bavaria such as to justify the hope of her ever doubling the amount of books which the mightiest and wealthiest nations of Europe can boast?

"This library is very rich in MSS. and early printed books, but as the chief of these are mentioned in 'Murray,' I forbear to notice them. There is a small but choice collection of autographs. One of the things that pleased me most is Albert Durer's prayer-book, with sketches round the margin by his own hand.

"The staircase of this library is one of the finest in Europe. It is more fitted, by its width and magnificence, for a palace than a library. I believe it is a principle of good and correct taste in architecture, that everything should have an obvious use, and an adaptation to its avowed end. Now, in a palace, it is fitting that the staircase should be of extraordinary width and corresponding magnificence, for royal and illustrious personages are to pass up and down, attended by their suites, and guards have frequently to line the steps; but in a library, devoted to the quiet pursuits of literature, and frequented only by students and literary men, with the exception of occasional visitors, such a colossal and splendid entrance seems out of place, and, therefore, the taste that fixed it there is bad, indicating, as it does, not so much a regard to utility as a love of display; but the statue of his majesty is to grace it, and as there is another and a plainer staircase for the use of such as ordinarily visit the library, this splendid entrance is, perhaps, intended more as a tribune for the monarch than a passage for the student.

"Really this King of Bavaria is, indeed, a princely man. Everything bespeaks the hand of a master, and is worthy of a monarch; and if he should live twenty years longer, and his resources remain unexhausted, verily, he will make this Munich —this so recently inconsiderable city of Munich, the capital of a mere Duchy—the rival of the greatest cities in the world."

On Monday, the 7th of September, the party left Munich, on their way into the Tyrol. Dr. Raffles writes in his diary, on the evening of that day, from Kreut, a favourite Bavarian watering-place:—

"Towards the end of our third stage, at a place called Gmünd, we came first in sight of the lake of Tegernsee, and began to close in with the mountains. The lake reminded me of our own Windermere. The mountains that surround it are not higher, unless it be at the head of the lake, where they are, certainly, extremely grand, and their peculiar charm is, that they are clothed with foliage to their summits. Nothing could be

more delicious than the scene which they presented, glowing in all the effulgence of a cloudless sky; and nothing more exhilarating than the thought that, if life and health are spared to us, for a succession of many days we shall be occupied in travelling amongst them, marking their progress from the beautiful to the grand, and from the grand to the awfully sublime; from the sparkling waters of the Tegernsee to the awful defiles and snowy summits of the Stelvio Pass and the Ortler Spitze. We dined at Tegernsee, and then drove to the Baths of Kreut. Here, in an upland valley, surrounded by lofty and well-wooded hills, far removed from all the noise and bustle of the world, a beautiful lawn presents itself, stretching for about half a mile in one direction, and scarcely a quarter in the other, on the western side of which is a vast hotel, with ball-room and all the necessary appendages to a large and complete establishment; and here, in the months of July and August chiefly, the good citizens of Munich, with their good and popular King, come to eat and drink, and promenade and bathe, and see and be seen, and make these solitudes scenes of splendour and gaiety. And here, indeed, one might wile away a few days most pleasantly, climbing the rocks and exploring the valleys, and still discovering, from day to day, new haunts and scenes of sylvan beauty and romantic interest. Even now, while I write, nothing can surpass the loveliness of the landscape—one half all bright with the glory of a moon just past the full, and the other all dark with the gigantic shadow of a mountain that veils her beams.

"Landeck, September 9th. Another day amongst the Alps, amidst scenes enough to make any man a poet, who had within him one spark of genius to be kindled by the sublime and beautiful in nature. Mountains rising above mountains, and succeeding mountains, in endless variety of aspect and of form, now clothed with verdure, sometimes creeping to their very summits, at others bare and rugged, and fantastically torn and jagged, and bearing the honourable scars of many a hundred winters' storms. Any one might perceive that the thunder and lightning has been often there, for terrible and wild were the

tokens they had left of their presence and of their power. Some of these mighty rocks, that rose like giant ramparts to heaven, were so white and hoary in their colour, that, at a distance, we took them for mountains of snow, and it was not till near their very base that we were undeceived; nor was the illusion perfectly dispelled till we perceived upon their bare and rugged bosoms masses of genuine snow, still whiter and purer than themselves. All along, the rapid, I may say, the impetuous Inn was our companion, now far beneath us, and anon close by our side, except that now and then it was lost to our eye and to our ear in a rocky bed so deep, that man, with all his labour and perseverance, had refused to make for himself a path to follow it. In the meadows and the corn-fields the people were busy with their harvest, while, on the sides of the houses, grapes hung in luxuriant clusters, as large and as fine in their flavour as those which our hot-houses produce. We passed a number of convents and monasteries, which formed picturesque objects, with their white masses of building and clusters of domes and spires, often high up the mountain side, embosomed in the foliage, or perched romantically upon the brow of some projecting rock."

After passing, on the following day, September 10th, through the celebrated Pass of Finstermünz, Dr. Raffles writes from Bormio, on the 11th:—

"This morning, at five, we commenced the ascent of the Stelvio, and at three P.M., reached this place, the Baths of Bormio, on the Italian side of the pass, being just ten hours—eight in ascending, and two in descending the mountain. The story of the passage of the Stelvio is quickly told. It is the highest carriage-road in Europe, and exceeds the elevation of the Simplon and Splügen Passes by 3,000 feet. The summit of the pass is 9,272 feet above the level of the sea, and about 800 feet above the line of perpetual snow. * * * * The circumstance that gives to the Pass of the Stelvio its chief interest is that it affords most splendid views of the Ortler Spitze, the highest of the Rhœtian Alps, and inferior, in point of

elevation, only to Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc. From this stupendous mountain there descend at least five glaciers, and three of them so near to you, that, as the windings of the road bring you, from time to time, to the brow of the gorge, in the direction of which the ascent passes, it seems that, with a strong arm and with a skilful hand, you might almost throw a stone upon the icy mass before you. And, indeed, so advantageously are you situated all along the ascent of the Stelvio for viewing the Ortler Spitze, that you might, without any great stretch of the imagination, regard the road as a series of terraces, placed one above another, from which, at different elevations, to behold and contemplate its snowy wonders; while, from the summit of the Pass, it is seen in all its hoary grandeur, white with the snows of ages, and, till recently, never violated in its profound solitude by the foot of man. All the way up we had fine views, but as we reached the crown of the pass, the clouds gathered and veiled the summit of the Ortler from our sight. We changed horses at the post-house of Santa Maria, about a thousand feet on the other side of the mountain, from which our descent to Bormio was cold, rapid, and gloomy, amid clouds, and the roar of cataracts, and the darkness of glacier galleries, and the horrors of abysses, into which the eye was permitted sometimes to peer, but the depth of which it could never fathom. Thankful we were, at length, to find a shelter in the vast and comfortless house which has been erected for the use of such as frequent these celebrated baths; and here we are in Italy."

The party re-crossed on the 12th, and Dr. Raffles writes in his diary from Meran on the evening of the day:—

"A glorious morning for our return over the Stelvio. We ordered breakfast at Santa Maria yesterday, when we changed horses there, tempted to do so by the promising appearance of the larder, which the hostess wisely shewed us. We were roused a little after three A.M., and at half-past four were in the carriage, proceeding on our route, so that we just closed in with the deepest

gorges and wildest defiles of the pass, as the day began to dawn. It is difficult to find words to describe such a scene as that which the Italian side of the Stelvio presents. It differs essentially from the other; that is more ascent, and the interest is derived rather from the mountain on which you gaze, than from the mountain which you traverse. But here all the interest is derived from the mountain itself, for you are hemmed in amongst its fastnesses, and can only catch now and then a distant summit or a hoary peak of some giant Alp beyond. One of these perfectly enchanted me, at first glittering in the silver beams of the waning moon, and then glowing with all the effulgence of the newly-risen sun—risen to it, but not to us, nor to the world beneath, for all around us was still in shadow long after it had been day there.

"As we toiled upwards through these deep defiles, new wonders and fresh features of interest arrested our attention. We saw the birth of the Adda, where the infant river bursts from the bowels of the rock, and leaps into existence by a fall of fifty feet. We looked down into abysses so deep and abrupt, that one shuddered at the scanty space that remained between the wheels of the carriage and the brink. Numerous cataracts dashed down these frightful chasms, and rolled their troubled waters through the depths below—depths which no human foot explores, and whence the sound comes fitfully and faintly on the ear. I interfere not with the province of the guide-book by recording the number and extent of the glacier galleries, or the houses of refuge; I leave all these matters to Messrs. Murray and Brockedon, and hasten to record that we breakfasted gloriously and most appropriately, on goat's milk and cutlets of the chamois, shot on the neighbouring Alps of Switzerland, at the most elevated inn in Europe. Those cutlets of the chamois fried in butter were delicious; and then they were eaten with a sauce derived from a four hours' inhaling of the pure mountain air, and, moreover, we ate with a relish and a zest, created by the consciousness that, as we had never breakfasted at such an elevation, or on such fare before, so, in all human probability, we never should again.

"We left Santa Maria at half-past nine, and reached the summit in an hour. Now, what was veiled yesterday was all unclouded—not even the shadow of a cloud, or anything like haze, was to be seen; but from its spotless summit, along its various glaciers, down almost to its base, the Ortler Spitze was seen bathed in as much brightness as it was in the power of an autumnal sun to kindle. We saw nothing else. There was, indeed, a splendid view of the Grisons Alps behind us, but before us, towards Tyrol, there was nothing, and there needed nothing but the Ortler Spitze. There was enough in that of rock and ice, and spotless snow and naked granite, of glittering dome and splintered pinnacle, of precipice and glacier, to fill the mind with all that is grand, magnificent, and beautiful, and a more distant view, or less glorious object, would rather have impaired than improved and heightened the impression.

"Lo! where thy tortuous path, great Stelvio!
In endless doublings scales the giddy height;
There, midst those regions of eternal snow,
Those ebon peaks and dazzling glaciers bright—
New worlds of wonder glorious to the sight—
Old nature reigns as in her moodiest fits;
Now joyous, decked in robes of spotless white,
Now wrapt in deepest gloom, enthroned she sits,
On thy hoar summit lone, thou mighty Ortler Spitze."

From Meran, in the heart of the Tyrol—and certainly a most charming spot—Dr. Raffles writes to his daughter, Mrs. Marshall Bulley, on Sunday the 13th:—

"I think you know that the plan on which we proceed with regard to writing is, that Tom corresponds, and I keep the journal, for it is impossible for one to do both. The day is so fully occupied in travelling, that, at night, when we reach our resting-place, we have little time for anything but refreshment and sleep. I find it hard work merely to journalise the day's proceedings, for I have not youth on my side as I had in my tour of 1817, and cannot, as I frequently did then, sit up half

the night scribbling. But I *must* write to my dear Mary, and, therefore, I devote a part of this sacred day to this—to my feelings at this moment—sacred and religious work. * * * *

"What occasion have we, my dear Mary, for unfeigned thankfulness to God for the goodness He has so far vouchsafed to us on this journey! In the first place, the weather has been delightful; we have had scarcely any rain, and have not been interrupted in our plans, nor detained by it a single hour. We have, indeed, suffered somewhat from the heat, and, on the sandy roads of Bavaria, and in the deep valleys and defiles of the Tyrol, the heat and the dust in the middle of the day have sometimes been, to me at least, distressing; but the mornings have been cool, and the evenings have brought refreshment; and then, too, our health has been most excellent. * * * *

"And what interesting objects, what splendid cities, and still more splendid countries, we have seen—objects round which the associations of bygone ages cluster—cities renowned in the history of Europe, and influential in the destinies of the world. What spirit-stirring names are Heidelberg, Frankfort, Stuttart, Ulm, Augsburg, Munich, Innsprück! And then what a glorious region for scenery is the Tyrol! In making this appeal, observe, I mean no disparagement to Switzerland. She suffers nothing by a comparison with the Tyrol, and the Tyrol can well afford to give Switzerland any advantage she may derive from it. Mont Blanc shall still occupy the throne of the Alps; Chamouni shall still be the grandest and most glorious valley in the world; and the Mer de glace shall not yield to any glacier that glitters in the sunbeams; and yet the Tyrol shall be worthy of the painter's art and of the poet's song in a degree, but a shade inferior. She has her valleys of the Inn and of the Adige to set beside the valley of the Rhone; she can boast her Ortler Spitze, with her eternal snows, only two thousand feet lower than the peerless Mont Blanc, and five glaciers at least adorn and fringe the robe of the Ortler Spitze, as many as skirt the garment of her successful rival. And then, be it remembered, that there is one respect in which the Tyrol triumphs over Switzerland, for, from her valleys, the highest pass over the Alps, by 3,000 feet, proceeds,

and thus the Stelvio bears away the palm from the Splügen and the Simplon. But then the Stelvio has no Via Mala, as the Splügen has, and I question if its gorges are anywhere as deep as those of the Simplon. But why enter into these comparisons where all is glorious? One thing I know, that if Switzerland holds the first place in my memory as to rank, Tyrol will possess a place equally enduring."

At Salzburg, on the 19th, he writes, describing the scenery of Berchtesgaden and the Königsee, with which he was greatly charmed:—

"Berchtesgaden is a beautiful village, embosomed in the midst of stupendous Alps. One mountain, most singularly formed, rises to the height of 8,000—some say 10,000 feet. About three miles from the village, lies the lake of Königsee. Nothing can be conceived more deep than the solitude, or more sublime than the scenery of this lake. The mountains rise abruptly—for the most part almost perpendicularly, and, in some instances, actually so—to an enormous height above it, casting their dark shadows on its deep blue waters. No road, or even path, for the foot of man to traverse, skirts its margin, and, as you row along its surface—for only in this way can it be explored—no sounds but the distant tinkling of the bells of the cattle feeding upon the far-up mountain slopes, and the occasional dash of the waterfalls that come down their declivities, are heard; and no human habitation meets the eye, but an ancient chapel and a hunting-seat of the king, occupying a small strip of land, that in one part runs out into the lake. Around these lone waters are the haunts of the chamois and the eagle, and we were fortunate enough to see a very fine specimen of the former, which had just been shot, and which the hunter was carrying in his canoe to the head of the lake, that it might be conveyed to the chateau at Berchtesgaden for the table of the king. We were rowed up to the head of the lake, a distance of six miles, having made a slight *détour* on our way to explore a wild chasm in the rocks, and see a waterfall. There, at the upper end of

the lake—a length to which, I believe, but few travellers proceed—the mountains rise to the height of 6,000 feet above its bosom, for 4,000 feet at least in sheer precipice. Here we came to a landing-place, and turning abruptly to the left, found in the deep abyss formed by the overhanging cliffs, another lake, at the distance of a few hundred yards, far smaller, indeed, but, if possible, still wilder than that which we had left. This is called Obersee, and has an additional feature of sublimity in a waterfall, that must be altogether little if any less than 2,000 feet in height. This lake is but rarely seen.

"Here, amid scenes like these, the poet and the painter may delight to revel. Vain are all my efforts to describe them, and poor, indeed, is language when employed for such a purpose. But once beheld, they can never fade from the tablet of memory."

There are many other passages of Dr. Raffles's journal during this part of his tour of equal interest with those which have been quoted, but our limits forbid their insertion. In fact, the scenery throughout the Salzkammergut is charming, and it is surprising that it is, comparatively, so little visited.

Dr. Raffles and his party proceeded from Salzburg through the romantic district around Ischl to Linz, on the Danube, and thence by steamboat to Vienna, where they arrived on the evening of the 24th of September. After spending a few days in Vienna, the travellers turned their faces homewards, visiting Prague—certainly one of the most interesting cities in Europe—Dresden, Berlin, and Hanover, ending their tour at Hamburg, whence they embarked for Hull, and arrived safely at home on the 16th of October.

In November, Dr. Raffles went to London, and delivered the charge to his nephew, the Rev. Baldwin

Brown, on the occasion of his induction as minister of Claylands Chapel, Kennington.

On the 9th of December, at a meeting held at Manchester, Dr. Raffles was elected chairman of the North-western division of the Evangelical Alliance—a mark of respect and confidence which he highly valued, bestowed, as it was, by the common consent of men belonging to so many religious denominations.

Chapter XX.

1847 — 1852.

SKETCH BY THE REV. JAMES GWYTHER—VISITS TO LONDON—AUTOGRAPHS —ADDRESS AS PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL— CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND DR. RAFFLES—DEATH OF THE REV. DR. WINTER HAMILTON—MISSIONARY SERMON AT BRISTOL—REV. THE DR. WOOLF—ASSISTANT TO DR. RAFFLES —CHURCH MEMBERSHIP—VISIT TO IRELAND—HAVERSTOCK HILL CHAPEL, LONDON—VISIT TO BRIGHTON—VISITS IRELAND AGAIN—LONDONDERRY —DEATH OF THE REV. DR. PYE SMITH—VACATION RAMBLES—DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES LISTER—THORNEY HOW, GRASMERE—ARGYLE CHAPEL, BATH.

THE four or five succeeding years in the life of Dr. Raffles present few incidents calling for especial notice. His labours continued unabated notwithstanding the weight of threescore years, and his health was for the most part good. He was rarely absent from the post of duty at the numerous meetings which were of constant recurrence in connexion with the County Union, the College, the Bible Society, the Tract Society, the Evangelical Alliance, and many other associations with which he was connected. He might fairly have claimed to be discharged, after so many years of service, from some of the secretaryships which he had been called to fill, and

have left them to be undertaken by younger men. But he loved to work while he had the ability to do so; and, so long as his services were appreciated, he was willing to render them. In the duties of his office as Secretary to the County Union, the Rev. Richard Fletcher had, within the last few years, been associated with him—a selection peculiarly grateful to the feelings of Dr. Raffles, for Mr. Fletcher was his attached friend. Perhaps it will not be out of place to introduce here an extract from a communication with which the editor has been favoured by the Rev. James Gwyther, of Manchester, who succeeded Mr. Fletcher, when he went out to Australia, in his office of co-secretary to the county Union. Mr. Gwyther, after alluding to Dr. Raffles's appointment to the secretaryship on the death of Mr. Charrier, says:—

"I had then entered the county, and few can tell better than myself, how skilfully and how courteously he discharged its duties during the thirty-seven years in which it was our privilege to have his services. When he undertook the office there was but one secretary. To him it belonged to call its meetings, keep the minutes, prepare for the meetings, write the reports, conduct the correspondence which arose from the public meetings, as well as direct those proceedings which often called for his maturest wisdom and prudence. Nor can those of us who have had the privilege of watching him in the work forget the Christian courtesy and temper, the generous regard to the feelings of others, and the rich humour which were often brought to guide, soften, soothe, or enliven, just as the discussion of the hour seemed to require it. He was ever in his place at the appointed hour, with a kind and pleasant greeting for each who met his eye, and his genial smile was as ready for the humblest agent of the society as for those who held the most distinguished positions in the county. His office and his fame as a preacher laid him open to number-

less calls for service at the opening of chapels, and at the ordination of ministers; and most kindly and readily did he respond to them, whether it was to occupy some small village sanctuary or the pulpit of a commanding chapel in one of the large towns. Few can imagine, without careful inquiry, what large demands upon his time and strength all this involved, and none but those who were partakers of the benefit can tell with what a cheerful and hearty spirit of kindness such engagements were fulfilled.

"For many years his duties as Secretary to the Union were discharged without assistance. At the annual meetings those duties were often onerous in the extreme. In addition to the presentation of a carefully prepared report, which gave a condensed view of every station sustained by the Association, he had to read all the detailed minutes, as well as the whole of the letters sent by the agents of the Society. Besides which, he had to make full minutes, and take his full share in the several discussions—many important and delicate—arising upon the matters which came before the assembled ministers and delegates. You will probably remember how exhausted he often appeared after these meetings, the physical labour of which was so heavy for the Secretary. * * * * In the printed report for the year 1844, the Revs. Dr. Raffles and Richard Fletcher are named on the list of officers, as joint secretaries; and I have no doubt that it was then that they were first associated together in that relation. It would be by no means difficult to trace the causes which led to this arrangement. It was just as much an expression of affection for Mr. Fletcher as a measure for securing help in the work. Thrown together in their united efforts on behalf of the College, a very warm regard had grown up between them. So thoroughly congenial were they in disposition—generous, warm-hearted, refined in feeling, full of urbanity, devotedly concerned for the spiritual welfare of the county—nothing could be more natural than their attachment, and very happy, indeed, was their official connexion. Mr. Fletcher felt it no small privilege to be thus closely associated with your father, and to relieve him of some portion of manual and detail

work. In the spring of 1854, I had the honour of succeeding Mr. Fletcher on his removal to Melbourne, and the nine years in which I was privileged to occupy the post taught me to love, esteem, and honour that dear friend, whose loss I so keenly feel, as scarcely any other than a son could have loved and honoured him. I shrank from the office; but I am deeply thankful that my reluctance was overcome, and that, whilst affording the dear Doctor some little help, so many seasons of happy intercourse were enjoyed. They have stored my mind with many bright memories on which it is refreshing to dwell. * * * * To the last he well fulfilled the avowal which on more than one occasion he uttered, that whilst he had a heart to feel; a hand to write, or a lip to speak, his best services should be devoted to the interests of this association."

Dr. Raffles visited London in May, 1847, in order to attend the annual meeting of the Congregational Union, under the presidency of Dr. Hamilton of Leeds; and also on two other occasions in the course of the year, preaching on the 6th of October, at the opening of Hampden Chapel, Hackney. The editor, then resident in London, has very pleasant recollections of his father's occasional visits, and of most agreeable hours spent in rambling about with him, seeing all that was to be seen of the ever-varying sights of London, or poring over folios of prints and autographs, in the old haunts which he never failed to visit when he came to town. It was on one of these occasions that Dr. Raffles picked up an autograph, which he considered to be among the most curious and valuable in his possession. He bought it for a mere trifle, as an autograph of the celebrated Lord Burleigh, and only subsequently discovered when he came to examine its contents more closely, that it was the

original order on the Treasury for payment to Sir Thomas Egerton, then Attorney-General, on account of his services, "in and about the trial of Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringaye," with other items, signed by Lord Burleigh and Sir Walter Mildmay.

The collection of autographs, which Dr. Raffles had been gradually but steadily accumulating, had now become very extensive and interesting. He had for some years past been engaged, during the few spare hours which he could devote to the purpose, in arranging and illustrating them. In this task the editor had been his chief assistant, and among the happiest reminiscences of the past is the memory of the evenings which he was now and then privileged to spend with his father, surrounded by his MSS., and agreeably occupied in investigating the past history of those whose autographs were, from time to time, before them, for the purpose of illustration and arrangement. The editor soon became inoculated with the taste for biographical and historical research, which such an occupation can scarcely fail to create, and which his father did all in his power to foster and develope by amusing and instructive anecdotes and remarks from his own large stores of information. To attempt a description of the contents of the collection would be quite impossible within the limits of this biography. One series alone consists of forty folio volumes with illustrations, and there are at least as many quarto volumes of various kinds, exclusive of an extremely rare and valuable collection, in seven volumes, of distinguished Americans. There are abundant materials for an interesting book exclusively devoted to the subject;

and the editor may, possibly, at some future time, select for publication some of the most interesting of the letters and other documents, which, together with all the MSS. of various kinds, have come into his possession.

The Church at Great George Street lost, during this year, the valuable services of a most efficient officer in the removal of Mr. Peter Blease, who was compelled, on the ground of health, to reside in the country. Mr. Blease had, for many years, taken a most active part in the management of the Sunday-school, and had formed a very numerous bible-class for the young people of the congregation. In forwarding to that gentleman the resolution passed by the Church, on the 30th of July, on the occasion of his retirement, Dr. Raffles says:—

"For myself, however, it remains, at this moment of separation, to renew to you the expression of my unabated personal esteem, and the assurance that you will ever live in my grateful remembrance and Christian affection. To how large an extent the usefulness of my ministry may have been indebted to the fervour of your prayers, and, under God, to the diligence and devotedness of your labours, another day will make manifest; and though you have given us the assurance that we shall never cease to be remembered in the former, I am painfully conscious of the loss we sustain by the cessation of the latter."

In the month of February, 1848, Dr. Raffles was called on, as President of the Royal Institution in Liverpool—an office which he filled for two years successively—to deliver the annual address, on which occasion he suggested the formation of a local historic or antiquarian society, as highly desirable, with a view to the preservation of curious and interesting facts connected

with the history of the county. Very shortly afterwards the "Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire," was founded by several gentlemen, to whom a similar idea had presented itself, and Dr. Raffles was named one of the vice-presidents. Interesting proceedings have from time to time been published by the Society, and its utility has been fully recognised.

The catholicity of spirit which actuated Dr. Raffles through the whole course of his life is strongly exemplified in an interchange of letters which took place, about this period, between himself and a distinguished prelate of the Established Church. The excellent Bishop of Chester (Dr. J. B. Sumner), between whom and Dr. Raffles a very kindly feeling had always existed, was appointed early in this year to the vacant archbishopric of Canterbury, and Dr. Raffles addressed his Grace in the following letter:—

"Liverpool, March 22, 1848.

"My Lord Archbishop,

"I feel assured that your Grace will attribute to its true motive the freedom which I thus take in addressing you. But I cannot observe the expression of esteem and regard, which has been so deservedly and appropriately presented to you by the clergy of this neighbourhood, on occasion of your departure from this diocese to the high station which you now occupy, without a desire on my part, though I have no such right as they possess, thus to testify the veneration in which I have long held your character, as a laborious and faithful minister of Jesus Christ, and the interest which you have in my fervent prayers, that God may be pleased yet long to spare your valuable life, and to bestow upon you grace and strength for the happy and efficient discharge of all the high functions with which your Grace is now invested.

"If in this most unfeigned tribute of respect and esteem I have, in any way or in any degree, overstepped the bounds of propriety, I trust the feeling by which I am influenced may secure my forgiveness, and that I may be permitted to remain, with high consideration,

"Your Grace's most humble and faithful servant,

"His Grace "THOS. RAFFLES."

"The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, &c., &c.

The Archbishop returned the following reply:—

"Lambeth, March 24.

"Dear Sir,

"Accept my very sincere thanks for your letter on my appointment to the see of Canterbury.

"I may say, with great truth, that the highest gratification which I have hitherto received from this elevation is derived from the kind expressions of good will which it has drawn forth from a large number of estimable men, whose favourable opinion it is a blessing to enjoy. May I hope that, in your case, as well as in that of others, those testimonies of regard may be accompanied by a prayer that I may be faithful to the trust committed to me, and enabled to keep in constant view the great object of real interest, the glory of God in the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

"I remain, dear Sir, with great esteem,

"Your faithful servant,

"Rev. Dr. Raffles. "J. B. CANTUAR."

In the summer of this year, Dr. Raffles was called to mourn the loss of his valued friend, Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, who died on the 18th of July. In the autumn of the previous year Dr. Raffles had been summoned to the same town, to take part in the funeral services for the Rev. John Ely, another old friend, and within twelve months he was again in Leeds on a similar mournful

errand. A few months previous to his death, Dr. Hamilton had dedicated his book on the Sabbath to Dr. Raffles, on which occasion the latter wrote to his friend :—

"I wish you would lend me your pen for a few moments, that I might, with all the elegance and ease so peculiarly its own, convey to you the sense I entertain of the honour you have done me in the dedication of your work on the Sabbath. So public and honourable a testimony from such a quarter, I cannot but highly prize, and I can say with the utmost sincerity, that it is my earnest desire that I may never prove myself altogether unworthy of that esteem and confidence on the part of my brethren, of which, in terms at once so flattering and so delicate, it has assured me."

Dr. Raffles keenly felt the constantly recurring losses in the circle of his ministerial friends which he was called to sustain. One by one, those who were his contemporaries when he began his career were passing away, and, as in Dr. Hamilton's case, some who were his juniors in age were summoned to their rest, while he was left to labour. But while he mourned the death of his friends, he recognised the goodness of God to himself, who, in lengthening out his own days, continued to him the capacity and the opportunity for usefulness. Dr. Raffles preached the funeral sermon for Dr. Hamilton, at Belgrave chapel, Leeds, on the 30th of July.

He also preached during this year at the dedication of two new chapels in London; at Kentish Town, in August, and at Eccleston Street, Eccleston Square, in October. On the 27th of August he writes to his sister, Mrs. Brown, from Tunbridge Wells, where he was on a visit to Mr. Joshua Wilson :—

"What a beautiful neighbourhood is this! Were *we* not here together some forty years ago? I think we took this in our way, when we went a tour in a gig, which Mr. Horne and I kept between us at Hammersmith. We went, I recollect, to Arundel and Petworth. What scenes have passed since then! And yet, with much to try our faith and patience, we have had much to demand our gratitude, and we must acknowledge that 'goodness and mercy have followed us all our days.' And now that we are so far advanced in the journey of life, we have cause to be thankful that we are what we are, and as we are. I think that you and I are too apt sometimes to look at the gloomy side of things rather than the bright, and to dwell in melancholy musings on the mercies that are gone rather than in grateful contemplation on those that remain. But it ought not to be so, and I am persuaded that to cherish such a state of mind is both foolish and sinful.

"I hope James is enjoying himself, and augmenting the golden opinions he has already won. You may well imagine how delightful it is to me to think that my pulpit is so ably filled by one so near and dear to me. Give my love to him, and tell him to assure himself of my best wishes and prayers for his usefulness and comfort, while he is my *locum tenens* at Great George Street Chapel."

During the autumn, Dr. Raffles again visited Bristol and preached the annual missionary sermon. Of this service he adds in his diary—where all his remarks for many years past have been very brief—"immense congregation; they were coming an hour before the time, and many could not get in."

A few days later he adds to an entry relating to one of his journeys, "Dr. Woolff, the missionary, got into the railway carriage at Lichfield. He will write to me and give me a route for visiting Jerusalem, &c. He said the reading of my 'Life of Spencer' first fired him with zeal to

be a missionary." A visit to the Holy Land had long been a cherished wish with Dr. Raffles, and it will shortly be seen that he essayed to carry it out, but was compelled to abandon the intention.

Early in January, 1849, Dr. Raffles visited Torquay, to attend the ordination of the Rev. Nicholas Hurry, the son of his old friend, Mr. Nicholas Hurry, of Liverpool, on which occasion he was the guest of Sir Culling Eardley, then resident there, and stayed over the following Sunday, when he preached twice. He went and returned by London, delivering, as he went, a lecture to the Young Men's Christian Association at Exeter Hall, on the "internal evidences of the truth of the Scriptures."

About this time the question of an assistant to Dr. Raffles was first mooted. He began to feel himself unequal to the discharge of all the ministerial and pastoral duties which devolved upon him. His Church and congregation readily responded to his wishes in the matter, and he looked about for some young minister whose services would be acceptable to his people. In the course of the summer the Rev. Thomas Raffles Hoskin,* who, though bearing the name of Dr. Raffles, was not related to him, was chosen to fill the office. Mr. Hoskin continued to discharge its duties for fifteen months, but when he left Liverpool no further appointment was made.

The mode of admitting members in Churches of the Congregational order has been, especially of late years, much discussed. In the course of so lengthened a

* Now of St. Petersburg.

ministry as that of Dr. Raffles, the question must have been frequently before him. Among his papers of this date is the copy of a letter, which he wrote in answer to a communication on this subject from one who hesitated to undergo the usual ordeal previous to admission. Dr. Raffles says :—

"A letter on so important a subject, and written in so excellent a spirit as yours of the 3rd inst. demands an answer, although you are so good as to say that you will not expect one.

"I have sometimes wished, I must confess, that in some cases, our usual mode in respect to the admission of members to the Church might be dispensed with; and, doubtless, it might, if the doing so would not be invidious, and involve a difficulty of no ordinary kind; viz., the determining of the cases in which the exception should be made.

"As a general plan, however, that which we adopt seems to be the best. It is not, you observe, a case of mere communion at the table of the Lord, but the admission to the fellowship of the Church. Now, a Church is a voluntary association of the disciples of Christ, or such as profess to be so, for the purpose of mutual fellowship and oversight in the Lord, in the celebration of divine ordinances, the maintenance of Christian discipline, and the promotion, in every way, of the cause of Christ amongst and around them. Such appear to be the ends for which such Churches were formed in primitive times. Now, the accessions to all voluntary associations must be by the vote of the body, and that such vote may be intelligently given, there must be some knowledge of the parties in respect of whom it is required. Conversation and oral communication appear to be the simplest and least objectionable mode of obtaining and imparting such information as is thus rendered necessary. In some Churches, writing, and in others, the appearance of the candidates before the Church to answer questions, &c., is required. Certainly, our mode is less formidable than this; and, in reality, less formidable than many suppose. There is no questioning of the

candidate before the Church. The information given to the Church is brief, and simply such as avails to satisfy the Church of the real piety of the parties, and never amounts to anything that can be fairly regarded as commenting on their past lives. The conversation with myself, and the deacons is free, and as informal as such a case will admit of; while the deacons, as well as myself, converse not merely for the satisfaction of the Church, but also of myself, as I should feel the responsibility too great to rest on me alone. If, as I before said, the receiving of the Lord's Supper—admission to the Communion-table—were the only point involved, the case would certainly be different, and there might be much force in what you have said, though I apprehend you would see the impropriety of an indiscriminate admission; but the case is different, being one of Church fellowship, to which, as its especial privilege, the celebration of the Lord's Supper belongs."

Dr. Raffles visited Ireland in July, and preached on the 11th, at the opening of the new Congregational Church at Kingstown, built after the design of his nephew, Mr. Wm. Raffles Brown, for the Rev. J. Denham Smith. Dr. Raffles remained over the next Sunday, and on his return, spent a Sunday in Wales, preaching twice at Welshpool.

In September, he went to London, and preached at the dedication of the new chapel at Haverstock Hill. From London he went to Brighton, where he spent ten days, and enjoyed the luxury of two silent Sundays, and the society of several friends, among whom were the Rev. J. N. Goulty, who was with him at Homerton College, and Mr. Simes, a very old friend of his family, then resident there. On his return to town, he presided at the London Mission House, at a meeting of the deputies from the Auxiliary Missionary Societies in town

and country, which lasted over two days. He mentions in his diary, that he embraced the opportunity of another silent Sunday in town to hear two celebrated men in the Established Church—the Rev. Henry Melvill, and the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

Dr. Raffles was in London again in October, when he preached at the re-opening of Claylands Chapel, Kennington, of which his nephew, the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, was, and still remains, the minister.

Towards the end of the year, Dr. Stowell, of Rotherham, published his life of Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds. In answer to a letter from Dr. Raffles, apparently relating to the book, Dr. Stowell writes—and the editor is tempted to lay the letter before his readers, as one out of many similar tributes to his father's character among his brethren in the ministry :—

"I dare not trust myself to attempt saying all that is in my heart, in acknowledgment of your beautiful and *Rafflesian* letter; only let me express the wish—almost hope—that I may never forfeit so precious, sacred, and enduring a friendship as yours. May your life be long and sunny! May the love you win from all who know you be only not forgotten in the great love of God, which is so richly shed upon you; and may you have, amid the fruits of your earnest ministry, very many who will revere you as I do, and in whose honour and success you will have immeasurably more reason to rejoice.

"In page 409 of the life of Hamilton, there is a note which I will thank you to compare with Dr. Wardlaw's note on Dr. McAll's charge to me at Masbrough Chapel in 1834. It seemed to be a fitting opportunity for supplying that mortifying hiatus, and, I hope, not too late."

In July, 1850, Dr. Raffles re-visited Kingstown, where

he ever had a hearty welcome at the house of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Parker, and preached on occasion of the anniversary of the dedication of Mr. Denham Smith's church. Dr. Raffles took the opportunity to visit his relative Mrs. Brown, a sister of Sir Stamford Raffles, resident at Londonderry, and spent a fortnight in that ancient city, preaching, while there, both at the Presbyterian Church and at the Independent Chapel.

Dr. Raffles had now begun to feel the necessity for curtailing his engagements. He could no longer move about with the ease and activity of his earlier years, and the day had long gone by, when he could congratulate himself upon being one of "Pharaoh's lean kine," as he did when he travelled to Bolton, as has been seen, in an early stage of his career, in a six inside coach, without inconvenience to himself, and with decided advantage to his fellow-travellers. At the end of his diary for this year (1850), there is a list of seventy-five places to which he had sent answers in the negative to invitations to preach, and yet, to look through the book, his time would seem to have been daily occupied. Now and then he would get an evening with his autographs, or he would occasionally spend a vacant hour or two in the preparation of his hymn-book, which, after being on the anvil during the greater part of his life, was now within a year or two of publication. His family, too, had been scattered, and two households, and before long a third, claimed a share of his spare time. How delightful is the remembrance of those pleasant evenings, when, so long as health and strength permitted, he would gladden the fireside of son or daughter by his presence, throw off, for the moment, the weight of

anxiety and care which his public and official position entailed, and delight the social circle by reminiscences of his past life, sometimes humorous, sometimes grave, but always told with an irresistible charm of manner, which no biographical record can perpetuate. Or, if in the humour, he would occasionally recite from his favourite poets, and the tenacity of his memory enabled him to recall and deliver, without a lapse, poems which he had spouted as a schoolboy at the annual recitations. Or he would draw upon his fund of stories, and sometimes, with a malicious twinkle of the eye, he would commence to deliver himself of the history of Mr. Pendlebury Houghton's journey to Chester to preach a charity sermon, or some other oft-told and well-remembered tale of unpardonable length, which he had been good-humouredly warned never to attempt again, in such a manner as to provoke him, with inimitable humour, to perpetrate the offence—of all the party, himself, while health was granted to him, the very life and soul.

In February, 1851, his old tutor, the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith, died, and, at the request of his family, Dr. Raffles was invited to give the address on the occasion of the funeral, "as one of his oldest and most respected students." He was obliged, however, to decline the service, being unable to leave home, and was denied the mournful gratification of paying the last tribute of respect to the memory of his distinguished friend, by following his remains to the grave. Dr. Raffles took his usual holiday of six weeks in the months of July and August —if holiday it can be called, when he preached every Sunday. His movements were somewhat desultory.

Spending the first week at Morecambe Bay, and preaching twice on Sunday, the 13th, at Lancaster, on the occasion of the re-opening of the chapel in High Street, he returned through Liverpool, and passed into Wales, preaching on two consecutive Sundays at Wrexham and Welshpool. He then travelled to London, in order to visit the Great Exhibition, and, after a week's stay; returned into Wales, preaching twice on the 3rd of August, at the opening of the new Congregational chapel at Rhyl. On the following day, he crossed the Channel to Kingstown, where he spent the week, preaching twice on the 10th, for Mr. Denham Smith. Thence he went to Galway, and, after spending a couple of days in visiting again the romantic district of Connemara, reached Sligo on the 14th, and preached on the 15th, at the opening of the new Independent Chapel at that place, and twice on Sunday the 17th, returning home on Thursday, the 21st. Whatever there might be of holiday in his vacation, there was not much rest. And yet, so long as he was able to travel about, he thoroughly enjoyed the change, and while he preached with very little fatigue to himself, he knew that his occasional visits, especially in country places, were of great benefit to the ministers who had sought his services.

On the 14th of October, he left home for Sheffield, where he had a preaching engagement. While there he visited his old friend, Mr. Montgomery the poet, then in his 80th year. On the 16th, he preached the annual sermon at the autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union, at Northampton, on which occasion a circumstance occurred to which he alludes in his autobiogra-

phical recollections. He says, speaking of the sermon, which he was reading :—

"About a fourth of the discourse remained to be delivered, when, in a moment, the gas throughout the entire chapel went out, and we were all in total darkness. The place was very much crowded. Aisles and pulpit, stairs and vestry, all were filled, and had there been anything like disturbance or uproar, the consequences might have been very serious. But I was perfectly calm and collected. I exhorted the people to remain quiet and hear what I had to say. I told them that I was ready either immediately to pronounce. the benediction and dismiss them, or, if they desired it, and lights were brought, I would remain and finish the sermon. I added that I would regard their remaining quietly in their seats as an intimation that they wished me to proceed. All remained perfectly still. Candles were brought to the pulpit and held by the ministers who were standing by the pulpit door, one of the candle-bearers, I was given to understand, being no less a person than Mr. Binney. I thus finished my sermon, and the worship was concluded in solemnity and peace."

Again, ere the year closed, was Dr. Raffles called to stand by the grave of another venerable friend. The Rev. James Lister, from the year 1803 to 1847 minister of the Baptist Chapel in Lime Street—afterwards removed to Myrtle Street—died on the 23rd of November, and Dr. Raffles preached his funeral sermon on Sunday, the 30th, in Myrtle Street Chapel. He had a great regard for Mr. Lister, with whom he had enjoyed, as he states in the sermon, "an uninterrupted friendship of forty years—more than an ordinary friendship, a companionship and brotherhood in ministerial labour." Dr. Raffles, speaking of his friend, says :—

"On him I need pronounce no eulogium. The simple fact

that I stated is enough—that he was so long the pastor of a Christian Church, and that Church the same—constituted as our Churches are—and we who exercise the pastoral office in them but men—men of like passions, infirmities, frailties, and temptations with those of which such churches are composed. This fact of itself speaks volumes for his prudence, his piety, his diligence, his devotedness, his fidelity, his purity, his patience, and every virtue that goes to constitute and adorn the Christian character, and form the good minister of Jesus Christ."

Few will be disposed to deny that the character which Dr. Raffles then drew of his friend may now, not inaptly, be applied to himself.

In May, 1852, Dr. Raffles paid a visit to Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, and records an interesting circumstance in his diary. He heard the venerable Mr. Jay, of Bath, then eighty-three years of age, preach one of the sermons at the dedication of a new chapel at that place; Dr. Raffles occupied the same pulpit on the following Sunday.

One or two instances have been already given of the occasional rapidity of his movements on his preaching excursions. Here is another. He left home late on the night of the 7th of June, after attending a meeting of the Continental Society, in his own chapel, to hear Monsieur Monod of Paris, and travelled to Birmingham. On the following morning he took an early train to Cheltenham, where he preached at the dedication of the Rev. Dr. Brown's new chapel; and, after dining with the friends, returned to Manchester, where he slept; and, on the next morning, went to Halifax to preach at the annual meeting of the West Riding Auxiliary Missionary Society, and returned

after dinner to Liverpool. Certainly he had an unusual attraction to bring him home with speed, for he had been invited to meet Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) at the house of a friend on the 10th, and he had the gratification to hear her sing. Such an opportunity, as he did not feel at liberty to attend her public performances, was not to be readily foregone.

In July he spent a few days with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Crosfield of Liverpool, at Thorney How, near Grasmere, a visit which he greatly enjoyed. He went thence to Blackpool, where he preached on the two following Sundays. He writes from Blackpool to Mrs. Crosfield on the 21st :—

"Many thanks to you, my dear friend, for your kindness in so promptly forwarding the packet of autographs, and for the kind note by which they were accompanied. Mrs. Fletcher has been very munificent, and I shall hardly know how suitably to express the sense I entertain of the obligation under which she has laid me. Little, indeed, did I expect to meet so interesting a circle as that to which it has been my privilege to be introduced at Lancrigg, and amongst the delightful reminiscences of Thorney How, for which I am so deeply indebted to Mr. Crosfield and yourself, that certainly will not be the least: but Thorney How, Lancrigg, and Rotha Bank will be favourite spots with me henceforth in the retrospect of the past.

"We got well to this place on Saturday. Sunday was a very trying day; the place extremely crowded; aisles and vestry full in the morning, and the heat intense. Yesterday we had a great deal of rain, and to-day it is much cooler—a delightful breeze and a splendid sea.

"I hope that this will find you all safe and sound in Rake Lane, and all the better for Thorney How, and its lovely and refreshing 'views and interviews.' For myself I shall never cease to cherish a grateful remembrance of the scenes them-

selves, and of the kindness which for so many happy days made them mine."

In November, Dr. Raffles made a hurried visit to Bath, and preached on occasion of the Missionary anniversary at Argyle Chapel, where his old friend, the Rev. William Jay, had so long laboured.

Chapter XXI.

1853 — 1854.

PUBLICATION OF HIS HYMN-BOOK—ILLNESS—LECTURE ON DR. WATTS—VISIT TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS—SERVICES AT MANCHESTER ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE REV. MESSRS. FLETCHER AND POORE FOR AUSTRALIA—LETTER FROM THE REV. R. FLETCHER—DEATHS OF FRIENDS—TOUR TO THE EAST WITH THE REV. DR. HALLEY—PARIS—LYONS—MARSEILLES—MEDITERRANEAN—ROME—ADVENTURE OF THE PENWIPER—NAPLES—MESSINA—MALTA—ÆGEAN SEA—CONSTANTINOPLE—SMYRNA—ISLAND OF PATMOS—ALEXANDRIA—CAIRO—THE PYRAMIDS—THE "TOMB IN THE DESERT"—THE SPHYNX—ATHENS—GULF OF LEPANTO—TRIESTE—VENICE—MILAN—THROUGH SWITZERLAND, HOME.

THE story of ten years yet remains to be told, and not altogether a story of old age, decay, and death. The great vigour of Dr. Raffles's constitution was never more conspicuous than in the earlier part of these remaining years of his life, during one of which he undertook the longest journey he ever made, with indomitable energy. But we must not anticipate.

Early in January, 1853, he published his long-expected supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, which he had in hand for many years. He would never have published it at all, but, in common with other Independent ministers, would have used the Congrega-

tional Hymn-book, had that book contained a fair share of his own hymns. In its original form, however, it did not contain one; and Dr. Raffles might, without vanity—seeing that numerous hymn-books of modern date contained one or more of his hymns—have expected that they would not have been wholly omitted from *the* hymn-book emphatically of his own denomination. But so it was, and he never would introduce it, though, with the greatest readiness, when the improved edition was contemplated under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. George Smith, Dr. Raffles contributed some of his hymns to its pages. His own collection is very good, but limited in extent; the hymns are selected with considerable judgment, and the true versions, as written by the respective authors, are given, wherever the original source could be reached.

In the same month he had a severe attack of an old internal and hereditary complaint, from which he suffered, more or less, during the latter half of his life. This circumstance probably accounted for that occasional irritability of temperament, which he could never wholly subdue, but which he always lamented whenever he became aware that it had in any way been displayed; while the feeling vanished with the occasion which excited it, for he could not carry ill-will within him towards any human being. The editor, after an intimacy, especially during the last twenty years of his father's life, as close and confidential, perhaps, as father and son ever enjoyed, can recall a single instance only, in which his father entertained more than a passing feeling of resentment, and that was upon an occasion when he conceived himself

to have been grievously wronged. Yet, even in that case, he hailed the first occasion which presented itself, to renew the amicable relations which, for a brief period, had been suspended, and readily forgot all that had been unpleasant in the past.

On the 8th of March, the centenary of the birth of Roscoe was celebrated in Liverpool. A breakfast was given in the Philharmonic Hall, the Earl of Sefton in the chair, on which occasion Dr. Raffles was one of the speakers. He then accompanied Mr. Samuel Holme, the Mayor of the borough, and a large party, to the opening of the Derby Museum, so called after the noble Earl, whose magnificent collection in natural history was there deposited; and in the evening Dr. Raffles again spoke on Roscoe at a meeting of the Royal Institution. On the 15th of the same month, he delivered an interesting lecture on Dr. Isaac Watts and Nonconformist Psalmody, at the Concert Hall in Liverpool, and again in Manchester on the following evening, in the lecture-room at Dr. Halley's chapel. Dr. Raffles was always a warm admirer of Dr. Watts. Among his most cherished treasures were some MSS. of the poet, and the last words that fell from his lips consisted of a quotation, with the alteration of a word, from one of his favourite hymns in Watts's collection.

In July, he made a short stay with his old friends at Kingstown, where he preached on Sunday the 24th, and after a passing glance at the Great Exhibition in Dublin, he re-crossed the Channel, and spent a few days at Gungrog, near Welshpool, where he preached on the 31st. He then travelled by Oxford to London, and took

the steamer for Guernsey on the 3rd of August, arriving there on the following day. He preached several times during his stay of a fortnight in the island, and gave the charge to the Rev. Mr. Evan—son-in-law to his old friend the Rev. John Pearce of Wrexham—on his ordination. From Guernsey he crossed over to Jersey, where he spent ten days, preaching once at St. Helier's, on the 21st. He reached home on the 30th.

The year, like so many of its recent predecessors, was not destined to pass without painful scenes of separation and death in the circle of Dr. Raffles's friends and contemporaries. On the 27th of October, he delivered an introductory discourse in Grosvenor Street Chapel, Manchester, on the designation of the Rev. Messrs. Fletcher and Poore to the service of the Church in Australia. Dr. Raffles and Mr. Fletcher had been so long associated together, as secretaries of the Lancashire Congregational Union, and were so sincerely attached to each other, that it was most painful to each to bid the other farewell. But Mr. Fletcher believed that he was obeying the call of duty, and Dr. Raffles would have been the last to hold him back from any selfish motive. Mr. Fletcher writes to his friend on the 24th of November, on board the vessel which was to carry him out:—

"How much I shall think of the delightful intercourse I have enjoyed with you! It now looks like a paradisiacal dream, but I shall fondly cherish it in thought as if it were a present reality. You will be in my heart till my dying day, and my poor prayers shall often ascend to heaven on behalf of my beloved friend, who has so largely blessed me with his friendship and affection, no less than delighted me with his genius and taste."

And again he writes on the 31st of December, at sea :—

"And can it be that I have parted from you for ever, so far as relates to this world; that I shall never see your face again, or hear your voice? Oh! it is, indeed, a great sacrifice I am called upon to make, to surrender such friends as I have found in you. The friend, however, who 'sticketh closer than a brother,' has required the sacrifice for His sake, and I could not, as His servant and disciple, refuse to obey. Nor do I repent of my decision—a decision which has yielded peace to my conscience, and I trust may yield glory to my Master."

To the great satisfaction of Dr. Raffles, early in the following year, the Rev. James Gwyther, of Manchester, consented to fill Mr. Fletcher's place as one of the secretaries to the County Union, and their joint tenure of office was terminated only by Dr. Raffles's decease.

Death was busy during this year also. He writes in his diary on the 5th of December:—"Buried my old and dear friend, Mr. Bulley, at the Necropolis." In the following week, he stood by the grave of another old friend, Mrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, one of the first to welcome him on his arrival in Liverpool. Thus was his circle of friends being narrowed upon earth, while it was yearly widening in the heavens.

In December, Dr. Raffles received a letter from Dr. Halley, of Manchester, to say that a generous friend in that city had sent him £500, to spend in continental travelling, adding, "his wish is that *you* should accompany me," and expressing his own kindly feeling by saying further, "there is no man in England whom I should like for a companion so much as you." The temptation was great;

but he was now approaching the completion of his 66th year, and a long journey from home seemed to be hazardous at so advanced a period of life, to a man of his constitutional habits and tendencies. Still, a visit to the Holy Land had been a long-cherished dream with him, and its realisation now seemed to be within his grasp. He duly endorsed, in his usual methodical manner, on Dr. Halley's letter, "consider," and within a month, having consulted his medical attendant, he gave his answer in the affirmative.

It was arranged that they were to leave home immediately after the annual meeting of the County Union. To judge from the entries in his diary, one would suppose that the projected tour caused a large amount of business to be crowded into the first three months of the year, for Dr. Raffles was full of engagements up to the time of his departure; on one occasion recording, as a singular fact, "home to tea, and, for a wonder, had a quiet evening in my study." On Monday, the 3rd of April,—the County Union meetings having been held during the previous week,—he left home, and meeting Dr. Halley at Crewe, they travelled together to London, where they were joined by their courier, and went on to Folkestone the same night. Dr. Raffles started in good spirits, and writes from Folkestone to his youngest son:—

"It was past eleven when we arrived. I am astonished at the little fatigue I felt; the 300 miles travelling after such a day as I had on Sunday, and such a week as last week, is, in truth, no trifling matter. I have had an excellent night, and am as fresh as a daisy this morning. * * * * We have the prospect of a splendid sail across the Channel. The sun is shining gloriously, and there is scarcely a ripple on the sea."

At Folkestone the travellers were joined by the Rev. John Stoughton and two friends, who accompanied them to Rome. They arrived in Paris on the evening of the 4th, and Dr. Raffles spent the day in a ramble through the city, "reviving," he says, "old associations, and visiting localities familiar to me thirty-six years ago;" pausing, doubtless, from time to time, to survey, with wonder and admiration, the increasing magnificence of the city. He writes from Lyons, on the 6th, to his eldest son:—

"We have been very much pleased with our voyage down the Saone to-day. The scenery after a while becomes interesting, and there is something very imposing in the entrance by the river into Lyons. The weather is most delightful, and though I have travelled hard—all night—and, since Monday morning, have compassed 900 miles, I feel comparatively little fatigue."

On the 7th, he writes in his diary, at Avignon:—

"We arrived here at six o'clock, having had another day of glorious weather; indeed, they are wanting rain, for everything is parched. We left Lyons by the steamer, on the Rhone, at six A.M. A curious kind of craft is the said steamer, uncommonly like an enormous caterpillar, so long and so narrow; but such it must be, in order to pass the bridges which it is destined to meet in its course. We had sundry and divers causes of apprehension and alarm at starting; first, the tendency of these boats, having high-pressure engines, to blow up, a catastrophe which we were informed not unfrequently occurs, and had actually occurred, we learnt as we proceeded, this very morning. (N.B. We passed the wrecks of more than one in the course of the day.) Secondly, and a more likely occurrence, we had the fear of being stranded in the midst of the river, and left there nobody knows how long, at any rate till rain should come, or the snows of the Alps melt so as to swell the waters of the river. Notwithstanding

all these evil prognostications, however, we kept up our spirits with good heart, and proceeded on our voyage. The morning at first was cold, but, as the day advanced, the sun acquired power, and it became delightfully warm. The scenery increased in interest as we prosecuted our voyage. Fine and bold mountains appeared in the distance, and immediately on the shore, every now and then, a bold rock or prominent headland, with the ruins of a castle on its summit. Towards the close of our voyage, we passed through one of the arches of the longest bridge in Europe, being 500 yards in length, *Pont de Saint Esprit,* and having cleared that bridge, all danger of getting aground was passed, and we glided pleasantly to Avignon. I wish I had skill to describe the motley group we had on board the steamboat. All sorts and conditions of men and women—and children too—were there, queerly and grotesquely jumbled together. Ecclesiastics, with their flowing robes of black, and black bands with white edges, pendant from beneath their chins; officers and men belonging to the army, with the oddest caps imaginable, and some with cloaks and pointed hoods, just like the cowls of monks; Algerine merchants, with coils of handkerchiefs twisted rope-fashion round their heads for turbans, and trousers for all the world like pillow-cases dangling on their thighs, and tucked up at the knee, while the legs, left perfectly bare, albeit they had stockings, looked like so many broomsticks cut into the shape of legs without calves protruding from the same. Then there were Frenchmen, some the fattest and others the leanest I ever saw, but all with enormous beards and moustaches, and smoking cigars or pipes the whole way. To these may be added citizens in their blue *blouses;* women with squalling children, and decent bodies like ourselves, American and English, adding nothing, indeed, to the picturesque character of the scene, but greatly enjoying it all."

On the 10th, he writes, "On board the steamer *Phillippe Auguste,* in the harbour of Genoa:—

"We left Marseilles yesterday (Sunday) morning, at 10.30,

A.M. It was matter of sincere regret to us all that the boat sailed so early, as we were thereby deprived of the pleasure of attending divine service on that holy day. But we had God's Word with us, and His own pathway, the sea, beneath us, and His own canopy, the bright blue sky, above us; and I trust that He, who is not confined to places made with hands, condescended to accept the secret and the silent worship which we rendered to Him there. To me it was a Bethel, and in this ship I then had communion in spirit with the assembly in Great George Street Chapel, and remembered them and my *locum tenens* there, as, I doubt not, they remembered me."

He writes from Rome, on the 12th, to his daughter:—

"We reached the Eternal City at seven, P.M., in time to see the beams of the setting sun cast upon the glorious dome of St. Peter's. I found a letter at Civita Vecchia, from Mr. Spence, the sculptor, directing me to lodgings which he had taken for us in Via Babuino, which are very comfortable indeed; and we have reason to congratulate ourselves on having such provided for us, as lodgings are very scarce, and the hotels are all full. They say that Rome was never so full as it is now.

"I am, thank God! remarkably well, after so long and fatiguing a journey, and we have reason to be specially thankful to the good providence which has preserved us through so long a travel, by sea and land, of 1,500 miles."

In his journal he says, on the 13th:—

"Here I am, once more, in Rome! My visiting it at all was long a day-dream I never expected to realise, but, most assuredly, having seen it once, I certainly, till a few months ago, should as soon have entertained the idea of going to the moon, as of seeing it again. Yet, thanks to the generous friend who proposed the journey to me, and placed the means of accomplishing it within my reach, I am actually here again, and here, too, at the most interesting season for visiting Rome—in the midst of the ceremonies of the Holy Week."

On the 14th (Good Friday) he writes to his daughter-in-law a full description of the well-known and often-described ceremony of the washing of the feet of the pilgrims by the Pope, which took place on the previous day. In concluding, he says:—

"Now I must tell you, my dear Maria, that I am really quite in love with His Holiness. I am sure, if there is any truth in physiognomy, he must be an amiable man. I never saw a more benignant countenance in my life, and I was so near him, and that for a considerable time, that I could mark it well and make it a study. He has a fine person, and an excellent expression; altogether he is quite a man, so far as appearances go, to my mind. Of their Eminences the Cardinals, I say nothing; certainly the Holy Father does not suffer by a comparison with them. But O! the fatigue of this exhibition! Four mortal hours did I stand in the midst of a crowd to see it, but it was worth all the toil; it amply repaid me.

"In the afternoon I heard the *Miserere* in the chapel at St. Peter's; that was at the close of a long previous service. I can only say it was most ravishing. There was one voice that I never can forget; I could scarcely believe that it was the voice of a man. But these things cannot be described; they must be heard and seen, and then their impression can never be lost.

"You will all rejoice to learn that I am in excellent health; and I seem to want nothing but a grateful heart to appreciate and acknowledge the mercies I enjoy. The weather is delightfully cool, and not a cloud in the sky."

The following extracts are from his diary:—

"April 15. From the Coliseum I passed slowly through the Forum, first renewing my acquaintance with the arch of Constantine, by far the finest and most perfect of all, though not the most interesting to me, for the deepest interest attaches to that of Titus. But I was still more struck than when I saw it in 1837, with the wonderful sharpness of some of the sculptures on that

arch, which appear to be as perfect as though cut but yesterday. I sat for some time on a stone by the Arch of Titus, and made a little sketch of the seven-branched golden candlestick, as borne in the procession of the captive Jews, along with the silver trinkets, the golden table, &c., still preserved in the bas-reliefs on the sides of the piers under the arch. What can be more interesting of all the monuments of antiquity than this? How can infidelity account for its existence? Assuredly, if anything of this kind can confirm the truth of Scripture history the Arch of Titus does. * * * *

"April 16 (Easter Sunday). I have been to St. Peter's, and witnessed the climax of the ceremonies of the Holy Week. The Pope was not borne into the Church, as I had supposed would have been the case, in his chair of state on men's shoulders, but he entered the church, walking through one of the side chapels, and got into his chair at the bottom of the nave. I observed the whole process. The chair was placed close to the door on the right hand side of the nave. The cardinals passed before it, and each on passing put on his mitre; when, at length, his Holiness arrived, was seated in his chair, the tiara placed upon his head, and the canopy raised over him, and thus elevated on men's shoulders, he was borne into the body of the church, there being lines of soldiers on either side to keep off the crowd; the fans with peacock's feathers were carried behind him. Half way up the nave, the procession turned towards the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, when his Holiness alighted from his chair, and, his tiara being removed, he bowed down to adore the Host, which was there exposed; and having done this, he resumed his tiara, was again seated in his chair, borne to the front of the altar, where he received the homage of the patriarchs, cardinals, archbishops, &c., &c., and went through a variety of ceremonies previous to his celebration of the Mass. I saw him ascend to the high altar under the magnificent and colossal canopy in the centre of the church, and commence the service by perfuming the altar, when I left the church, and remained outside to witness the giving of the benediction from the window over the centre door of the church. That was a

scene never to be forgotten. Thirty thousand persons of all grades and nations—military in all their variety of uniform—ladies elegantly dressed, mingled with the poor peasantry from the country, some of whom had walked sixty, seventy, or eighty miles to receive the blessing of his Holiness—formed such an assemblage of human beings as can rarely, if ever, be equalled upon earth. And yet, what a feeble and miniature representation was this, of that which shall be realised when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God! For some time after the clock struck twelve, all were on the tiptoe of expectation, when, at length, the great bell of St. Peter's—which only tolls on this day and at the death of a Pope—tolled, the soldiers presented arms, and the Pope appeared at the balcony, seated on his throne and borne upon men's shoulders as in the church. He then read from a form held up before him a somewhat lengthy benediction, and, when he came to the last clause, he rose from his chair, and, stretching out his arms towards heaven, invoked the benediction of the blessed Trinity upon the assembled multitudes. At the uplifting of his hands, the vast concourse before him fell upon their knees, and the guns from the tower of St. Angelo boomed over all, and proclaimed far and wide the Papal benediction and the resurrection of our Lord.

"In the afternoon, at three, I heard the Rev. Mr. Baird, at the chapel of the American Embassy, a service presenting a striking contrast in its simplicity to that which I had just witnessed.

"April 17. I have omitted to record, in the review of the scenes and places we have visited to-day, the deep interest we felt in seeing the Mamertine prison. It is just at the foot of the Capitoline, on the right hand; behind the arch of Septimius Severus. There, in their triumphal processions, the conquerors and their captives separated—the conquerors to the capital to receive their crown, the captives to the dungeon to receive their doom. In the deepest of these dungeons—for there are two, one beneath the other, and to that we descended—Peter was confined, according to tradition, and they show the stone to which he was chained. And, as this was the only prison at that time in Rome, it is all but certain that Paul was confined there previous

to his martyrdom, and there wrote his Epistles to the Hebrews and 2nd to Timothy. According to the postscript to the latter, 'the 2nd Epistle unto Timothy was written from Rome when Paul was brought before Nero the second time.' It is remarkable that in this deep, dark, doleful dungeon there is a well of the purest water, of which we drank. Is it possible that of this same water the Apostle of the Gentiles drank, and by it was refreshed, when writing those sacred letters which have refreshed the Church of God in all ages from that day to this? Assuredly it was even as the water of the well of Bethlehem to us! Talk of superstition! Bah! it is human nature, and amongst the best things of which our nature is capable, to feel intensely under circumstances such as these.

"April 18. Called on Spence, and he went with me to Gibson. Found him in his studio. Saw his statue of the Queen, which, with Judgment and Mercy on either hand, is to form a group for the chamber next to the House of Lords, in the palace at Westminster. Saw his Venus, an exquisite statue—but I question the colouring."

On the 20th, Dr. Raffles writes to the editor:—

"We are still in Rome, and, indeed, we have found it no easy matter to get out of it, for as all the world was coming here when we arrived, so now, that we are wanting to depart, all the world is going away too, so that every mode of conveyance, public and otherwise, has been engaged for a long succession of days, past and to come. We have, however, succeeded this morning in securing a carriage for Monday, in which we proceed post to Naples by Terracina, and hope to arrive there on Tuesday evening.

"What glorious weather we have had—not a drop of rain from the time of leaving Liverpool! Indeed, rain is very much wanted; the earth is parched, and the dust intolerable. My health, I am thankful to say, continues excellent; I must have walked at least three miles to-day, and am not over fatigued. * * * *

"I have seen again almost all the things I saw with you and Mary so many years ago; and my visit has brought, as you may well suppose, some painful as well as pleasing remembrances to my mind. I am not as I was then, neither relatively nor personally. You have, both of you, gained happy companionships and darling children; I have lost that dearest tie that bound me to earth, and that companionship which contributed so much to sweeten the enjoyment of my former visit. I am alone now; for, though I have an excellent friend and associate with me, yet such an association, as you are well aware, does little to abate that sense of loneliness which the absence of wife and children awakens. But a truce to such complainings! I did not intend to indulge in them when I began this letter. I will rather speak with gratitude of the mercies I enjoy, and adore that Hand which has been so far and so long outstretched to sustain and bless me. Well, how do you all get on at home? How I should like to have a peep at you! * * * *

"I hope to find letters at Naples; but I am really at a loss how to direct you to address me afterwards. There appears to be still a great uncertainty as to our getting to the East. Still, however, we shall keep that before us, as our destination, provided nothing shall arise to prevent or render it prudent for us to forego that purpose."

The travellers left Rome on the 24th of April, and arrived at Naples on the following day. It was during this part of the journey that the ridiculous circumstance occurred, which led to the story which was circulated through the newspapers in this country that Dr. Raffles had got into trouble with the Neapolitan Government. He did not name the occurrence in any of his letters from Naples, which led his family to believe that the whole story was unfounded. After leaving the Neapolitan territory, however, he narrated the adventure in the following letter to his youngest son:—

"I think you expressed a wish that I might meet with some adventure. Well, I will give you one. We heard at Rome that we should have a very strict search at Fondi, on entering the Neapolitan territory; and so it happened, and with curious circumstances that I did not anticipate. All went on well enough till; on opening my writing-desk, the first thing that presented itself was the pen-wiper—blue and red cloth, which I think ——— made for me. In an instant the officers clutched it as though it had been the very concentration of treason; and they at once seized all my letters of introduction, which were in a bundle together, to the amount of twenty, and all the medical prescriptions, &c., and holding them (together with the unfortunate pen-wiper) manifested a purpose to retain them in their custody. I asked them 'What they were going to do with them?' 'Send them to Naples,' they said, 'to be examined by the police there.' 'But why not examine them here?' I said; and they replied, 'There is no one here that can read English.' 'And when,' I said, 'shall I have them again?' 'In fifteen days,' they answered. 'But I cannot stay fifteen days in Naples!' I added. 'I am going to the East, and these letters are essential to my journey.' 'Well, then,' they replied, 'there is no other way but sealing them in a bag, and sending a soldier on the carriage, with you in charge, all the way to Naples.' And to this, as the least evil of the two, we were obliged to submit; and with my books, and Dr. Halley's, and my letters (they did not see his letters) sealed up in a bag, and guarded by a soldier, like two State prisoners, we were escorted to Naples (seventy miles). For a long time I could not imagine what had made them so suspicious, and, especially, what there could be in the PEN-WIPER to cause its being thus placed under arrest. At length it occurred to me that being blue and red, and made up very much to resemble a COCKADE, they must have taken it for that very thing, and must have regarded me as another Mazzini, with cockades, and letters full of revolutionary and treasonable matter, coming to organise, or in some way to promote, a treasonable movement; and so, spite of the absurdity of the thing, it turned out to be; and when we sent, the day after our

arrival, for the bag with its contents, they returned the letters and the pen-wiper, with a sort of apology, and admission that the officials at Fondi had somewhat gone beyond their limit, but the books were retained to be examined. They, however, were all restored, but Mr. Lewis's prescriptions must, I think, have been retained, for when I wanted them I could not find them amongst my papers, and I am pretty sure that I brought them with me. I suppose they found some treason in his pills, and the essence of revolution in his powders. I wish they may give them to the King, and that he may take them, and that they may do him good! Is not all this absurd? We told it to Mr. Close, at Naples, and he said he would tell his Majesty. He would be greatly amused by it. The ship rolls so I can write no more."

On the 1st of May, Dr. Raffles and Dr. Halley, along with Mr. Stoughton and his two fellow-travellers, made the ascent of Vesuvius. It was a great effort for Dr. Raffles, who had to be carried up in a chair by four men. He says in his journal:—

"What a business it was! Awfully steep, fearfully rugged, the steps of the men who carried me were uncertain and difficult. Often they seemed on the point of falling; often it seemed as though they could never make good the next step, and the endless contortions into which they threw the chair, suspended by poles from their shoulders, rendered my position very difficult, if not perilous. It was hard at times to cling to my crazy seat, and had I fallen, or had they fallen with me, I fancy some other hand than this must have written the dismal tale. But at length, after an hour's toil, such as I never saw mortal men endure before, they placed me on the summit. We had then to walk a considerable distance over rugged masses of lava, till at length we came to the edge of the last formed crater, and then a picture of wild and horrid magnificence burst upon my view, such as I had not pictured to myself in all my previous imaginings of this original scene. Vast volumes of smoke occasionally filled the crater and hid it from our view, and then, a gentle wind driving

them away, the sides appeared like those of an immense funnel, and tinted with all the various colours of which sulphuric and volcanic matter is susceptible—beautiful in the extreme. I had no idea of so much beauty in connexion with such awful grandeur. * * * * I then prepared for my descent, which, so far as the bottom of the cone, I effected, leaning on the arms of two men, sinking at every step almost to my knee in the volcanic dust or sand down which lay our extraordinary path. At the foot of the cone I was glad to take to my chair again, for I was well-nigh exhausted, and thus reached the Hermitage in safety."

On the 4th, he writes to his daughter-in-law, "on board the *Bosphore* steamer," in the harbour of Messina :—

"We are so far on our voyage to Malta. We left Naples yesterday afternoon at half-past three, and reached this place this morning about nine. So far we have had a fine passage. Last night was calm and moonlight on the sea, and the glorious stars, which seemed nearer to us and to shine with an unusual brightness, rendered it truly delicious to sit upon the deck, and thus glide without fatigue along the bosom of the deep. I did not go to bed, but lay with my clothes on upon a sofa, and caught some refreshing sleep. But I was so intent upon seeing Stromboli, the only active volcano in these regions, that I was up and on deck repeatedly during the night. The light, or rather blaze of this volcano may be seen at the distance of sixty miles. I saw it first distinctly at forty; this was about 2 A.M., but, at the dawn of the day, we passed immediately under it, when its glare at times was terrific. It is not a continuous blaze, but it flares up like the lighthouse at New Brighton, and then dies away, and, in a few minutes, flares out again. The mountain itself is an interesting object—a perfect cone, perhaps 2,000 feet high, rising immediately and alone from the midst of the sea.

"The approach to Messina is very interesting. The coast of Italy closes in upon you, and meeting with that of Sicily, both

lofty and magnificent in their outline, seems to forbid your further progress, when suddenly an opening appears to the right forming the straits, and, passing between Scylla and Charybdis, you find yourself speedily opposite to Messina.

"I have just been on shore and visited the cathedral and the church of St. Gregory. Both are very fine. Of the former you may remember I have some splendid engravings, and I was pleased to see the originals. But time has greatly impaired the paintings, &c., and they are by no means as fresh and beautiful in reality as they are in my book.

"We proceed at two to Malta, and hope to be there in the course of the forenoon to-morrow. We know not then what will be our future course. We had determined to proceed immediately to the eastward, and had paid for our places to Smyrna, but, when we got on board yesterday afternoon, the agent told us that they had such accounts from Marseilles of the crowded state of the steamer which should take us on from Malta to Smyrna—so many people going to Constantinople—that he could not ensure us a passage—not even on a sofa or room on deck—so that they have engaged to return our money at Malta, and we must then take the best course we can."

At Malta the travellers were compelled to stay ten days. In consequence of the war in the Crimea, the steamers to and from the island were crowded with troops, and the ordinary arrangements for travellers were rendered very uncertain. There was also considerable question as to the course they should pursue. Their stay was, however, made very pleasant to them, as they received every attention from the governor, Sir William Reid, and other friends on the island. On the 10th, Dr. Raffles writes to his youngest son :—

"Up to this morning we have been in considerable doubt and anxiety as to our future course. Had the French steamer from Naples taken us on to Smyrna, as they engaged to do, we should

by this time probably have been on the coast of Syria or Egypt. But they returned our money and left us here, the French government having filled the boat by which we should have proceeded with troops. We then had no alternative but to wait for the next Oriental steamer for Alexandria, and take our passage to that place, and so visit Egypt first. But that boat does not arrive till the 13th or 14th, so that it would be past the middle of May ere we could reach that country. Meanwhile, the season is advancing and we continue to hear appalling accounts of the excessive heat. This morning, however, the matter has been settled against that route. * * * *

"But perhaps an equally interesting course lies before us in another direction. Mr. Rose expects a screw steamer in Malta, with troops on the 14th. She lands the troops here and then proceeds on her way to Syria and Constantinople. He says he has no doubt that we can have a passage in that. We may thus see Constantinople, without being in the crowd and encountering the difficulty and expense of obtaining quarters, for Constantinople swarms with visitors, and everything is dreadfully dear; but we shall live on board the steamer, go on shore when we like and return with her to Smyrna, whence we can proceed by the 'Austrian Lloyds' to Trieste. * * * *

"We had a very interesting excursion on Monday to St. Paul's Bay, the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck. We had a very ingenious book with us, written by Capt. Smyth, R.N., F.R.S., proving to demonstration that this is the identical spot which is mentioned in Holy Writ."

The travellers left Malta on the 16th of May, on board the *British Queen*, for Constantinople. Dr. Raffles writes in his journal on the 17th :—

"This day I complete my 66th year. It behoves me to record it with adoring gratitude, for goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. I little thought to have spent this day at sea and so far from home.

"We left Malta yesterday at 1 P.M. We were to have sailed

at 8 A.M., but the vessel was detained taking in government stores for Turkey. She has been chartered by our government for the service of the war. She disembarked her troops, nearly 300 men, and 25 horses, at Malta. But our cabin is still full, having three officers and several ladies and others, all bound for Constantinople. The captain (Wickman) and most of his people recognised me, and are very kind and attentive. There is an officer of cavalry on board, who is a Lancashire man. He told me that he has only just come from India, where he was during the whole of the war in the Punjaub. He landed on a certain day at 8 A.M., was in London at 11, had volunteered into the Turkish cavalry before 12, and was now on his way to take the command. Rather quick work!

"We have also on board a Mr. Oswald, who has travelled further than any other Englishman into the interior of Africa. He was with Livingstone when he discovered the great lake. He knows Moffatt well, and speaks of him in most enthusiastic terms. He says that Moffatt's congregation is not more than from 80 to 100. He does not express much confidence in the profession of Christianity made by the people. Beyond two or three, whose conversion seems to be genuine, he stands greatly in doubt of them. His testimony to the zeal and talent, and unwearied assiduity and diligence of Moffatt is most decided. He has been with him for months together. He says he can turn his hand to anything, and mended in one instance the tire of the wheel of his carriage. * * * *

"May 19th. We passed Cape Matapan, the most southerly point in Europe, about 1 A.M., to-day. I went on deck at 6 A.M., when we were several miles beyond Cape St. Angelo, a bold headland, which seems to be nearly as much to the south. That promontory comes abruptly down to the sea, and in the face of the cliff there is a cave, which a hermit has chosen as his unenviable abode. He subsists upon the charitable contributions of fishermen and others. Proceeding along the Ægæan Sea we have come in with the Greek islands and have been sailing all day amongst the Cyclades. There is nothing very remarkable in their appearance. They are, for the most part, rocky and barren,

rising boldly from the sea to an elevation of from one to two thousand feet, and varied in their outline. After passing between the mainland of the Peloponnesus, and the island of Cerigo we saw Falconera, a bare and rugged mass of rock, on our left, and soon left on our right Milo and Antimilo. We then passed between Serpho and Siphanto, and at half-past six anchored in the harbour of Syra, where we are now lying, and, having goods to discharge, must remain till the morning. The appearance of the town and harbour of Syra, is peculiarly imposing. The hills rise abruptly from the sea to the height of 1,400 feet, and the town is seen creeping up the hill, the houses being built one above another to a considerable elevation. There is an upper and a lower town; the upper town is Latin, and crowned at its greatest elevation with a convent; the lower town is entirely Greek. It was a place of no note in ancient times, but has risen into importance recently, having become a great centre of steam navigation in the Levant. I was surprised to see so many vessels of all descriptions in the harbour, and still more to learn that it is now a famous place for shipbuilding, there being at times as many as one hundred vessels on the stocks. We had no sooner cast anchor than a number of boats manned by Greeks came off to us, eager to obtain a fare by putting any one, disposed to go, on shore. The captain immediately left the ship in his own boat, and brought back with him a Greek doctor, appointed by the police to ascertain the state of our health. He was an elderly man of very grave aspect, his Greek costume picturesque enough, but by no means in so perfect a state as his profession would require. We all passed under his eye, and having thus taken a hasty glance at the crew and passengers, he respectfully touched his cap and departed. We are by no means sorry to be snug here for the night, for it is blowing rather fresh outside.

May 20. At 11.30 A.M. we weighed anchor, and left Syra, and have been in with the islands of the Archipelago all day. So numerous are they that I cannot mention all. We counted ten at one time. Having emerged from the midst of those, we got sight of Nicaria, and a glimpse—no more, it must be confessed—but that glimpse was something worth recording—of Patmos,

the island of the Revelation. Then Chios appeared, and the distant coast of Asia, so that we have had the coasts of Europe and Asia, both in sight, the greater part of the afternoon. The coast of Andros is the scene of one of the three—and that the most murderous—of the acts of piracy lately committed by the Greeks in these waters.

"May 21 (Sunday). At sea, in the sea of Marmora. When we arose this morning we found ourselves coasting along by the plains of Troy, with Mount Ida in the distance, whilst, on our left, was Tenedos, and, far away in that direction, Imbros, and Samothrace rising behind it, from which, according to Homer, old Vulcan looked down upon the fight upon the plains of Troy. We passed thence up the Dardanelles and were in with the two old castles of Europe and Asia, about noon. No vessel is allowed to pass these castles after dark. Any ship attempting to do so would be fired into. * * * *

"In the afternoon we passed Gallipoli, and observed the various encampments there and in the neighbourhood. They presented an interesting appearance. There are four first-rate French men-of-war riding at anchor in the roads. We observed the site of old Abydos, though not a fragment of it remains. The captain pointed out to us the spot where Leander is famed to have swum across, and where Lord Byron, in imitation of him, did the same." * * * *

From Constantinople, Dr. Raffles writes on the 24th, to the editor :—

"What an extraordinary place is this! How beautiful in appearance externally, but within, how utterly disgusting! For mean, narrow, ill-paved, tortuous, muddy, wretched streets, or lanes—for they are unworthy to be called streets—I have seen nothing to equal it in the vilest parts of the meanest town in Lancashire. We are living on board the steamer in which we came, in the midst of the city, at the mouth of the Golden Horn. We have Stamboul (Constantinople proper) on our left, with the palace of the Sultan, the Seraglio, and all the principal mosques; on our right, Galata and Pera, called the Frank quarter, and

behind us the Bosphorus, and Scutari, with its splendid barracks and extensive encampments. The harbour is full of vessels, transports, &c., English, French, Austrian, &c. Troops are coming up continually; there are already 42,000 French, and 21,000 English, * * * * We have already seen a good deal of this place. Would you believe it? I have twice traversed the rugged streets on horseback, at the peril of my neck. We are going up the Bosphorus this afternoon as far as Buyukdere, to see its shores, and the entrance into the Black Sea. We sleep there, and return in the morning, and in the evening shall probably sail for Smyrna."

They returned to Constantinople on the following day, and, finding that the steamer was to sail in the evening, set off to see what remained to be seen. Dr. Raffles writes in his journal:—

"We got horses at our usual place in Stamboul, and rode to the mosque of Solyman, one of the finest in Constantinople, and by some preferred to St. Sophia. It is a vast pile, with an immense dome. Watching our opportunity when no one observed us, we lifted the matting that hangs before the door and entered; we did not venture far indeed, nor stay long, and deemed ourselves happy in having accomplished our retreat without detection. Leaving the Mosque, Salvator, our guide, asked if we would see the slave-market. Now this was the place which of all others I desired to see, but when I enquired respecting it, I was told that it existed no longer, and that at the instance of the British ambassador, the Sultan had issued a firman abolishing it altogether. And so indeed he did, and the practice was abolished for a time, and the ambassador was taken to the place that he might see it thus abandoned and disused. But very soon after, it was opened again, and is now in daily use for the purpose of publicly selling slaves, as we had abundant proof this day. We saw rows of shops in which the goods exposed for sale were human beings, creatures like ourselves."

The travellers arrived at Smyrna on the 27th, and, on consultation with Mr. Whittell, an English merchant there, to whom they had letters, they finally determined to abandon all idea of going to the Holy Land, being told that it would be dangerous to health, on account of the malaria, at this season of the year. They decided to proceed in the *British Queen* to Alexandria, and, if possible, go on to the Pyramids; and they sailed again accordingly, after a stay at Smyrna of a few hours. On the following day, Sunday, Dr. Raffles writes to his daughter:—

"I wish I could convey to you a lively and accurate impression of the interesting circumstances under which I am now writing. We are on the Ægæan Sea. It is a bright Sabbath-day. The isle of Patmos, where the Apostle John wrote the Revelations, is immediately on our left. We see the town and the convent that crowns one of its loftiest hills. I have just read the prayers of the English Church on the deck, and Dr. Halley has preached a short but very appropriate sermon from Rev. i. 9. The very sea seems hallowed by associations and engagements such as these, and, in the midst of all, I am thinking of you. * * * * You have been in your own peaceful sanctuary to-day—at least my imagination pictures you there. I am on the mighty deep; the floor of my sanctuary is the wide-spread ocean, its roof the canopy of heaven, and all around are scenes rendered sacred by the footsteps of apostles and the revelations of the Son of God. * * * *

"31st. Well, here I am in Alexandria. Our wish is to get up to Cairo to see the Pyramids, but the heat is dreadful. There is a railroad opened part of the way, but they only go to take to and from Cairo the people that come and go by the overland route to India, and they usually will not take any but the Indian people. The Indian party came here from Cairo last night. Sir George Bonham, late Governor of Hong Kong, is with them, and in the

public room in the hotel he recognised me, and told me that he was an old friend of Sir Stamford Raffles. I have had a long and pleasant chat with him. * * * *

"June 1st. We have obtained permission to go with the overland party as far as Cairo, and only wait the arrrival of the packet, which is expected on the 2nd or 3rd."

On the 31st of May, Dr. Raffles writes to Mr. William Crosfield, from Alexandria:—

"It was with fear and trembling that I opened the two letters I found waiting for me at this place; and I am truly thankful, now that I have ascertained their contents, that all are, upon the whole, so well, and that things have been going on so well at that dear place in which have been the labours of my life, and where my heart in all its best affections rests. I long to be there again and in that pulpit, where you have all borne with my infirmities and sustained me by your prayers so long, to preach again the 'unsearchable riches of Christ.' How will the many vacant and silent Sabbaths I have passed endear to me those ordinances which have become still more precious from their loss! Sabbaths in lands of darkness and on the sea are very different to Sabbaths in dear England and Great George Street Chapel. Yet I know and have felt that God is unconfined. He dwelleth not exclusively in temples made with hands, but wherever men worship Him in spirit and in truth, He is there and that to bless."

Dr. Raffles and Dr. Halley left Alexandria with the overland party on Saturday, June the 3rd, for Cairo, and reached that place on the following morning, at ten o'clock. Dr. Raffles writes in his journal on

"June 5. Called on Mrs. Lieder, who kindly proposed to accompany us to the Pyramids, to start about four P.M., to take all necessaries, and to sleep in what she calls her tomb. She is

a wonderful woman, is perfectly at home in all that relates to Egyptian antiquities, reads hieroglyphics with ease, and is, in all respects, the best guide one can have in that wonderful region."

On the 6th of June he writes to his youngest son, "From our tomb in the Desert":—

"This, I daresay, is the first letter you ever received from a tomb, yet this is literally a tomb at the foot of the Pyramids of Gizeh, in which we have passed the night, and in which some Egyptian of note in his day was buried before the time of Abraham. We came here from Cairo in what is called the cool of the evening—though there was very little coolness in it—and have been up by daylight this morning, exploring the Pyramids and the tombs in their immediate neighbourhood. You would have been amused if you had seen our bivouac last night. Our tomb is an oblong chamber about the size of my library, hewn out of the rock. Our party consisted of Mrs. Lieder, the wife of a most excellent missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Cairo, to whom Mrs. Waterhouse gave me a letter of introduction, and who is thoroughly versed in all lore that belongs to the antiquities of Egypt; Miss Daniell her friend, the Rev. Mr. Robson, missionary in Syria, and Mrs. Robson, Dr. Halley, and myself. Donkeys carried ourselves from the Nile, to which we went in a carriage, and all appertaining to the commissariat, provisions, rugs, pillows, &c., &c., a perfect caravan. A curtain divided our tomb into two apartments, one for the ladies, the other for the gentlemen. All around us were the wild Arabs, who remained with us through the night, under the command of the Sheik, or chief, of a neighbouring village, from which they came, and who were employed and paid by us on the principle—as Mrs. Lieder said—of 'set a thief to catch a thief,' for they are all thieves alike. They entertained us with their song and their pipe—a wretched thing it was—and their dance, and long after we had retired—I cannot say to rest—we heard them telling their tales, and, what with their talk, and the braying of asses, and the barking of dogs, and the biting of flies,

and the hardness of the floor, and the heat of the place, we had, I assure you, a very sorry night. But then we were at the foot of the Pyramids; immediately before us was the Sphynx; and, as Buonaparte said to his army, 'A thousand generations'—or something like that, but I am so hot I hardly know what I am writing—were 'looking down upon us.' But I must give up for the present; the heat is insufferable, 95°."

He writes on Thursday, June the 8th :—

"Well, we have been to the Pyramids, and I could write a volume about them, and the tombs, and the Sphynx, but so oppressive is the heat that I feel incapable of the least exertion, mental or physical, and can scarcely hold a pen. I must wait for a cooler atmosphere. It is blowing now what they call the Khampseen, a hot suffocating wind, that almost stifles you. I put my head out of doors yesterday, and it really felt like putting one's head into the door of an oven."

Two days later, at Alexandria, he records his impressions :—

"Passing through the crowded bazaars of old Cairo, we came immediately upon the Nile, which we crossed in one of the country boats, it being about a mile across, and were in Gizeh, and, mounting the donkeys which there awaited us, were forthwith on our way direct to the Pyramids. I should note in passing, that, in the middle of the Nile, we rounded an island which they call Rhoda, and where, they say, the infant Moses was found in his little ark of bulrushes by the daughter of Pharaoh, when she came down to bathe; and that is certainly as likely to be the place as any other, and indeed more so, for there was her father's palace. The village of Gizeh is little more than a collection of Arab huts of mud, &c., on the banks of the Nile, shaded by palm-trees, of which we passed several groves, as we pursued our course to the Pyramids. To a considerable extent the way lay through a cultivated country, which

extends till within a mile or two of the Pyramids, when everything green forsakes you, and all beyond is desert—sand, sand, interminable sand.

"We found our donkeys very decent animals, indeed, a superior race certainly to those with which we are acquainted. They go at an easy, ambling pace, and get over the ground quite fast enough for this hot climate. We passed several Arab villages, with their groves of palms, and in one they were busy at the common threshing-floor, with the oxen literally treading out the corn; and I observed how literally the Scriptural dictum was practised, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.'

"And now, having passed those rural scenes, our attention was wholly absorbed by the Pyramids, that rose majestically before us in strong relief before a cloudless sky, and in the splendour of the setting sun. There they stood, the two greater, and the third immediately before us. When we were yet some miles distant, it seemed as though a very few steps would have brought us to their base. I must be sentimental for a moment—who that has a soul can be otherwise under such circumstances? The Pyramids! the solemn, majestic, time-honoured, awful, mysterious Pyramids! I had thought, heard, read, talked, dreamed, wrote, and spoken of the Pyramids; I had employed them as rhetorical figures and examples of stability and power in the works of man; but never had I dreamed, till the other day, of seeing them, and now they were actually before me, substantially, literally present. I could hardly believe it. It seemed to me a thing incredible, that I should be in reality nearly four thousand miles from home, in the Libyan desert, and at the foot of these very Pyramids. Yet so it was, and the Pyramids and I actually stood face to face, as if communing with each other. And much they seemed to tell of past ages and periods, before even history began to be written, except in those records which have God for their immediate author. The father of history knew as little of their origin, and even less, perhaps, than we do now; they were involved in all the obscurity of remote antiquity to him, nor could he decipher their hieroglyphics as we are

enabled to do now. Our good friend Mrs. Lieder, knew a vast deal more about them, and could discourse far more intelligently and instructively concerning them than he could. And, indeed, it was an advantage, rarely enjoyed by those who visit them, to have so profound an Egyptian antiquary as our cicerone.

"May I say it? the first impression somewhat—I hesitate to use the word—disappointed me, but they were not exactly the things I had contemplated. In their forms they were—they could not be otherwise. But I could scarcely believe that they were the very masses I had beheld from so great a distance on the Nile. And then I had fancied them grey and hoary from their extreme antiquity, instead of which they were as fresh-looking and pure as if placed there but yesterday, the tint of stone, a yellowish white, and without a spot or a stain. But, as we approached yet nearer and nearer, they seemed to rise still higher and higher, till we were actually at their base, and, in the light of the broad full moon, they looked like mountains of masonry, with a daring ambition akin to that of the Babel builders, piled up by the hands of man to heaven!

"And there, too, immediately before them, at the distance only of a few hundred yards, was the awful Sphynx, still more colossal in the moonlight than in the full glare of day. And these solemn monuments of the past were to be our companions through the night, and there, lying at their feet, we were in thought and sleep to commune with them. * * * *

"Once, in the course of the evening, we sallied forth to look on the Sphynx by the light of the moon. There was something awful in the appearance of the monster statue. The crown of the colossal head is forty feet from the base, on which the figure is recumbent. One of the Arabs, for a trifling sum, climbed or rather crawled to the top with incredible agility, and showed, as he stood there, from the proportions of his own body, the enormous bulk of the statue. What a scene! and what a moment! To be gazing, in the loneliness of the desert, and by the light of that moon which we look upon at home, upon these stupendous relics of the most remote antiquity! There they were, in the fulness of their magnificence, even before

Moses began to write his inspired story of the world's creation, or the Exodus from Egypt, or the founders of that chosen race, of which he was the lawgiver, leader, and judge, existed. * * * *

"We were up with the dawn, and Achmet, having prepared a cup of coffee for us, we partook of it, and started on our donkeys for the great Pyramid of Cheops. All round the Pyramids, there is nothing but immense undulations or hills of sand and stones, and what appeared to me to be fragments of bones, the *débris* of ages. Beneath these, a large portion of each pyramid is buried, so that, stupendous as they still are, they must have been much more lofty and imposing in their original state. Dr. Halley, with an agility which astonished me, was quickly at the top, and, like an eagle perched upon his eyrie, and dwindled to the dimensions of the said eagle, was looking down on us pigmies below. But there was somewhat of rashness in his committing himself, unaccompanied by any one, to two rascally Arab guides, for turning to go down, the awful depth suddenly affected his nerves, which, being indicated, as he supposes, by his countenance, they perceived, and, taking advantage of it, began to clamour for 'baksheesh.' He told them they should be paid when they got down; but they were not satisfied with that, and demanded payment on the spot. They proceeded to ascertain if he had money, by requiring him to turn his pockets inside out, when, happily for him, it proved to be as he had stated with regard to his ordinary pockets, though he had money in his watch-fob, of which they were not aware, and did not, therefore, demand to search. I had the moral courage to remain below, without even making or contemplating the effort to ascend. I knew well that, with my bulk and difficulty of breathing, the effort would be vain and the idea absurd.

"I reached the entrance to the Great Pyramid, which, owing to the accumulation of the sand of the desert upon it in the course of ages, is now much nearer the ground than it originally was, and remained there at the door with Mrs. Lieder, and a curious group of Arabs squatting around, while the rest of the party went in to explore the interior. Had they brought back a

favourable report as to the possibility of my entering and proceeding so far as the great chamber, I should have done my best to accomplish it; but, on their return, they declared unanimously that I could not manage it, the difficulty was so great, and that, after all, it was not worth the toil, for nothing was to be seen but a dark, vast, empty chamber, lined with granite, and with an empty sarcophagus at the upper end. As we sat at the door of the Pyramid, our amiable and intelligent guide, Mrs. Lieder, discoursed most delightfully and instructively concerning these wonderful structures and their history, their hieroglyphics, and all that appertains to them, and I cannot but record the wish, which I believe I then and there expressed, that she would give to the world these fruits of her long and deep researches into the story and the monuments of these interesting regions.

"But I must draw this long story to a close, though I feel as if I could not cease to write about these pyramids, and am sure they will never cease to rise in my memory, and occasionally to haunt me in my sleep, so long as I live. * * * We took a parting look at the Sphynx, and, separating, Mrs. Lieder, Miss Daniell, and myself, returned to Cairo; while Dr. Halley, and Mr. and Mrs. Robson went to Sakkara, to explore the wonderful excavations there. Sakkara is about ten miles from the pyramids of Gizeh, and there, and at Abouseir and Dashoor, are the remaining pyramids, ten in all. * * *

"It was late, and I was overcome with fatigue, when we reached Cairo, after one of the most interesting excursions in my life, and I can never adequately estimate, still less acknowledge, the kindness of our truly learned and enlightened cicerone, Mrs. Lieder, but her name and memory will ever be enshrined in my grateful heart."

The travellers left Alexandria on the 11th, and joining a steamer to the Piræus at Chios, reached Athens on the 16th. On the 17th, Dr. Raffles writes to the editor:—

"Here I am in Athens, once regarded as the eye of Greece,

the learned city, the concentration of wisdom, and eloquence, and taste, and art, to the then known world. Alas! what is it now? Still, indeed, it contains enough of the relics of its former greatness to command the homage of mankind, but with this exception,—and one solitary spot contains nearly all,—it is a collection of modern buildings of humble character, and to which one would hardly think of attaching the name of city.

"But I had no intention to moralise when I took pen in hand, for I write very much under the influence of the home feeling, and the circumstance which most interests me in Athens is, that it is so much nearer to that dear spot which I call my home, than when I sent my last letter to William, from Alexandria. The heat is still excessive, upwards of 80° in the coolest place in which I can hang the thermometer. * * * * Well, but the Acropolis, you say, what do you think of that? Wonderful! We spent a large portion of yesterday in exploring it. But why attempt a description, when you can get it in books far better than in any account which I have the power to give? Suffice it to say, that it fully equals my anticipations, and filled me with admiration and wonder at the taste and power of the people by whom it was created. But the spot that most deeply interested me was Mars Hill. I ascended the steps of the Areopagus, up which Paul was conducted, and there, standing, probably, on the very stone on which he stood, read aloud the discourse which he delivered to the listening and astonished philosophers and sages. Was not that deeply interesting? But that was not all. From the spot on which Paul delivered his discourse, I went to that on which the orators in the Bema were accustomed to deliver theirs, and stood on the very stone, for that is most exactly marked, on which Demosthenes pronounced his magnificent orations, and there I recited one of the most eloquent passages of Robert Hall, while Dr. Halley sat in the seat of the judges and uttered his applause. * * * *

"I dined with our minister, Mr. Wyse, yesterday. He is a very pleasant and intelligent man. We sail to-morrow morning for Corfu and Trieste. Thus we are wending our way towards home."

In a recent letter to the editor, Dr. Halley says, "One of the pleasantest recollections of the journey is of the hearing him (Dr. Raffles) read Paul's speech on the Areopagus. I doubt whether it was ever before so well read in English." Dr. Raffles writes in his journal on the 23rd, off Corfu :—

"Unhappily, we passed down the Gulf of Lepanto in the night, and so lost much of its splendid scenery, but early in the morning we were off Lepanto, and in the forenoon reached Patras. In the afternoon we stopped opposite Missolonghi, where Lord Byron died, and after nightfall reached Zante. It is difficult to conceive of scenery more glorious than that through which we were all day passing. It was a succession of vast lakes —at least, such was the appearance of the sea—surrounded by lofty mountains, from five to seven or eight thousand feet high, their outline infinitely diversified, and their forms, in some instances, truly magnificent. No wonder that Byron loved such scenes! And yet, though they filled me with admiration, and I gazed upon them with delight, I leave them without regret, for the burning sun, the fervid feverish heat, is almost beyond endurance; and, after all, if I must make my election between the two, give me winter in England rather than summer in Greece."

The heat of the weather had been unfavourable to Dr. Raffles's health, and on his arrival at Trieste, on the 27th, he was compelled to seek medical advice. The travellers went from Trieste to Venice. Dr. Raffles writes in his diary, at Venice :—

"The only novelty I found in Venice was the way out of it—the railroad. I walked round the Piazza, strolled with Dr. Halley to the Rialto, and while he ascended the Campanile, I turned into St. Mark's, and sat down to await his coming.

Seventeen years ago I made the same perambulation, and sat in the same place, but, O! what changes have come over me and mine since then. Two of the happy party with which I was then associated are in eternity, and the vigour of manhood, which I then enjoyed, is beginning to fail with me."

From Venice they proceeded to Milan, and thence crossed the Splügen into Switzerland, through which they hastily passed to the Rhine, and so home to England, arriving at Dover on the 14th of July; "safe and well," as he records in his diary, "thanks to the kindness and care of an indulgent Providence, who has watched over and kept us in all our various journeyings by land and by water, and brought us again to our beloved native land in peace."

Arrived at home, he was at once immersed in ministerial duties, and occupied his own pulpit pretty regularly twice on each Sunday during the remainder of the year. The fatigue of his long journey had only temporarily affected him. In a letter to Mr. Parsons, on the 14th of August, in which he urges him to relax from his public engagements, he alludes to his own health. He says:—

"But I see how it is. You are determined to work while it is day, and to die with your armour on, and your face to the foe! God bless you, my dear friend, *in* your work and for your work's sake. I am truly thankful that you are able to work. Long may you continue so! I am all the better for my travels—for they are beyond a trip, or even a tour—7,500 miles—and am at my work again, better, I think, in health than ever."

Dr. Raffles was not to be the only traveller in his own family during this year. On the 14th of September he says in his diary:—

"Received a letter from William, dated, 'Summit of Mont Blanc, September 7th, 1854,' enclosed in one from Chamouni, announcing his safe descent. Thank God! he is safe. Had I known of his intention how intense would have been my anxiety."

The letter from the "Summit of Mont Blanc" was a fair return for his father's letter "from my Tomb in the Desert."

Chapter XXII.

1855 — 1859.

LECTURE ON ROME—ON AUTOGRAPHS—DEATHS OF FRIENDS—MISSIONARY SERMON IN LONDON—VISITS TO FRIENDS—COURSES OF LECTURES—ARCHDEACON BROOKS—JUBILEE SERMON FOR THE LANCASHIRE CONGREGATIONAL UNION—FAILING HEALTH—VISIT TO WOTTON-UNDER-EDGE—SWANSEA—DUBLIN—VICE-REGAL LODGE—RECORD TOWER—QUESTION OF PERMANENT ASSISTANT OR COLLEAGUE—LONDON—LLANDUDNO NEW CHAPEL—LONDONDERRY NEW CHAPEL—DIFFICULTIES IN CONNEXION WITH THE COLLEGE—RESIGNATION AND APPOINTMENT OF PROFESSORS—DEATH OF HIS SISTER, MRS. BROWN—DR. RAFFLES'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY—CANONBURY CHAPEL, LONDON—REV. BALDWIN BROWN, INVITATION TO BE HIS UNCLE'S COLLEAGUE, ETC., ETC.

DR. RAFFLES, on his return home, was again strongly urged to write an account of his travels, but the indisposition to publish anything continued to increase, and he could not be persuaded to make the attempt. He was, however, induced to give a lecture on Rome, which he first delivered on the 10th of January 1855. He afterwards repeated it by request at various towns in Lancashire and elsewhere. The occupation of a lecturer on secular subjects was novel to him, and the idea, as he used to say, of taking to it in his old age, amused him. He certainly achieved success in the result, and

he subsequently spent some leisure time in preparing a lecture on autographs, which met with an equal measure of public approval wherever it was delivered.

The first month of the year at which we have now arrived did not pass away without fresh inroads upon the circle of ministerial and personal friendship by death. The Rev. Dr. Beaumont, a distinguished member of the Wesleyan denomination, died suddenly in the pulpit of his chapel at Hull, on the 21st. In writing to his son on the day of the funeral, to which Dr. Raffles had been invited, but which, he was unable, from his engagements, to attend, he says with that catholicity of spirit in which he loved to indulge :—

"But I have been with you in spirit, sorrowing and sympathising with you, and not with you alone, as a domestic circle so suddenly and painfully bereaved, but with that great and influential section of the Christian Church, of which he was so bright an ornament, and indeed with the country at large and every portion of the Church within it, for Great Britain was his field of labour, and with all who hold the Head his generous and noble heart found a home !"

A few days later, Dr. Raffles was called to stand by the grave of his venerable friend, the Rev. William Alexander, for many years the laborious and devoted minister of the Independent Church at North Meols, who died, at Southport, on the 23rd, in the 93rd year of his age. The regard which Dr. Raffles ever entertained for Mr. Alexander found expression in the funeral sermon, which, at the request of his son, the Rev. John Alexander, of Norwich, Dr. Raffles preached in the Independent chapel,

Southport, on the evening of Wednesday, the 31st of January. He says:—

"With the name and labours of William Alexander all my earliest associations in this country were connected, and I have known it now for more than forty years. During all that time it has been my happiness to enjoy his friendship, and to meet and mingle with him on various occasions and in different scenes of ministerial engagement and intercourse. Sunny spots they were in my existence, over which the shadow of a cloud never came. I remember them now with a mournful pleasure, and with feelings somewhat tinged with melancholy, from the consideration that they are past and can be realised no more; yet if, like him, I too shall find mercy of the Lord and am faithful unto death, that intercourse will be renewed, ere long, under happier auspices and in a better world."

In the month of May, Dr. Raffles visited London, and preached one of the annual sermons for the London Missionary Society, at Surrey chapel. Forty-one years had elapsed since he performed a similar service for the same society. The sermon which he then preached had confirmed his reputation as a pulpit orator. What a long life of ceaseless work he had led since then! Few amongst his brethren had travelled so far in the service of the Church, or preached so frequently on special public occasions. And still he was privileged to labour for the sacred cause of religion. Age had not impaired his efficiency in the pulpit. The charm of manner, the grace of delivery, the musical intonations of voice, the command of diction, which made him so popular in his early career, were still his to a rare degree. Time had but mellowed and toned down whatever of rhetorical exuberance of manner or of style might have been

charged against him in his younger days. For some years past he had been in the habit of reading his sermons on particular occasions, and during the latter years of his life he read ordinarily in his own pulpit. But he read admirably, and until his sight began to fail, and he had to bend over his manuscript, it would have been difficult for a stranger to tell that he was reading.

On one occasion, an old lady said to him, after a service which she had attended, when he had been the preacher, "Doctor, I don't like *read* sermons;" to which he replied, "Then you did not like my sermon this morning?" "Oh, yes!" she said "I did; I never heard you preach better in my life;" "Well," said he, "I read every word of it;" but she could scarcely be persuaded of the fact. The reason for the change arose from the extreme anxiety which oppressed him, previous to his pulpit services, when he had to tax his memory to so great a degree, and which, as he grew older, increased upon him to a painful extent. His own family, and those who saw him in the vestry of his chapel before preaching, can testify to the very great depression under the influence of which he frequently went into the pulpit. By fully writing out his sermon he gave himself considerable mental relief, though at the expense of additional manual labour, but that he willingly underwent to secure greater tranquillity of mind. At the same time he began to find, ere long, that the preparation of one fully written sermon weekly amply occupied his time, so long as he maintained the system of pastoral visitation to the extent which had hitherto been his habit, and which he was unwilling to forego.

Dr. Raffles, on this visit to London, was a guest at the house of his friend Mr. Cunliffe,* in Highbury Place, going down to Bury St. Edmunds for one Sunday, where he preached twice; and he then went to spend a few days with Mr. Joshua Wilson at Tunbridge Wells, where he preached once on the Sunday following.

A visit to his friends at Kingstown, and a stay of three weeks at the English lakes in August and September, constituted his annual holiday for this year. His occasional services from home continued to be pretty much as usual, but were now, with rare exceptions, confined to the dedication of chapels and the ordination of ministers, for he had found it necessary to lay down a rule to this effect, from which he seldom departed.

Dr. Raffles still continued for the most part to occupy his own pulpit twice on a Sunday, and to attend the two week evening services, as he had done from the commencement of his ministry. It had been his usual practice, for many years, during each winter, to deliver a course of lectures on Sunday evenings, and he continued to do so, with few exceptions, until he found himself unable to preach more than once on Sunday. During this year the course of lectures was addressed especially to young people, who had been, from the first, the object of his particular attention, and frequently the subject of his special appeal.

During the month of September in this year, Liverpool lost one of its most distinguished townsmen, by the death of the Venerable Archdeacon Brooks, for many

* Mr. Cunliffe died about six months after the death of his friend.

years the senior rector of the parish. Dr. Raffles had been frequently associated with the archdeacon on the committees of various institutions; and on public occasions, they had repeatedly been called upon to co-operate for the good of the community of which, in their respective spheres, they were both prominent members. Amongst Dr. Raffles's papers, the editor finds a document in his father's handwriting, which is evidently the rough draft of a letter of condolence, on the part of the committee of the Athenæum, of which the archdeacon had been a member, and which Dr. Raffles, then on the committee, had been requested to prepare. The editor cannot deny himself the pleasure of giving an extract from the well-merited tribute which his father, with his accustomed felicity of diction, paid to the memory of the archdeacon. He says:—

"In common with the community at large, of which he was so distinguished a member and so bright an ornament, the committee cannot but deplore his loss as a public calamity. Known and respected amongst them, for more than half a century, in the faithful discharge of the most important functions, sacred and civil, he had long endeared himself to all. As the senior rector of this extensive parish; as one of the magistrates for this hundred of the county, and, for many years, the chairman of the annual sessions, and of the quarter sessions for the hundred; as a patron and friend, and an active and judicious administrator of the various institutions of this town and neighbourhood, designed to promote the best interests and social well-being of the people; with an elevation of character and a largeness of benevolence that repudiated everything narrow and sectarian, he steadily pursued his high and holy calling, and secured for himself an honoured name, and a memory that will long be fragrant."

Dr. Raffles writes in his diary, on the 4th of October, "I attended the funeral of the archdeacon at St. James' Cemetery, as a deputation with Mr. N. D. Bold, the president of the Athenæum; the largest funeral I remember in Liverpool." Dr. Raffles subsequently spoke at a meeting called for the purpose of erecting a statue to the archdeacon in St. George's Hall.

On the 9th of the same month, Dr. Raffles preached the jubilee sermon of the Lancashire Congregational Union, at Grosvenor Street Chapel, Manchester, which had then completed its fiftieth year of existence. His attachment to the society increased with his advancing age, and his congregation will remember how earnestly, down to the latest period, he ever pleaded its cause in his own pulpit, and frequently, with a degree of personal feeling, which showed how deeply he identified himself with the interests of his brethren in the ministry, throughout the large and important county in which the providence of God had cast his lot.

In 1856, the health of Dr. Raffles became impaired to a serious extent, and he found himself unequal to the whole of his ordinary Sunday duty. During the first half of the year, however, to judge from the engagements recorded in his diary, there would not seem to have been much cessation from home work, but his services elsewhere were sensibly diminished. Amongst the few of the latter which he ventured to undertake were visits to Bradford, where he preached on Sunday, April 13th, and spent a few days at the house of his friend Mr. Smith; and to York, on his all but annual visit to his valued friend Mr. Parsons, of which he says in his diary, with evident

satisfaction, "the debt on Mr. Parsons's chapel extinguished."

In July, he went from home for four Sundays, to recruit his health, travelling first into Gloucestershire, on a visit to Mr. Lewis at Combe Villa, near Wotton-under-edge. During his stay he went to Swansea, where he preached twice, at the opening of a new seamen's chapel, returning to Wotton for the Sunday, and preaching there in the evening. The next Sunday he spent at Llandudno, a place to which he became much attached, occupying for two or three Sundays every year the pulpit of the new Independent Chapel from 1857, when it was opened, down to the year before his death. On this occasion, arriving on the Saturday evening, two deputations waited upon him with invitations to preach, which he did twice on the following Sunday. He then crossed over to pay his annual visit to Kingstown. He writes to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Winter Raffles, on the 30th of July:—

"I have upon the whole enjoyed my visit to this country, though it has been with some drawbacks from the annoying influence of my complaint. You will perhaps have heard of the honour done me by the Lord Lieutenant (the Earl of Carlisle), by inviting me to dine with him at the Vice-Regal Lodge in the Phœnix Park. I enjoyed a great deal of agreeable conversation with him. On Monday, I dined with Sir Bernard Burke, and had a very pleasant evening. The weather has been very unsettled. It is now oppressively hot, and I am writing at an open window with a most beautiful prospect before me."

Sir Bernard Burke's quarters in the Record Tower at Dublin Castle were a strong attraction to Dr. Raffles when in that city. They entirely sympathised in their antiquarian tastes and pursuits, and Dr. Raffles seldom came

away without numerous additions to his collection of autographs. A Sunday at Mr. Denham Smith's church at Kingstown, and another at Llandudno, on his way home, filled up the four Sundays of his holiday.

In September, the necessity for assistance of a permanent character forced itself upon the attention of his congregation who readily took action in the matter, and offered to carry out such arrangements as might be deemed most conducive to his own comfort and to the prosperity of the Church. The precise mode which should be adopted to secure these important ends was not at once determined. The questions, whether he should have a colleague, who should be chosen with a view eventually to succeed him, or whether, for the present, the services of an assistant only should be procured, were left open, but steps were at once taken to obtain stated aid for him on Sunday evenings; and, in the meantime, Dr. Raffles corresponded with those ministerial friends who were most likely to be of service in directing his attention to men qualified to render the assistance which he sought. His friends everywhere, throughout the country, kindly responded to his enquiries, and proffers of temporary services came promptly from ministers who had long felt his readiness to oblige them in bygone years, when he spared neither his time nor his strength in the service of the Church. Very pleasant is it to the feelings of a son to read the letters which Dr. Raffles received on this matter, and which show how entirely, at the close of a long life, he retained undiminished the warm regard of his ministerial brethren. The Rev. Dr. Harris writes from New College:—"I am grieved to hear of your bodily

suffering and need of help—much and truly grieved. It is like noting the decay of a majestic tree, that has long figured in a favourite landscape, and as if one should hear it groan." Dr. Vaughan, of the Lancashire Independent College, kindly offered to take one Sunday evening in each month during the winter; while Mr. James, Dr. Alliott, and many others, expressed themselves most anxious to render him every assistance in procuring the help he needed. On the 13th of December, Dr. Raffles writes to Mr. Parsons :—

"I thank you for your very kind enquiries after my health. I am happy to say that I am very much better than I have been, though I am not yet altogether as I ought to be. At present I preach but once a day. We are anxiously and prayerfully looking out for a suitable coadjutor, but such an one is not easily found."

Before the close of the year, Dr. Raffles had the satisfaction to see the whole of the remaining debt upon his new chapel wiped out. This was accomplished by the liberality of his congregation, and much was owing to the energetic action of Mr. William Barry, who took the matter in hand and did not rest till his object was satisfactorily achieved. It was an agreeable contrast to the manner in which the debt on the former chapel had been allowed by the old congregation to dwindle down, year by year, till it was being gradually extinguished—at the expense of the minister—out of the surplus income of the place, when it was destroyed by fire.

On the 15th of April, 1857, the foundation-stone of the Free Library was laid by Mr. William Brown.* Dr.

* The late Sir William Brown, Bart.

Raffles took part in the ceremonies of the day and presented to Mr. Brown, at the Town Hall, an address from the Nonconformist ministers of the town.

In May, Dr. Raffles went to London on a visit to his friend Mr. Cunliffe. He preached once on each Sunday, while he was in town, and attended the annual meeting of the Bible Society, saying a few words in seconding the vote of thanks to the chair. He afterwards passed a few days at Mr. Wilson's at Tunbridge Wells.

In July, he preached at the opening of the Independent Chapel, at Llandudno, and thence crossed to Kingstown, where he preached twice on the 19th, and afterwards proceeded to Londonderry, where he also preached twice on the 26th, on the occasion of the opening of the new Independent Chapel at that place. He again visited his old friend Mrs. Jones, at the Gungrog, near Welshpool, in September.

During this year, Dr. Raffles, as president of the College was involved in the unpleasant controversy, which arose out of the publication of Dr. Davidson's volume in the new edition of Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. It is no part of the editor's duty to enter into the particulars of the discussion, or to pronounce any opinion upon the merits of the case, which occasioned much controversy; neither has he the critical ability which would qualify him to do so. Suffice it to say that Dr. Raffles felt himself called upon to take part with those who were of opinion that certain views propounded in the volume just mentioned were such as to incapacitate Dr. Davidson for his position in the College. No candid and unprejudiced

person will be disposed to question that Dr. Raffles acted conscientiously throughout the whole of the proceedings which ensued, and in thorough accordance with the theological sentiments which he had avowed and maintained throughout life. That the matter caused him the deepest pain the editor can vouch from his own knowledge. Eventually Dr. Davidson resigned his professorship. But the difficulties which appeared about this time to beset the College did not end there. In the course of the summer, Dr. Vaughan intimated his intention to retire from the presidency and theological professorship at Christmas. At the meeting of the committee of the College, when Dr. Vaughan's letter of resignation was read, a resolution, the draft of which is in Dr. Raffles's handwriting, records that:—

"The Committee beg to convey to Dr. Vaughan an assurance of the lively sense they cannot but entertain of the great advantage the institution has derived from his connexion with it, during the fourteen years in which he has held the presidency and filled the theological chair. They desire gratefully to recognise the fidelity and diligence with which he has ever discharged the laborious, and, ofttimes, difficult and delicate duties that have devolved upon him, and the zeal with which he has uniformly been devoted to the promotion of its interests. They are not insensible to the happy influence which his distinguished name has exerted in relation to the College, nor to the value of his untiring and most efficient labours in the promotion of our periodical and sacred literature. And they earnestly desire and devoutly pray, that with renewed health and unfailing energy, in whatever sphere an all-gracious Providence may hereafter cast his lot, he may long be spared to do still greater and nobler service in the good cause to which his life has hitherto been so honourably and successfully consecrated."

Before the end of the year the Committee had the satisfaction of being able to announce that the Rev. Henry Rogers, then of Spring Hill College, Birmingham, had accepted the vacant office of president and theological professor; while the Rev. Alfred Newth succeeded to the professorship vacated by Dr. Davidson. These gentlemen, along with Mr. Hall, the classical tutor, have continued in office till the present time.

During 1858, Dr. Raffles's health was certainly somewhat improved. At any rate he struggled bravely against his infirmities, and so successfully, that he managed to preach twice in his own pulpit on twenty-seven Sundays in the course of the year. In addition to these home duties, he was fully occupied elsewhere on Sundays and other days, his engagements being unusually numerous compared with those of recent years.

In January, he crossed the Channel, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, in order to testify his regard for his old friend the Rev. Dr. Urwick, of Dublin, by preaching at the re-opening of his chapel, on Thursday the 28th, and he remained over Sunday and preached twice at the same place.

On the 8th of February, his only sister, Mrs. Brown, died at Edge Hill. Dr. Raffles and his sister were greatly attached to each other. During his early ministerial life at Hammersmith, she had lived with him, and after the death of Dr. Brown, in 1843, she returned, as we have seen, with shattered health, to her brother's house. She was by no means an ordinary woman, and had carefully cultivated by reading and reflection her fine mental endowments. While her health permitted her to enjoy

the society of her family and friends, she was a most agreeable companion, for, like her brother, she had a wonderful memory, and her recollections of people and things belonging to the past were frequently most interesting and amusing. Dr. Raffles writes on the day of her death, "At 4 A.M., my dear sister departed to be with Christ. All was peace!" She was her brother's senior in age by sixteen months.

On the 17th of May, Dr. Raffles completed his 70th year. He says in his diary:—"Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless His holy name! All my grandchildren are around me this morning. My family dine with me to-day. Twenty-one sit down to dinner." And a joyous party it was! Dr. Raffles happened to be in tolerably good health, and, presiding at the head of his own table, surrounded by his own family, he diffused, as ever, on all around, the good humour and kindly feeling which glowed within his own breast. Truly will the memory of that day be among the most cherished reminiscences of the past which the members of his family circle can recall. On the following day, he was entertained at dinner at Eastham by the ministers of his own denomination, the Rev. John Kelly in the chair. The suggestion originated at a meeting of the Fraternal Association of Independent ministers, which had been formed a few years previously; and, probably from this circumstance, the dinner was confined to them alone. They spent a very pleasant day together, and Dr. Raffles often reverted to it, and spoke of the gratification which the kindness of his brethren had afforded him.

He took his holiday this year as usual, and went to

London in August, and occupied the pulpit at Canonbury Chapel on the last two Sundays of that month. He then crossed the Channel, and spent one Sunday at Kingstown, returning through Wales, and preaching on two Sundays at the new chapel at Llandudno. While staying at this place, he writes to the editor:—"Will you believe it? I have this morning walked to the top of the Great Orme's head, and down again. I had no idea of achieving this feat when I started on my walk, but slowly and steadily I advanced, till I reached the top, and was rewarded by one of the finest prospects in the world."

Towards the close of the year, the efforts to secure to Dr. Raffles some relief from the strong pressure of ministerial duties which had become too heavy for him, resulted in an invitation from the Church and congregation to the Rev. James Baldwin Brown, of London, to become co-pastor with his uncle at Great George Street Chapel. Mr. Brown had for many years been in the habit of occupying his uncle's pulpit during his annual absences from home, and the large congregations which his services attracted sufficiently proved how highly they were appreciated. To Dr. Raffles himself the circumstance was extremely gratifying, for, in addition to the ties of a near relationship, he entertained for his nephew a sincere affection, and had followed with much interest the successful ministerial career which Mr. Brown had commenced at Derby, and which has since been confirmed by the deservedly recognised position which he has attained among the ministers of the metropolis. It may readily be conceived that, had such an arrangement been per-

mitted, Dr. Raffles would gladly have accepted his nephew as a colleague; for, though differing widely in their modes of thought, there was the same earnest purpose ever present to the mind of each; while the veneration in which Mr. Brown ever held his uncle, and the love which he bore to him, would have made their joint ministerial labours pleasant to themselves, and, in all probability, happy in their results to the Church. But it was not to be. Mr. Brown's personal inclinations urged him to go to the help of his uncle, but after a severe mental struggle of two months, the strong mutual attachment between himself and his Church and congregation at Claylands, then in a most promising and prosperous condition, proved to be an insurmountable barrier to his acceptance of the invitation, and Dr. Raffles, was left, for nearly two years longer, to sustain alone the heavy cares and responsibilities of his office.

Ere the year closed, the narrowing circle of his relatives was again invaded. Lady Raffles died on the 12th of December. She was an admirable woman, as the biography of her distinguished husband amply testifies, and worthy of him whom she long survived to mourn.

In March, 1859, Dr. Raffles again, and for the last time, visited Scotland, having engaged to open the new chapel in Nile Street, Glasgow. He took the opportunity to pay a visit to his cousin, Lady Castlestuart, then resident in Edinburgh, after which he proceeded to Glasgow to fulfil his engagement, and spent a few days at the house of Mr. W. P. Paton.

On the 13th of April, Dr. Raffles preached at the dedication of a new and beautiful chapel at Saltaire, in

Yorkshire, built by Mr. Titus Salt. Later in the same month, he went to London, having undertaken to preach the annual sermon for the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, at Great Queen Street Chapel, on the 29th; and he also preached at the City Road Chapel on the following Sunday for the same object. The Rev. T. Wallace, of Bath, among a few reminiscences of Dr. Raffles, with which he has favoured the editor, says of the sermon on the 29th :—

"I had the pleasure, a few years ago, of listening to Dr. Raffles's discourse for the Wesleyan Missionary Society, at Great Queen Street, on 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.' It was to me a high privilege, and no ordinary treat. The savour of that discourse remains on my mind until this hour. It was one of the richest, most evangelical, beautiful and impressive discourses from the late reverend Doctor to which I ever listened. It was unusually extended, but the audience appeared spell-bound. Never were the riches of Christ in His divine glory, in His mediatorial fulness and grace, presented more glowingly before any assembly. The numerous ministers convened were all delighted, and an intelligent and devout hearer with me said :—'I never heard such a sermon in my life. This discourse will remain with me till I die.'"

Dr. Raffles also attended, and was induced to speak, at the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, where he was so heartily received by his old friends on rising to speak, that he was quite overcome, and unable for some few minutes to proceed. He was also present, a few days later, at the meeting of the Bible Society. These were his last visits to Exeter Hall. He remained two or three months in London, and

occupied the pulpit of the Rev. Thomas Binney, at the Weigh-House Chapel, on the 8th and 15th of May. On the 17th, he writes to the editor :—

"A thousand thanks and a father's blessing for your most welcome and affectionate letter just received. I can hardly realise the fact that this is my 71st birthday, that I have lived so long in the world, and have seen so much. It is like a dream, yet I know it is a reality, and a solemn reality too, for momentous issues to myself are involved in it; and not to myself alone, but to multitudes who, during that long period of time through which I have been permitted to conduct my ministry, have, under various circumstances of time and place, occasionally or more statedly, attended it. What serious thoughts and solemn anticipations does this consideration awaken! The Lord grant that I—that they—may find mercy of the Lord in that day, when I, who have preached, and they, who have heard, must render our accounts! * * * I must confess I do shrink from the burden of the pastorate, with its recently augmented anxieties, and my own increasing infirmities."

On the 25th of June, in this year, Mr. Benjamin Parry, a devoted agent of the Liverpool Town Mission, and who had laboured especially in connection with the church at Great George Street, of which he was a member, died after a very brief illness, just as he was on the point of removing to a new sphere of labour at Kirkham, near Preston. He had for many years preached twice in the Bedford Street schoolroom, connected with the chapel, and had gathered a considerable congregation, of whom many, through his instrumentality, became members of the church in Great George Street. Dr. Raffles highly esteemed Mr. Parry, and greatly valued his long and faithful services.

In September, Dr. Raffles spent three Sundays at Llandudno. He writes from thence on the 17th to Mr. Marples:—

"I feel assured that it will give you pleasure to hear of my welfare, and therefore I write to say that, with the exception of a slight cold, I am well, and very much enjoying the rest and quiet this delightful place affords. * * * * It has been very much crowded this summer, and all the places of worship have been far too few, and too small to receive the strangers inclined to visit them. The church people have had a large tent, in which additional services have been held, and in which I heard the Bishop of London preach on Sunday afternoon. In the height of the season, they had two services at the same time at our chapel, one in the chapel, and one in the schoolroom beneath. They purpose to enlarge the chapel, and make it capable of containing a thousand people, and God has eminently prospered them, and granted them so much favour with the people, that I cannot but think they are justified in taking such a step.

"I have given up going to Ireland. The season is so far advanced, and the very stormy weather we have had induced me to request Mr. Smith to release me from my engagement. This he has very kindly done."

Early in October, Dr. Raffles lost another of his oldest and most esteemed friends by death. The Rev. John Angell James died on the 1st, and on the 7th Dr. Raffles went over to Birmingham to attend his funeral. He writes in his diary:—

"To Birmingham at 4·5 A.M., to the funeral of the Rev. J. A. James. Arrived at 8. Rev. Mr. Johnson met me at the terminus, and took me to his house to breakfast. In mourning coach with James Parsons, Mr. Henderson, George Hadfield, M.P. Mr.

Dale gave the address. Immense concourse of people. Dined at Mr. Johnson's; returned to Liverpool at 5; arrived at 8·20 P.M."

A tolerable day's work for a man of seventy-two! On the Sunday evening following, Dr. Raffles preached a funeral sermon in his own chapel for his lamented friend. In early life, Mr. James had been one of those who filled Mr. Spencer's vacant pulpit at Liverpool, and Dr. Raffles mentions in his autobiographical recollections that "such was the impression of his preaching, that nothing but his own conviction that it was his duty to remain in Birmingham, prevented his becoming the pastor of the bereaved Church." Mr. James and Dr. Raffles had subsequently, on innumerable occasions, united in the ordination of ministers, in the dedication of chapels, and in the various public services which, from their prominent positions in the religious body to which they belonged, they were so frequently required to render; and now Dr. Raffles was called to mourn, in the death of his friend, a loss in which Christians of every denomination united with the section of the Church to which Mr. James belonged, in bearing testimony to his long and valued services in the Church of Christ.

Chapter XXIII.

1860—1862.

INCREASE OF BODILY INFIRMITY—FEMALE DOMESTIC MISSION—VISIT TO IRELAND—INVITATION TO THE REV. WM. PULSFORD TO BECOME HIS COLLEAGUE—RESIGNATION OF HIS OFFICE AS MINISTER OF GREAT GEORGE STREET CHAPEL—LAST SERMON PREVIOUS TO HIS RETIREMENT—ANNUITY PROVIDED—RAFFLES LIBRARY AT THE COLLEGE, AND SCHOLARSHIP—INVITATION TO THE REV. E. MELLOR TO BE HIS SUCCESSOR — DINNER TO DR. RAFFLES BY THE NONCONFORMIST MINISTERS IN LIVERPOOL—RENEWED ATTACK OF HIS COMPLAINT—PRESENTATION OF A SILVER CASKET BY THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL—LLANDUDNO — VISIT TO LONDON — GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862 — PREACHING ENGAGEMENTS, ETC , ETC.

THE year 1860 was an eventful year in the life of Dr. Raffles. Bodily infirmities increased upon him. His breathing, which for many years had been a source of trouble, was frequently so difficult after walking, that he was now very much confined to carriage exercise. Fresh cause for anxiety also became manifest. "In the spring of this year," says Mr. Moore, who for some years attended him, "appeared the first symptoms of the disease which eventually proved fatal to him. Dropsical swellings of the lower extremities gradually occurred,

until great inconvenience was experienced in the knees and legs on standing. At first it was attributed to rheumatism, but, on closer medical inspection, it was found to be of decided dropsical character, and treatment adopted acordingly. This proved so successful, that the swelling gradually subsided, and with it all inconvenience in standing, and the Doctor was able to follow his usual avocations in the autumn of 1860 and throughout 1861, with few interruptions, and those from other causes. It was clear, however, that the constitution was beginning to give way; the fits of difficulty of breathing became more frequent, and occasioned greater distress than usual, and were longer in subsiding, showing that the vital energy was waning. There was no flagging of his mental powers, but the voice in preaching was not so vigorous as in former years, though the lungs remained perfectly sound, and so continued until the last, the enlargement of the heart producing the attacks of breathlessness referred to."

Notwithstanding these indications of failing energy, Dr. Raffles continued to discharge his ministerial functions, both at home and elsewhere, to an extent which was a matter of surprise, especially to those who knew at how much cost of bodily fatigue to himself he went through the public services which he undertook to perform. And when he could throw off the depressing influence of his ailments, the fine flow of spirits and kind-hearted disposition which had carried him through years of much anxious toil, still manifested their genial presence, unchilled by the lapse of time, which had but lightly touched his memory; and he was still, as ever,

the charm of the circle by which he was surrounded, and which he delighted to amuse or instruct by an old man's reminiscences of a long and busy life.

Early in January, 1860, in spite of the season of the year, Dr. Raffles travelled to Malvern to be present at the marriage of a relative; and, later in the same month, he went to Mold, and gave the charge to the Rev. Mr. Horry at his ordination.

Perhaps few circumstances during the whole course of Dr. Raffles's life gave him greater pleasure than the appointment of the editor of these memoirs, in the same month, to the office of Police-magistrate for the borough of Liverpool; and, in entering upon the discharge of its duties, he had the high satisfaction of feeling that his appointment had cheered and gratified an honoured and beloved parent, in the time of old age, when health and strength were failing him.

In the month of March, an important movement was set on foot in connexion with the Great George Street congregation for the establishment of a Female Domestic Mission. The necessary funds were speedily forthcoming, and—which was a matter of much greater moment—the valuable services of a most fitting agent were secured in the person of Miss Ritchie, who had long been a member of the Church and a teacher in the schools connected with the chapel. By her unwearied exertions, under the superintendence of several ladies successively, the Mission has been carried on, with great success, to the present time, and a step in the right direction has been taken towards the improvement of the social and religious condition of a considerable popula-

tion, in one of the lowest districts in the town of Liverpool.

During the annual meetings of the County Union, in April, Dr. Raffles was taken ill, and on the 5th he enters in his diary that he was "confined to the house all day; for the first time for forty-eight years absent from the annual meeting of the County Union." He was, however, under an engagement to preach, on the following day, at the opening of a new Congregational Church at Eccles, near Manchester, which he managed to fulfil, and then went to pass a few days at Gungrog, near Welshpool, returning to preach in his own pulpit on the morning of the 15th, and, according to annual custom for many years, at Brunswick Chapel in the afternoon, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.

In the month of August, Dr. Raffles crossed the Channel, in order to pay a visit to his second son, then resident in the neighbourhood of Enniskillen. His pulpit during his absence was occupied by the Rev. William Pulsford, of Edinburgh, who, on the 17th of October, was unanimously chosen by the Church—and the choice was subsequently ratified by the congregation—to be the colleague of Dr. Raffles in the ministerial office. Mr. Pulsford, however, after a month's deliberation, declined to leave his own Church, and Dr. Raffles found his position one of increased anxiety and difficulty, in consequence of this second failure in the quarters to which he and his Church and congregation had looked for assistance. Dr. Raffles continued, however, to discharge his ordinary duties, and preached occasionally from home, till towards the end of

the year, when he became very unwell, and, during the greater part of the month of December, was almost wholly precluded from public duty. The unsettled state of his Church caused him much anxious thought as to the course which he should pursue in this critical state of affairs. He had frequently expressed a strong wish that he might be permitted to complete a ministry of fifty years at Great George Street Chapel. Having entered upon his stated labours in February, 1812, the period to which he looked forward would not expire till February, 1862. Perhaps no one knows, so well as the editor, how painful was the mental conflict which harassed his father at this period. Few will be disposed to cavil at the very natural desire which he entertained to complete the jubilee of his public life in Liverpool. But he began seriously to doubt his ability to continue in office till that time should arrive, and the constant anxiety of mind acted injuriously upon his health. On the afternoon of Sunday, December the 9th, the editor called to see his father, and the conversation naturally turned upon the subject which almost wholly occupied his attention. Being convinced that his own peace of mind would be greatly secured by a final decision, the editor suggested to his father that he should intimate the resignation of his office, which he was seriously contemplating, without further delay. The suggestion commended itself to his own judgment, and he promised to consider it, and announce his decision on the return of the family to Edge Hill, after evening service. In the interval Dr. Raffles drew up his letter of resignation, and, on the following Tuesday, it was in the

hands of the officers of the Church. He wrote as follows:—

"To the Church assembling in Great George Street Chapel, Liverpool.

"My very dear friends,—You may well suppose that my mind has been of late greatly exercised with regard to the pastoral office which I have so long held amongst you. The infirmities of age have come upon me, and I am no longer equal to the full and efficient discharge of its various and momentous duties. For a time I entertained the hope, in common with yourselves, that a suitable colleague might be found, who should bear the burden with me, and fulfil a part—and that, perhaps, the larger—of its solemn responsibilities. Hitherto, however, all our efforts to realise that object have been in vain. We have sought Divine guidance and direction by earnest and persevering prayer; but the intimations of Providence have not been in harmony with our desire, and it is now powerfully impressed upon my mind that the time for my resignation of the pastorate has, at length, arrived; for, by my resignation, that which may have operated as an impediment will be removed, and the way laid open for the more ready accession of another to the field of labour which I am now unable fully to occupy.

"With the month of February next, the jubilee year of my pastorate in Liverpool will commence, and I have long entertained the hope that I might be spared to complete that year amongst you. But I see danger in delay, and your interests as a Church are far dearer to me than any desires of this kind, however natural and fondly cherished they may have been. I therefore dare not hesitate, but, devoutly bowing to what I believe to be the will of God, I announce to you, with the warmest affection, my resignation of the pastoral office in this Church, at the close of the month of February next.

"I dare not now enter into anything like a review of the past, nor is it possible for me to give expression to the deep emotion of the present moment. Two things, however, I must be permitted to do; first, to testify before you all my heartfelt gratitude to

Him, by whose grace I have been so long upheld in a charge involving no ordinary amount of responsibility and toil, and then to assure you of the lively sense which I shall ever entertain of the kind and never-failing consideration and forbearance, with which you have regarded my many imperfections, and sustained me by your prayers.

"Allow me to add, that whatever assistance I can henceforth render you, either by preaching, by the administration of ordinances, or by correspondence with a view to the appointment of a successor, I shall in the meantime most cheerfully afford, according to the measure of my ability, and as you may from time to time desire.

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified; and remain,

"faithfully and affectionately yours,

"Liverpool, December 11th, 1861. "THOS. RAFFLES."

At a special meeting of the members of the Church, summoned for the purpose of receiving the above letter, it was resolved :—

"That the church assembling in Great George Street Chapel, Liverpool, cannot receive the communication which has just been read from their much-loved and honoured minister, announcing the termination of his pastorate among them in February next, without giving expression to their deep sympathy with him in those increasing infirmities which have rendered such a course in his own judgment desirable and necessary. They gratefully accept his generous offer of ministerial and other services as circumstances may arise requiring them, until they succeed in obtaining a minister who shall take the pastoral charge over them in the Lord; and, even after that period, while it shall please the Great Head of the Church to lengthen out his days, they indulge the hope that they shall often see his venerable form among them, and be benefited by his wise counsels and occasional ministrations.

"In taking a retrospect of their beloved minister's labours among them for nearly half a century, which they do with gratitude and thankfulness to God, they cannot but adore the grace by which he has been sustained in so important and influential a position, and by which his labours have been crowned with so rich and abundant a blessing. When they call to mind his earnest and faithful proclamation of the Gospel—how deeply he was imbued with the sympathy of Jesus, as manifested in the touching character of his intercourse with the suffering and the sorrowful—his kind and soothing words, and his earnest prayers, in the chamber of affliction, and by the bed of death—his pure and blameless life, and his loving and unselfish spirit—they will ever cherish the memory of his many excellences, and of his most honoured and useful labours, the benefits of which have not been confined to this church and congregation alone, but to a large extent have been participated in by the county, and by the country generally. And their earnest prayer to Almighty God is, that, in his declining years, he may increasingly realise the rich consolations of that Gospel he has so long proclaimed to others; that 'at eventide it may be light;' and that, having been so greatly honoured by God in 'turning many to righteousness,' he may at length 'shine as the light, and as the stars for ever and ever.'

(Signed) "DAVID MARPLES, *Chairman.*"

It was arranged that the resolution of the Church should be conveyed to Dr. Raffles by a deputation, appointed to wait upon him for that purpose. Writing to Mr. Marples on the 21st of December, Dr. Raffles says:—

"I am deeply sensible of the kind and delicate consideration which induced the appointment of the deputation you have named, to convey to me the resolution of the Church, which you have forwarded to me this evening, and for doing which, I sincerely thank you. How much I am cheered by that

resolution, it is impossible for me to tell, or how grateful I am to God, that at such a moment, the Church could feel itself justified in passing such a resolution."

The resignation of Dr. Raffles called forth the kindest expression of feeling towards him, not only in his own Church, but in the town in which he lived, and from his friends throughout the country. He felt perfectly satisfied that he had taken the right course. In a letter to Mr. Parsons, dated, "New Brighton, December 26th," he says:—

"Many thanks to you, my dear friend, for your kind epistle, which has just reached me here, whither I have come for change and quiet. I have taken a very important step, but I have reason to think the right step at the right time. For these last two or three years, infirmities of various kinds have been coming upon me, and I have been increasingly incapacitated for the full and efficient discharge of the most abundant duties of my pastoral charge. At first we sought an assistant, but that did not answer, then a co-pastor was desired, and various efforts were made, but to no purpose, to obtain one. * * * * Immediately upon the back of that (Mr. Pulsford's reply in the negative), came a severe attack of bronchitis, which laid me aside altogether; and then the conviction was powerfully established in my mind, that the difficulty of obtaining a successor to the entire pastorate would be much less than to a co-pastorship, and, under that impression, I could not hesitate a moment as to my duty, but at once sent in my resignation, to take effect at the end of February next, to the church. The kindest and most affectionate feeling prevails between the Church and myself, and though I resign the pastorate officially, I shall continue, as far as I am able, and they may require it, to perform all pastoral duties amongst them till my successor comes. It is a solemn time with me, and a most important step which I have taken. But the more I ponder it, the stronger is the conviction that I have done right. I was

fearful of doing it too soon; it might have been done too late. Throughout the whole affair, my mind, I am thankful to say, has been remarkably clear and calm, and at eventide there is light and peace."

On the 1st of January, 1861, Dr. Raffles met his congregation as usual, at the early service, in the lecture room of Gerat George Street Chapel, and presented them with his thirty-fifth and last annual poem for the new year. The custom having been once established, he had found it difficult to abandon it, though it must have been irksome to produce, year after year, something appropriate. His congregation, however, continued to expect it, while in addition, a large circle of friends out of his own church now looked for the annual letter and its enclosure without fail, and he was glad to be able by this means to convey to them a constantly renewed expression of regard, as the years rolled on.

On Sunday morning, the 24th of February, Dr. Raffles preached his last sermon, as minister of Great George Street Chapel. He would not—because he could not trust his feelings—preach a formal farewell sermon; neither, happily, was it necessary, as notwithstanding his resignation, he had undertaken still to preach, whenever his services were required and he was able to render them. His text was from Hebrews xiii, 20, 21. "Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will." He closed his sermon in the following words:—

"May you be thus wholly sanctified and set apart for God,

and devoted unreservedly to Him! The work is His, and He must work in you mightily, by His Holy Spirit, in order to its accomplishment. But we are not to be mere machines and passive instruments, but active agents and willing and cheerful coadjutors and workers together with God; working out our own salvation with fear and trembling, while it is God that worketh in us, to will and to do of His good pleasure. To that sanctifying influence, to that all-sufficient grace, do I now most earnestly and most affectionately commend you. May He make you perfect, and perfect that which concerneth you, causing all things, whether in the dealings of His grace or in the dispensations of His providence, to work together for your good. In every relation which you sustain in human life; in civil society, in the commercial world, in the social scene, in the domestic circle, in the Church of God; in all that bears upon your interests or responsibilities for time or for eternity, may His richest blessing rest continually upon you! As a Church—a portion of the visible Church of Christ—may you be preserved in purity and peace, striving together for the faith of the Gospel, and provoking one another to love and to good works, and never knowing any provocation or strife but this! May you be aided by power from on high, in all your benevolent organizations and efforts to do good, and be found faithful unto death, each one occupying, according to the measure of his ability, the talents committed to his trust till the Master come; and when He shall appear, may you stand with acceptance before Him, and be the joy and crown of rejoicing to him, who, for so many years, has exercised the pastoral office amongst you, and thus terminates his public labours in that capacity this day. And now, brethren, 'I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.' Should any perish from under my ministry—which God forbid!—they will have none but themselves to blame. This trumpet has given no uncertain sound; they have been warned, admonished, exhorted, entreated, with all longsuffering and doctrine. Their blood will be upon their own head! I have delivered my soul! While, in every instance in which the word preached

has proved the power of God unto salvation, the glory be to Him who condescended to place the heavenly treasure in an earthen vessel, 'that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us.' 'Finally, brethren, farewell, be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you!'"

In the evening Dr. Raffles preached at the opening of the Presbyterian Church in Shaw Street, Liverpool.

And thus closed the history of his stated ministry in Great George Street Chapel. What a long retrospect of forty-nine years, since, in February, 1812, he entered upon his duties—a mere stripling, as he used often to say in recurring to it—among people to whom three months previously he was totally unknown; and he lived to find himself the patriarch of the denomination in the county; for all his seniors, who had occupied prominent positions, had passed away, one by one, while he still survived, honoured and beloved by all, at the close of a long, a laborious and an eminently useful career, which had throughout shed lustre upon the religious body to which he belonged. But not within that restricted sphere alone was his influence confined. In Liverpool especially he was known and esteemed, as a large-hearted Christian gentleman, whose sympathies were not bounded by the narrow limits of any sect or party, but who was ever ready to unite in any measures calculated to promote the social or religious welfare of the people among whom his lot had been cast; and few public movements were inaugurated with that object in which he did not bear his part. And now the work of his life was all but accomplished, and it was time that he

ceased from its active duties and sought his well-earned rest.

Immediately on his retirement, his Church and congregation took steps to ensure his comfort for the remainder of his life, and provided for him a handsome annuity of £400. By some oversight, the official communication to this effect did not reach him for some months. He returned the following reply :—

"To the Church at Great George Street Chapel, Liverpool.

"My dear friends,—It may have seemed to you an instance of ungrateful negligence on my part, that I have not, long ere this, acknowledged your kind and liberal consideration in assigning to me an annuity of £400 per annum, on my resignation of the pastoral office. But it is only this day that I have received an intimation to that effect, in a copy of the resolution unanimously passed by the church on the 7th of February.

"Be assured, my dear friends, that I deeply feel this expression of your regard towards me on my retirement from the office I have so long sustained amongst you ; and that the consideration of the comfort it will contribute to secure, in that portion of my life which may yet remain, is far transcended in my estimation by the proof which it affords, that I retire from active service in the full enjoyment of your esteem and love.

"One advantage, however, accrues to me from the delay which has attended the communication, viz., that it affords me the opportunity of expressing to you my joy at the happy appointment of my successor, for whom it is my earnest prayer, that he may long continue to labour amongst you with ever-increasing satisfaction, and with a degree of acceptance and usefulness far surpassing that which it has been my privilege to realise.

"I remain, my dear friends,

"your late affectionate and faithful pastor,

"and still your warmly attached and

"devoted friend and servant,

"Edge Hill, Aug. 24, 1861. "THOS. RAFFLES."

The friends of Dr. Raffles in Manchester greatly gratified him by raising a considerable sum of money, for the purpose of establishing a scholarship and purchasing a library in connexion with the College, both of which should bear his name. This testimonial was presented to him at the College, on the 20th of June, Mr. Hadfield, M.P., in the name of the subscribers, reading the following address, prepared for the occasion :—

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"In congratulating you on attaining the jubilee of your pastorate in Liverpool, our first thanks are due to Him in whose hands are the destinies of the Churches and their ministers, that He has not only preserved your life, but has permitted you to continue your honourable connexion with the Churches of Lancashire, and that He enables you, in a green old age, still to abound in those labours which have for so many years been your glory and your joy. During your lengthened residence in this county, the Churches have often had to sorrow over the loss of valued men, whose names are still embalmed in the memories of many. In such times of bereavement, your presence and counsel have nourished our strength and confidence, and we have gratefully rejoiced that God in His gracious providence has suffered you to live on, wearing an unsullied name, enjoying a deserved and wide-spread reputation, and, above all, realising that spiritual success which is the Christian minister's true reward. It would be as impossible for us to enumerate your many services to the cause of Christian truth, as it would be unsuitable to attempt any description of those high qualities which have won for you general affection and respect. Your unvarying kindness to your brethren in the ministry, your tenderness to their feelings, your jealousy for their reputation, and your readiness to help them on every occasion, have given you a place in their hearts; while your firm attachment to the great doctrines of the Gospel, and your zeal in their diffusion and defence, have secured for you the confidence of the Churches

at large. The members of your own congregation at Liverpool know best the results of your long and faithful ministry there, but all the Churches can bear their testimony to your devotedness and usefulness as a preacher of the Gospel of Christ. You have been a minister not for a town or a county, but for the country; the servant not of a section, but of the universal Church. It has been your happiness to witness the rise and progress of our great denominational institutions in this county, and in them you have always taken a foremost part. From the infancy of the Lancashire Congregational Union it has owed to you an unflagging interest and a steady support, which have largely contributed to give it the position it now occupies. You were one of the founders of the Blackburn Academy, and one of its most hearty friends; and as you were among the first to recognise the importance of its removal to Manchester, with a view to its adaptation to the growing requirements of the Churches, so none laboured more diligently to carry out that work to a happy consummation. In you its professors and students have always found a considerate and large-hearted friend; while, as the chairman of its committee for a long series of years, you have, by your genial spirit and practical wisdom, often given harmony to its counsels and weight to its conclusions. We have felt it due to our admiration and regard for you, that we should commemorate such eminent services by perpetuating your name in connexion with an institution you have so sincerely loved, and whose prosperity you have so materially advanced. Your friends in this county, assisted by others in various parts, desire therefore to present you a collection of books, to be preserved in the College as the 'Raffles Testimonial Library,' together with a fund for the foundation of a scholarship to bear your name. We hope that you may be spared for years to see ministers educated on this foundation, and afterwards filling positions of usefulness in the Church. Most earnestly do we pray that your remaining days may be crowned with peace and honour; that, when you are gathered to your fathers, your works may follow you; and your children and your children's children hand down your name

to a distant posterity associated with those great principles which it has been the happiness of your life to uphold.

"We are, Rev. and dear Sir,
"(on behalf of the Subscribers to the
"Raffles Jubilee Testimonial),
"yours, with Christian affection,
"JAMES CARLTON.
"R. M. DAVIES.
"WM. WOODWARD.
"ABSALOM CLARK.
"JOHN KELLY.
"JAMES GWYTHER.
"J. GUINNESS ROGERS.
"JOSEPH THOMPSON.
"GEO. B. BUBIER.
"HENRY LEE.
"HENRY W. PARKINSON.

"Lancashire Independent College,
"June 20th, 1861."

To this address Dr. Raffles replied in the following terms:—

"My dear Sir,—I feel assured that you will give me credit for sincerity when I say that I am really overwhelmed by the munificence of the gift which you enable me, this day, to present to the institution within whose academic hall we are now assembled. I cannot find words by which to express the sense of obligation with which I am penetrated by such a token of regard from so many whom I honour and esteem. However accustomed I have been, through the whole course of my life, to the use of language, and however well it may have served me hitherto in the communication of my thoughts and feelings to others, I confess it fails me now; and it would be an unspeakable relief if, at this moment, I might be permitted to sit down and ponder, in silence and in solitude, all the interesting circumstances connected with this valuable present. Nor can I conceal

from you and the friends by whom I am now surrounded the fact, that large and splendid as is the gift I have now received, and which I feel myself so incompetent duly to acknowledge, its value is greatly enhanced in my esteem by the gratifying medium through which it is conveyed to me. Little, my dear Sir, did I, or could I, anticipate, when first the idea of this noble edifice arose, and you honoured me, amongst others, by calling me to your aid in your indefatigable efforts to obtain the necessary funds, that we should live so soon to witness its complete accomplishment, see it disencumbered of every fragment of debt, and, least of all, for myself, that I should be the honoured subject of such a celebration as is held this day within its walls. Sir,—I was about to say; but I will substitute for that formal mode of address one more suited to the present feelings of my heart—my dear friend, permit me to congratulate you, as I congratulate myself, and render unfeigned thanks to God, that we meet each other beneath this roof this morning, with the assurance that we owe no man anything on its account, either as it respects the building or its furniture, so that we may rejoice in it as our own, and give the praise to Him, to the promotion of whose glory it is devoted. If men demand an evidence of the sufficiency of the voluntary principle, with regard to the maintenance of religion and the diffusion of the Gospel, with what confidence may we point them to this building. Without the imposition of anything in the shape or form of rate or tax, or aught that could be regarded as in any sense, or to any degree, compulsory, the requisite funds have been cheerfully supplied to establish it, and to place it in the happy position which it now occupies. Long may it continue to occupy such a position, and, free from all pecuniary embarrassment, receive within its walls a succession of pious youths, endowed with competent abilities, and fired with ardent zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of the souls of men, who shall here be trained in sound learning and mental discipline for the work and service of the holy ministry! Profound scholars—subtle metaphysicians—eloquent preachers—doubtless the institution will deem itself honoured, should it be privileged to send forth such, to confront the opponents of the

truth, and to do battle, if need be, for the faith once delivered to the saints. But above and beyond all this, I trust that there will never cease to go forth from this College a succession of faithful men, well instructed themselves in the mysteries of the kingdom, and apt, with all simplicity and earnestness, to teach others also; with great plainness of speech and deep feeling, and intense earnestness, to preach the Gospel, and show unto men, perishing in ignorance and sin in every direction around them, the way of salvation. There never was a period in the history of the world when such men were more needed than they are at present. Nor is the necessity likely soon to cease. May this institution never fail to supply its due proportion of such men!

"But I must check myself, or this address will become a lecture or a sermon, rather than what it ought to be—a brief, but heartfelt acknowledgment of the great kindness done to me this day. I thank God, whom I have served so long, but so imperfectly, in the Gospel of His Son, that He has permitted me to see this day, while all the honour which it has brought me, I would lay, with profound humility and adoring gratitude, at His feet. Though painfully conscious, at this moment, how unworthy I am of the munificent gift which I have thus received at your hands, I rejoice in it as another testimony to the great principles on which this College is founded, and which it has been the entire business of my life to inculcate and diffuse. Dearer to my heart than ever are those principles at this moment. I would not resign them, nor aught that essentially appertains to them, for a thousand worlds. Salvation by grace, abounding to the chief of sinners, through faith in the mediatorial character and work of Christ, the equal and eternal Son of God, His perfect righteousness and infinite atonement—this has been the great theme of my ministry, as it is the sole and sure foundation of my hope. To train up and send forth those who shall earnestly commend this foundation to the acceptance of their fellow-men is the great object for which these walls have been raised; and rather than it should send forth men who shall lay, or attempt to lay, any other foundation, my earnest wish is, that they may fall in ruins

and crumble into dust. I know that you, Sir, and the honoured friends by whom I am surrounded, cordially sympathise with me in these sentiments. But we may leave the institution with confidence in the hands of Him who put it into the hearts of His servants to establish it, and who will never fail to raise up a succession of faithful men to maintain its efficiency, and zealously to guard its interests against all such perversion and abuse.

"At the risk of being tedious, I must be permitted to respond for one moment to the reference you have made to the 'Lancashire Congregational Union.' The 'County Union,' its original name, had become a household word when I first became a resident in Liverpool, and ever since that period, I have regarded my close connexion with it as one of the happiest and most honourable circumstances of my life. I exceedingly rejoice if, with any measure of efficiency, I have been enabled to serve it, or the ministers and Churches connected with it. Amongst its pastors and friends it has been my delight, through a long ministry, to live and labour, and I have my reward in the assurance given me this day, that I possess their confidence and live in their hearts.

"This is a time of rejoicing, of congratulation, and of giving of thanks. Not the least gratifying circumstance—permit me to say it—is that we have the pleasure of seeing you, my dear Sir amongst us; that amidst your important avocations in Parliament, you have been enabled to come to us on this occasion, and cheer us with looks and words of so much cordiality and kindness. I congratulate the Professors, that they have the satisfaction of seeing the College, over the several departments of which they respectively preside, in numbers and efficiency certainly never surpassed at any previous period of our history; and those honoured brethren will not, I trust, regard it as indelicate, or of questionable taste, if, in this presence, I congratulate the students also, that they have the privilege of sitting at the feet of such men, and receiving knowledge from lips so able and so ready to impart it. Nor are the constituents of the College less to be congratulated, for, in all the prosperity

and usefulness which God is pleased thus to vouchsafe to the institution, they are fully recompensed for their liberality towards it, while they realise their fondest hopes, and witness the answer to their fervent prayers. And, for myself, what shall I say, but that I rejoice in the assurance that I shall leave the world better than I found it, and an evangelical ministry that in coming time and in successive generations shall preach the Gospel with an ability, an earnestness, and a success such as I have never known."

On the 29th, Dr. Raffles writes from Llandudno to the Rev. James Gwyther, who had been in the chair at the presentation of the testimonial :—

"I have thought much, as you may well suppose, of the scenes of the 20th inst., since I have been in the quiet retirement of this place, and I feel that I am indebted to you, and to the beloved and honoured brethren who acted with you as a committee, for the great honour done me that day, in a degree beyond what I shall ever know or can ever suitably acknowledge. The arrangements were all admirable, and the address couched in language, and expressing sentiments which were altogether most gratifying to me to receive. I only wish that I had been more worthy of them, but I am deeply penetrated with gratitude to Him who has enabled me to pursue such a course as you have not deemed altogether unfitting so to recognise and crown. The brethren who have done me this honour will ever live in my grateful and affectionate remembrance."

Dr. Raffles preached occasionally after his retirement in his own pulpit, as he had arranged to do when his services were required, but, during a great part of the summer, he was absent from home, and spent several Sundays at Llandudno and Rhyl. His services were still in demand for the dedication of chapels, and the

ordination of ministers, and in a few instances he consented to undertake the duty. For the most part the places to which he agreed to go were within an easy distance from home; Carlisle, where he preached on the 3rd of May, at the opening of the new Independent chapel, being the most distant. In the meantime, his old pulpit was occupied by various ministers from different parts of the country, and the result was that, in the month of July, a unanimous invitation was given to the Rev. Enoch Mellor, of Halifax, to accept the office vacated by Dr. Raffles. On the 5th of August he writes to Mr. Mellor, from Llandudno:—

"I cannot be aware of a deputation from the Church at Great George Street waiting upon you, with the call of the Church to the pastoral office over them, without sending you the assurance of my own most perfect sympathy with them in this important step, and the expression of my earnest desire and prayer that the movement may be successful. I have understood that the situation of Halifax does not agree with the health of Mrs. Mellor; and that, on this account, you may be disposed carefully, and we hope favourably, to regard the call to Liverpool. Should you seriously contemplate a removal from Halifax, I can conceive of no place in the United Kingdom with stronger claims than the scene of my lifelong labours has. Next in population to the Metropolis, and with immediate and direct access, not only to all parts of the United Kingdom, but of the known world, the influence for good which may be exerted there is incalculable. A noble edifice in which to preach, free from all incumbrance, and a people to co-operate with you of whom it may suffice to say, as a test of their character, that I have lived and laboured with them in harmony and love unbroken, undisturbed, undiminished, for half a century; kind, considerate, generous in all their conduct towards me during the long continuance of my pastoral relation to them,

and still perpetuated now that that relation has ceased; I am intensely anxious for their welfare, and feel as though I could depart in peace, if once I saw them provided with a successor in whom they shall all unite, and whose faithful labours God shall crown with a far larger measure of usefulness than it has been my privilege to realise—though I should be ungrateful if I did not acknowledge the measure which the Master whom we serve has graciously vouchsafed to me. May God vouchsafe to you the grace and wisdom which so momentous an affair requires, that your decision (which I would fondly hope will be according to our desire) may be such as to advance His glory and the best interests of His Church."

In the course of the month, Mr. Mellor signified his acceptance of the invitation. It was a great satisfaction to Dr. Raffles to see his church and congregation so speedily provided with a successor to himself, and he cordially welcomed Mr. Mellor, on his arrival in Liverpool towards the end of October, to enter upon his new sphere of duty.

On the 5th of November, Dr. Raffles was entertained at dinner by the Nonconformist ministers of various denominations, the Rev. John Kelly being in the chair. On this occasion, Dr. Raffles delivered the following address:—

"My dear Mr. Kelly, and beloved and honoured Brethren,—

"I hope that you will allow me the privilege of age, and permit me in this way* to give utterance to the sentiments which it behoves me to cherish and express on this, to me, most deeply interesting occasion. I dare not trust myself to failing memory and excited feeling, in acknowledging the honour you have done me, and all the expressions of fraternal regard by which it is accompanied. He alone who reads the heart can tell

* Reading from MS.

how full mine is at this moment with grateful and affectionate emotion towards you, and how earnestly I desire and pray that, if it shall please Him whom we serve in the Gospel of His Son, you may be permitted to live and labour in usefulness and honour to a period even surpassing that which has been graciously vouchsafed to me, and with a measure of success in winning souls to Christ, and building up the Church in faith and holiness, far exceeding that which it has been my privilege to realise. To Him first, and above all, would I now pay my humble and adoring acknowledgments, that through a long life He has graciously sustained and upheld me, nor suffered me to labour altogether in vain; and, more especially are my thanks due to His restraining grace, that He has not permitted me to damage the cause, to the promotion of which we are all alike devoted, by any moral delinquency or departure from the truth, which would have forbidden your giving me that fraternal recognition with which I am now honoured. To you, my brethren, with whom, more closely, it has been my happy lot to labour, and still more especially to *you*, my long-tried and never-failing friend, who are giving me the crowning token of your regard by the occupation of that chair this evening, I owe a debt of gratitude I am utterly unable to express, and can never pay. To live in the confidence and love of my brethren,—next to the approbation of God, and my own conscience, and the affections of my people,—has always been the height of my ambition; and, although now my *status* amongst you has ceased, and I am no longer one of the pastors of Liverpool, I trust you will allow me still to retain the place you have so long afforded me in your hearts. Brethren, cease not to remember me, where most of all your remembrance of me can be availing, and I will not cease to pray for *you* that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, through your efficient ministry; so that each, being found faithful unto death, and having finished his course with joy, may receive the promised crown, and hear the Master say,—'Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"This is a solemn moment to me! But I dare not cast the

shadow of a shade on so bright a scene as that which now surrounds me, by aught that is sombre in my own present feeling, and I will not. But perhaps you will indulge me in one hasty glance at the past, for *that* seems essential to a true estimate of my present position. This very week brings my Jubilee year of residence in Liverpool to a close. And what was Liverpool when, in November, 1811, I crossed the Mersey from the Cheshire side in an open boat—for they had no others then—and set my foot for the first time upon her shore? The great and rapidly increasing town opposite to us, destined ere long to have its representative in the Imperial Parliament, did not then exist. It was a perfect solitude—a park filled with splendid oaks, once appertaining to the ancient Abbey of Birkenhead. And what was Liverpool then? Under 100,000 in its population. Little, reputed as Evangelical preaching, was found in any of the Churches of the Establishment, save one, perhaps, where the spirit and temper of the preacher were such as greatly to damage the influence of his preaching, and prevent the people from attending it;—while such a thing as a Sabbath evening service was altogether unknown. Amongst the Nonconformists of the various denominations, the places of worship were few and far between. I will not pledge myself for perfect accuracy —for I speak from memory—but, as far as I can remember, when I first came to Liverpool, our Scotch friends had but two places—the old Kirk in Oldham Street, and the Seceeders' Chapel (as it was then called) in Gloucester Street; in the former, Dr. Kirkpatrick was the minister, and in the latter, my old and much-loved friend, Dr. John Stewart. Our Wesleyan Methodist brethren indeed, even then, had four chapels, viz., Leeds Street, Pitt Street, Mount Pleasant, and Brunswick, then recently erected, and just opened. Our Baptist friends had Byrom Street (then vacant) and Lime Street, where the truly excellent and Rev. James Lister occupied the pulpit. Byrom Street Chapel had been rendered famous by the labours of the Rev. Samuel Medley; at that time it had a large and influential congregation, and was regarded as a sort of cathedral of that denomination in these parts. With regard to

ourselves, the Independents, we had but two chapels, viz., Newington and Bethesda. In Bethesda the pastorate was ably filled by the Rev. Peter Samuel Charrier, one of the most faithful preachers, and withal one of the most amiable of men. I esteemed it an honour and a privilege of no ordinary kind to enjoy his most intimate friendship from my first entrance into Liverpool, and I cherish his memory with the truest regard to this day. The first Great George Street Chapel, which was totally destroyed by fire in February, 1840, was only then just covered in; nor were its walls more than a few yards above the ground, when the admirable Spencer was carried past them to his early tomb. To his lodgings, as well as to his pulpit, I succeeded, and, seated in his own chair, in his own study, on his own table, and with the last pen he ever used, I wrote his Life; and there, after days of labour, and hours of study—ofttimes carried on far into the succeeding morning—upon his own couch I laid me down to rest. Forgive me, I pray you, this personal allusion—I could not resist it—and such I know is the kindness of your hearts, that you would not have wished me to suppress it, even if I could.

"Such was Liverpool with regard to *our* position in it *then*. And what is it now? Though we have all more or less increased with the lapse of time, yet so has the population, and sure I am that we ought to be anything but satisfied by the proportion in which *we* have increased with it. Still, let us thank God for what we *have* realised, and take courage. Better days are coming for us all, and though I shall not live to see them, I rejoice in the assurance that they are coming; and another fifty years, I trust, will show an increase tenfold above and beyond that which this Jubilee is permitted to celebrate.

"But I must pause. Yet I cannot do so, without bespeaking your indulgence a little longer. I cannot sit down without, in my own name, as I am sure I may in yours, giving a hearty welcome to this fraternity to my highly esteemed and honoured successor in the pastoral office in the Church at Great George Street Chapel. He, I am sure, will suffer me to say, that he is dear to *us* in Lancashire as one of ourselves, for though born in

another county, he is an *Alumnus* of our College, and the Brotherhood of Lancashire is now that of his adoption and choice. Permit me to say that the Lancashire Independent College is too dear to me to suffer this opportunity to pass without thus publicly claiming him as one of her sons; and it is not among the least powerful of the cherished hopes that now eminently sustain and gladden my heart, that he may long live to promote the interests of that important seat of religion and learning, when the tongue that now speaks to you, and has so often made that College its theme, is silent in the tomb.

"It is an interesting point, to myself at any rate, to which I have thus attained; and it is a long and varied pilgrimage on which I now look back. Its scenes and incidents crowd upon my memory, and I feel as though I could linger here for hours. But I must consider *you*, and spare you the recital of passages in my personal history, on which I often dwell, with mingled feelings, in the solitude of my own fireside. It behoves me, however, here to testify, as I do, with adoring gratitude, that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. Not the least among the many cheering circumstances of my lot, has been the fraternal confidence and faithful friendship with which you have honoured me. As one of the pastors of Liverpool, I must now say, farewell! I find it a painful word to utter. But though I retire from the position I have so long occupied among you, if life and health are spared to me a little longer, I shall hope still, sometimes, to meet and mingle with you in the hallowed exercises of the sanctuary, in the various associations of Christian benevolence and zeal, and in the pleasant intercourse of social life; and then,—when these scenes have passed away from us for ever,—how joyous the prospect, that we shall renew the intercourse which age impairs, and death (though but for a season) suspends, in a world which death never enters, and where the word *Farewell* shall never be pronounced. Till then, beloved and honoured brethren, Farewell! '*Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace Himself be with you!*'"

On the following evening, Dr. Raffles presided at a meeting held in Great George Street Chapel, for the purpose of welcoming Mr. Mellor. From this time till his last illness, when he was not preaching elsewhere, and while his health permitted him to attend, he was a hearer at the place endeared to him by so many years of active service in the pulpit, and he had the gratification of seeing the chapel once more well filled, as in bygone years, ere the infirmities of age had come upon him, and incapacitated him for the full discharge of his ordinary Sunday duty.

During 1862, the disease which threatened his life increased upon him. In March, he was very unwell for a fortnight. Writing on the 3rd of April to Mr. Parsons, who had been ill, to enquire after his health, Dr. Raffles says :—

"For myself, I feel as though my work were pretty well done. I have been laid aside lately, and confined to bed and sofa in my own room for a fortnight, never having my clothes on for that period. I am now happily recovering, and am here (New Brighton) for change of air. But what can I expect at seventy-four but increasing infirmities and an early dismission? O! for increasing meetness for that blessed world, where infirmity, and age, and death are unknown!"

He recovered sufficiently to be able to attend the annual meeting of the Lancashire Congregational Union, at the Crescent Chapel, on the 10th of April, and took the minutes, as he had been in the habit of doing for thirty-six years. On the following Sunday, he fulfilled an engagement to preach at Grosvenor Street Chapel,

Manchester, and spent a few days at Mr. Carlton's, in the neighbourhood of that city; after which he went to Preston, where he preached on Good Friday, at the opening of the new schools attached to Cannon Street Chapel.

On Tuesday, April 22nd, Dr. Raffles had the honour to receive a most gratifying testimonial from his friends in Liverpool, consisting of an address, enclosed in a magnificent silver casket. The testimonial was presented to him in the board-room of the Free Library, in the presence of many members of his own family, and of a large circle of friends, by Mr. Robert Hutchison, the Mayor of Liverpool, who, in the course of a few admirable remarks, read the address as follows :—

"The casket in which this address is enclosed was presented to the Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D., LL.D., F.Z.S., on the 22nd day of April, 1862, by Robert Hutchison, Esq., Mayor of Liverpool, on behalf of the contributors, who thus seek to give some permanent expression to the warm feelings of respect and regard which they cherish, not only for the faithful preacher of the Gospel, who has, during fifty years, fulfilled the duties of his sacred office with such conspicuous honour and success, but also for their friend and fellow-townsman, who, for this lengthened period, has been the constant and consistent advocate of truth, freedom, and progress; who has ever occupied a foremost place among those who have sought to promote the individual and social welfare of their fellow-citizens, and whose courteous and genial hospitality has made his name so gratefully familiar to the numerous visitors from distant countries, who land or embark at the port, which he has lived to see raised to the position of the first seaport in the world.

"And now that Dr. Raffles has completed his Jubilee year as the minister of Great George Street Chapel, Liverpool, the

contributors, comprising not only members of his own congregation, and others who have formerly enjoyed the privilege of listening to his faithful and eloquent proclamation of the Gospel, but also many of his fellow-townsmen, who gladly avail themselves of this opportunity of testifying to the estimation in which he is universally held, unite in the prayer that the already long life which has been thus honoured of God and of man, may be prolonged through many tranquil and happy years, gathering ever fresh tributes of honour and love.

"Inscription on the casket:—To the Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D., LL.D., F.Z.S., the eloquent preacher, the faithful pastor, the loving and genial man, this casket is presented, to commemorate a pastorate of fifty years."

Dr. Raffles, with much feeling, replied:—

"Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen,—You will, I am persuaded, give me credit for sincerity, when I say that I am utterly at a loss for words adequate to convey the sense I entertain of the honour done me this day—not merely by this splendid and exquisitely beautiful work of art which you have just presented to me, but by all the circumstances, so honourable and gratifying to myself, connected with the testimonial, and by which the presentation of it is now accompanied. And you will, I trust, Mr. Mayor, permit me to say, that not the least of these is the consideration that the chief magistrate of this great community does not regard it as a service ungrateful to his own personal feelings to be the medium by whose hands it should be thus placed before me. The close of my public life as minister of Great George Street Chapel, Liverpool, has, indeed, been marked already by tokens of affectionate regard and esteem which have awakened within me, as it behoved them to do, the liveliest emotions of gratitude. The generous provision made for the promotion of my comfort, when no longer equal to the performance of those ministerial and pastoral duties which, for half-a-century, I have endeavoured faithfully, though, I am well aware, very imperfectly, to discharge;—the founding of a scholarship and the formation of a new library, both

bearing my name, in the Lancashire Independent College, to the establishment of which I had the honour, in some measure, to contribute, and to the promotion of whose interests I have ever been zealously devoted;—are considerations that must largely contribute to cheer my declining years, and render my old age honourable and happy; but the costly gift which you have now presented I cannot but regard as the crown of all! Hitherto all has been confined to that particular section of the Church of Christ with which through life I have been more especially connected; but in this splendid gift I recognise a token of respect unlimited by any considerations such as these. I am truly thankful to God that He has enabled me to shape my course, so as, without the sacrifice of principle, as far as I know, to forfeit the esteem of none who conscientiously differ from me. While it has been my aim ever to act according to the dictates of my conscience, I have never deemed myself infallible, nor failed to entertain a regard for the consciences of others. If, however, in this presumption I err, and have congratulated myself unduly on its account;—if, after all my endeavours to walk and to work in harmony with the wise and good of all parties, I have failed, and unconsciously, by aught that I have said or done, have given offence to any, I gladly take this opportunity, the best perhaps that will ever be afforded me, of expressing my sincere regret. I have loved peace, and tried to live peaceably with all men. The troubled elements of strife and controversy have not been to my taste. Yet I have never shrunk from the frank and distinct avowal of my principles, but have been ready at all times to state and defend them, both from the pulpit and the press. This is to me, Mr. Mayor, a solemn moment, and I should be unworthy of so honourable an occasion if I did not feel it to be so. More than half-a-century ago I came to this great town—great even then, though not at that time a fourth of what it has since become—with youth and inexperience but little adapted to the arduous and anxious charge, which, with fear and trembling, I then ventured to undertake; and here, by the help of God, I have continued to the present day. Friends have gathered round me whose esteem it has been an honour to enjoy. I have seen

my children's children, even to the third generation; and it is no small gratification to me to reflect that this noble testimonial will descend to one who knows well how to appreciate the honour which it confers upon the name he bears, and from whom it will, I trust, pass to others who will not lightly esteem the memories connected with it. And now, Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen, permit me in conclusion to say that it is my earnest prayer that a hundredfold in blessings from on high may be rendered to every one by whom acts of kindness have been done to me; while for this last and most munificent expression of esteem I would fain return, if I could command language equal to the task, the warmest emotions a grateful heart can cherish."

Dr. Raffles was able to be present on the evening of the same day at a *soirée musicale*, given by the Mayor at the Town Hall. The casket had been taken there in the interim, and the congratulations which greeted Dr. Raffles on all hands, from men of every party, religious and political, amply testified the universal esteem in which he was held by his fellow-townsmen.

Writing, a few days later, to his old friends Dr. and Mrs. Bell, of Bath, along with a newspaper giving an account of the presentation, "at which," he says, "so much honour was done to me," he adds, "I hope you keep in tolerable health. You are growing old; *I* have, and *you* must. But we are so much nearer home. I have become very infirm, but am able to do a little for the Master now and then."

He still preached frequently, and never was happier than when in the pulpit, and it was remarkable how entirely, even when really very unwell, he was able to forget his ailments and rise above them, under the

influence of the feeling with which he threw himself into the service. He says, in a letter to Mr. Parsons, on the 3rd of May :—

"I am hobbling on; sadly in want of breath; can't walk; but I can preach sometimes, and am purposing to do so to-morrow for Birrell, who is in London. I am also to administer the Lord's Supper to his Church, something new, they being Baptists. If all is well, I go to Llandudno for the last three Sabbaths in next month. I am very fond of that place, and think it would do you good."

Writing to his old friend Dr. Sprague, of Albany, U.S., on the 17th of May, he says, after some personal remarks on his past life and labours at Liverpool :—

"I thank you for your photograph. It tells of advancing years, though I trace the resemblance to what my memory retains of your appearance, when I had the pleasure of seeing you last. Shall I never have that pleasure again on this side the grave? I can hardly expect it, for, should you visit this country again—which, indeed, you told me, some time ago, you had the purpose of doing—unless it be very soon, I cannot reasonably entertain the prospect of being here to see you. But we shall meet, I trust, in a better land! I am truly glad to have so good an account of yourself from your own pen. You have been a hard worker with heart and brain, and tongue and pen, and God has enabled you to work well and to good purpose, and you will leave behind you works for time and for eternity that will render you immortal! I am glad to find you don't anticipate a long continuance of this dreadful war. May God speedily send peace!"

On Sunday, the 8th of June, Dr. Raffles preached at Macclesfield, and during the three following weeks he

was at Llandudno, and able to preach twice upon each Sunday, at the new Independent Chapel. From Llandudno he travelled to Manchester, to attend the sessional anniversary of the College, on the 2nd of July. From Manchester he went to Sheffield, and preached twice on Sunday, the 6th, at the Cemetery chapel; and on the following day proceeded to London on a visit to Mrs. Birch, at Spring Grove, Isleworth. While in the neighbourhood of London, he saw as much as his state of health enabled him to see of the Great Exhibition; and on Saturday, the 12th, he went down to Tunbridge Wells, where he preached twice on the 13th, and remained at the house of his friend, Mr. Joshua Wilson, for a week. He returned to London on the 19th, and preached twice at Surrey Chapel, on the 20th, and twice at Claylands Chapel, for his nephew, the Rev. Baldwin Brown, on the 27th, returning home on the following day. On Sunday, August the 3rd, he preached at Lytham. On the 6th he writes to Mr. Serjeant Burke—who had sent Dr. Raffles a letter of remonstrance on the omission of his usual visit to his chambers, when in London—an amusing and characteristic letter:—

"Your very kind letter—I had almost said too kind—constrains me to inflict upon you an amount of egotism which, under other circumstances, would really be unwarrantable and intolerable. You place me as a criminal at your bar, and I must plead guilty to the charge on which I am arraigned, but only so far as the mere matter of fact goes; for, as to criminal intention, malice prepense, or anything that can be regarded as imparting the *morale* to an action or *non* action—pardon the queer expression of all this—I am perfectly innocent, and there-

fore I plead *guilty under extenuating circumstances*, and—if, for once the criminal may be allowed to usurp the province of the jury—I would add, *with earnest recommendation to mercy.*

"Now, it is these *extenuating circumstances* that will bring out to such an intolerable extent my egotism. Be it known to you, then, that I only came to London to get a glimpse at the Exhibition, well denominated 'Great,' to which all the world has contributed, and which all the world is going to see. I was there but six days, and so exhausted before the end of those days, that I could do nothing but sit still. I called on nobody, and went nowhere. 'Ah!' but you say, 'you were in Chancery Lane, and at the Law Institution, and saw the autographs.' 'Guilty!' It is true! But how could I help seeing them when I knew that they were there? This I heard at Tunbridge Wells, and though I had no introduction, I went, hoping that something might turn up to secure my admission, and so it was. I saw a gentleman at the door just going in on business, and to him I addressed myself, telling him the purpose for which I had come, and how utterly destitute I was of all introduction or ground of plea in any way for admission. He kindly espoused my cause, took me in and presented me—for I had given him my card—to the librarian, who most politely bade me welcome, and, moreover, furnished me with a catalogue, so that I spent an hour or two there most agreeably indeed, and was astonished and delighted beyond measure. It really was splendid, both as regards the autographs and their illustrations. Now, to shew you that I have a conscience still, I must tell you, that, all the while as I was looking at the autographs, now and then your worthy and worshipful self came into my mind, and I certainly should have called, or made an effort to do so, at any rate, but unfortunately I had forgotten your address. I knew that you had left that doleful churchyard locality,* and had a notion that you had gone to some Inn of Court, but did not remember the name or the number, and my power of locomotion has become so scanty, and what there is comes out with so much difficulty, and

* Churchyard Court, Inner Temple.

sometimes positive suffering, that I did not dare to attempt anything like a tour of discovery, for even if I had, and had been successful, I calculated upon a flight of stairs which I really had not the power to mount. And *this* has not been my visit to London—only a run and a peep—a sort of episode of travel. My visit, when I am to see and be seen—O what a great personage I am making of myself! but it is your fault—all the sin lies at your door—is yet to come. Next month I visit London—then, if all is well, I will see you, and personally thank you for all your kind concern about me, and I trust that I have made out so good a case in bar of judgment, that I may anticipate the interview without alarm, and receive from you one of those warmhearted greetings to which you have so happily accustomed me, and which, I trust, I shall never lose. Well, enough, and more than enough, of self! But I feel assured that you will forgive, for I can see from your letter, notwithstanding the topic, that your kindness of heart and warmth of friendship are unabated.

"And now with regard to your Right Honourable friend.* His pamphlet escaped me till some days after my return last week, and your miniature note along with it got separated from it, and only turned up accidentally a day or two ago. I am greatly obliged to Mr. Napier for his remembrance of me. I have read it with much pleasure, and cannot but admire and applaud the truly catholic spirit in which it is written. I enclose a note of acknowledgment, the address of which I will thank you to complete, and allow it to be posted with your next batch of letters.

"I saw the account of the Archbishop's funeral,† and the juxtaposition of Archbishop Dixon and Dr. Cooke with admiration. Your brother‡ has done well in furnishing such a spectacle to the world.

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* The Right Hon. Joseph Napier, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

† The late Right Hon. and Rev. J. G. Beresford, Archbishop of Armagh.

‡ Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms.

"I am almost ashamed to send all this scrawl now that I have written it. Your time must be fully occupied with something much better than reading it."

On the 13th of August, Dr. Raffles preached at the dedication of a new Congregational Church, at Harrogate, and on the two following Sundays at Rhyl and Southport. On the 4th of September, he went to London, having engaged to preach on the 7th and 14th at Canonbury Chapel, and on the 21st at Union Chapel, Islington. This was his last visit to London, and he stayed with his old friend Mr. Cunliffe, at Highbury Place. He seems from his diary to have been able to go about better than usual while in town. There is one touching entry in his diary, which is now invested with peculiar interest. He writes, under the date of the 16th :—

"Omnibus to Finsbury Square. Walked to Spitalfields. Went into Prince's Street, and obtained access to the house in which I was born, No. 14. Went into every room, and marked the spot where stood the bed in which I first saw the light, May 17th, 1788."

He left London on the 23rd, and travelled to Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, to preach at the opening of the new Independent Chapel, at Earl's Heaton, and on the following day he preached at New Windsor, near Manchester. He returned home on the 26th, having engaged to occupy his old pulpit, in the absence of Mr. Mellor, on the 28th of September and 5th of October, on both days preaching twice, and in addition, on the latter day administering the sacrament. During the course of the intervening week

he delivered the charge to the Rev. Charles Goward, on his ordination as minister of Grange Road Congregational Church, Oxton. On the 23rd of October, he was at Bolton, preaching at the opening of a new chapel, and with few exceptions, he was able once every Sunday, till the end of the year, to preach in some chapel in Liverpool, or the neighbourhood. He had often said that he should like to die in harness, and it seemed likely that his wish might be gratified, to judge from his numerous pulpit engagements. But a short resting-time was to be his, ere he was to receive the summons, which he now calmly and patiently awaited.

On the evening of Thursday, the 27th of November, he was able to dine with the mayor, Mr. R. C. Gardner, at the Town Hall, where for more than forty years he had been an honoured and welcome guest. It had been a practice with him through life, never to accept any social invitation for the evenings of his week-day services, however readily he might have been able to find a substitute to undertake his duty. But he made one exception annually, in the case of the Mayor, whose invitations for many years were for Thursday evening, Dr. Raffles's night of week-day service; and he made the exception on the ground that he was bound, as a resident in the town, to show respect to the chief magistrate, by accepting his invitation. Upon this occasion, his last visit, he was called upon to respond to the toast of his own health, and he spoke in his usual happy manner, as was remarked at the time by several of the guests.

On the 15th of December, Dr. Raffles was appointed an Honorary Life Governor of the British and Foreign Bible

Society, "in consideration of the valuable services rendered by him in promoting its object." The Rev. Mr. Bergne, one of the secretaries, writing to him on the 16th, to enclose the resolution of the committee, says:—

"The committee have had in grateful remembrance your long and unabated love to the society, your constant advocacy of its claims, the valuable assistance you have locally rendered so many years as secretary of the Liverpool-Auxiliary, and the influence you have never failed to exert in promoting the great objects at which we aim, and in the review of the many services so cheerfully and zealously afforded, they have felt peculiar satisfaction in adding your name to the list of Honorary Life Governors of the Society."

Dr. Raffles replied on the 18th, to Mr. Bergne:—

"I wish that I could suitably express the sense I entertain of the honour conferred upon me by the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, by their unanimous resolution of the 15th inst., constituting me an 'Honorary Life Governor,' of the institution. I assure you that I esteem this as one of the most precious of the many tokens of regard, which it has been my privilege to receive, on my retirement from the more active engagements of public life. I have loved the Society from the beginning—for I am old enough to remember that, and my attachment to it has remained undiminished to the present hour. Indeed, my love for it is stronger and deeper than ever, as the Book itself becomes dearer to my heart, and my only regret is, that I have been able to do so little to justify the committee in assigning to my name a distinction at once so gratifying and so honourable.

"To yourself also, my dear Mr. Bergne, I am deeply indebted for the kindness of the way in which you have conveyed the resolution to me, and for all the good wishes you have expressed on my behalf."

Dr. Raffles was permitted to be at his post at the

annual college meeting, in Manchester, on the 22nd of December, and he had the gratification of seeing the Raffles Library completed. It was his last visit. The Rev. A. Clark, Secretary to the College committee, writing to the editor, says :—

"The last college meeting which the Doctor attended, was the annual meeting of subscribers held at the College, on the 22nd of December, 1862. The Raffles Jubilee Memorial Library, had just been completed, and in accordance with a wish which he had previously expressed, several members of the committee remained after the general meeting to spend the evening with him in this room. When he first made his appearance in the morning, it was feared that this arrangement was a mistake, and that he would not be able, with any comfort to himself, to pass through the duties of the day. However, he rested in the afternoon, and in the evening, surrounded by friends who delighted to do him honour, and in that library to enter which had become one of his chief pleasures, he, for the time, became himself again, and related in his own style many incidents of his history and ministerial experience, and some of his favourite traditions in relation to persons whom he had known. That evening has often since been referred to with pleasure, and its reminiscences are now very grateful to those who were present."

On Sunday morning, the 28th, he occupied his old pulpit in Great George Street, and preached from Gen. xlvii, 9., "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." It was his last sermon on the spot endeared to him by the hallowed recollections of more than half a century.

Chapter XXIV.

1863.

OCCASIONAL PUBLIC SERVICES—INCREASED ILLNESS—LETTERS TO FRIENDS ON HIS STATE OF HEALTH—LAST ATTENDANCE AT GREAT GEORGE STREET CHAPEL—OPENING OF NORWOOD CHAPEL—LAST SERMON—ALARMING ILLNESS IN MAY, AND PARTIAL RECOVERY—LETTER TO THE REV. A. CLARK—RESIGNATION IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH—LAST MOMENTS AND DEATH—FUNERAL—ADDRESS OF THE REV. JOHN KELLY—FUNERAL SERMONS—TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY—RAFFLES MEMORIAL MISSION ROOMS—CONCLUSION.

ON the morning of New Year's Day, 1863, Dr. Raffles presided at the administration of the sacrament to the members of the associated Independent Churches in Great George Street Chapel. His mode of administering the Lord's Supper to the members of his own Church, from month to month, was always impressive, and many will remember the solemnity of his manner as he commenced the service, according to his invariable custom, with the words of the institution from 1 Cor. xi. 23—28. This was the last occasion on which he met with his brethren in the ministry, and the members of their Churches, in a united service, and the circumstance adds peculiar interest to the occasion.

On the 28th of January, Dr. Raffles, also for the last

time, took part in an ordination service, by delivering the charge to the Rev. A. Brown, on his appointment to be minister of Toxteth Chapel. With this exception, he did not preach at all during the month of January. On Sunday, the 1st of February, however, while staying with his daughter at New Brighton, he preached for his friend, the Rev. James Cranbrook, at Liscard Chapel in the morning; and on Sunday morning, the 15th of the same month, he preached at the Wesleyan Chapel, Whitfield Road, Everton. But his services had, indeed, become occasional. It was painful to note the effort with which he climbed the pulpit stairs; once there, however, he warmed, as of old, with his work, and seemed to forget his many infirmities.

But it was evident that his journeys from home were ended. In answer to Mr. Parsons, who invited him once more to York, he writes on the 9th of February:—

"A reluctance to say 'no' to any request of yours, and especially to such an one as that to which I am now required to respond, has induced me to postpone writing from day to day, till I am ashamed of the delay, but I fear that I must say 'no' after all. My state of health, my many infirmities, my reluctance to travel, my difficulty of moving and breathing, the uncertainty, as yet, of my plans, &c., for the summer—should I live so long—all conspire to forbid my making such an engagement as that which you propose, and which you well know, under other circumstances, I should be most prompt and delighted to make. I *might* be able, after all, to do it, and even to enjoy the doing of it; but the probabilities are that I should not, and then I should be greatly distressed by feeling the pressure of an obligation, which would involve a distressing anxiety, and in which, finally to fail, would be most painful to all concerned. My only relief from such a painful anticipation is to say 'no;' that, indeed, is

painful enough, but still, of the two ills that lie before me, it is the least. No! I fear I shall see York no more; and the many delightful seasons I have had in that city must henceforth be numbered with the good things which I have had in my life-time, and which are never to be realised again on earth. I feel a sadness at heart in writing thus, and such is my love for you, that nothing short of a stern necessity would have constrained me to do it."

On Sunday morning, the 1st of March, he was again able to occupy Mr. Cranbrook's pulpit at Liscard Chapel; and on the following Sunday he preached at Shaw Street Presbyterian Church; but his malady increased upon him in a distressing degree, and the symptoms were such as to induce Mr. Moore, his medical attendant, to call in further professional assistance, and Dr. Drysdale was consulted. On the 21st, Dr. Raffles writes to his friend, Mr. Gwyther:—

"I am sorry to say that I have been quite an invalid since I saw you. Some of my most distressing symptoms have come upon me with augmented power, and I have suffered much. * * * Mr. Moore wrote a line on Thursday to tell them at Salford (Mr. Davies's) that I could not preach for them, as announced, to-morrow. I hope that, without much difficulty or inconvenience, they will be able to supply my place. I have several other engagements before me of public importance on which I begin to look with apprehension, but still, I hope, with submission. I am in the hand of God; let Him do with me what seemeth Him good: He doeth all things well.

"Yes! I live now very much with the unseen and future. I try to realise it all, but I can't. The fact, I think I do fully realise, but the manner of the fact is beyond my reach. What it is to see God—to behold His face in righteousness—to be with Christ where He is—to behold His glory, and to be like Him—to reflect His glory. O! I cannot tell what all this is!

It doth not yet appear what we *shall* be, what we *must* be. O! that I were but meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light."

On the 5th of April, he writes again to the same friend:—

"I am here alone in this pleasant room, where we have often sat and chatted so pleasantly together. All who could go, have gone to the house of God, but I am still left behind. It is now many Sabbaths since I was there, and I long exceedingly to be there again. But it is all well. It is a different thing when we are God's prisoners than when we are our own. When He shuts us up, we are warranted to look for His presence with us, and He can abundantly supply the lack of public ordinances by the private and special communications of His grace, and as our own poet says:—

'Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where Thou art is heaven.'

"It is still doubtful whether I shall be with you at the meeting of the Union; the probabilities are very much against it. My medical man will speak finally to-morrow. It will be a great disappointment to me if I am not, and I believe the only time I have been absent in fifty years.* But however painful, the separation must come at last. I have loved the County Union with an attachment that has never failed. I love the brethren for their works' sake, and, so far as I know them, for their own, and should I not be there, I beg my most cordial salutations to them. * * *

"I was to have preached next Sunday at Bolton, but my doctor has peremptorily forbidden; and on the Sunday following at Farnworth, and this, I apprehend, I must abandon also.

"Monday, 6th. It is as I feared it would be. The doctor

* He had evidently forgotten that he was absent in 1860.

has just been here, and forbids my going to Manchester, and I must obey."

On the 16th, Dr. Raffles writes again to Mr. Gwyther, who had sent him an account of the meeting which he could not attend :—

"How kind it was in you to concoct so affectionate a resolution, and how truly so in the meeting to give it so warm a welcome, and so hearty a response! 'Tis delightful to live, and, I had almost said, even to suffer, sustained by the sympathies and prayers of brethren such as these! I love and honour them for their own and for their works' sake, and for their forbearance and sympathy with me—forbearance through years of most imperfect service, and now in days of infirmity and suffering."

On Sunday, April the 19th, Dr. Raffles was able to attend the morning service at Great George Street Chapel; and on the following day he went to stay for a few days at the house of his youngest son, in Prince's Park. On the 21st, he writes to his old friend, the Rev. Richard Slate, of Preston, to whom the first letter in this biography was addressed, more than sixty years previously :—

"'Tis pleasant and most refreshing to receive so ample an epistle as yours of yesterday, from one whom I have known so long and loved so much. In reading it, I felt my heart go with you, for in its sentiments I deeply sympathise. Yes, what I have been permitted and honoured to preach so long, is my stay and comfort *now*. The doctrines of my ordination must be the doctrines of my funeral. I have known nothing all along save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and that which has supplied the burden of my ministry is dearer to me now than ever. It has sustained me hitherto. I have only commended to others that which I have found essential and sufficient for myself, and I

would not part from it *now* for ten thousand worlds. I cleave to it now, and have no terrors; but if I cast it from me, nothing remains but the blackness of darkness for ever.

"But O! my friend, to be meet for that inheritance which the Cross secures! That is the great point with us. I deeply feel how far I am from it yet. But He who gives the inheritance will prepare us for it, and we shall for ever celebrate the double boon,—not the *inheritance* alone, but the *meetness* also; whilst the everlasting song ascends to Him who hath not only bestowed the inheritance, but the meetness for its possession, and the enjoyment too: 'Which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.'

"With regard to my health, it is very so-so. I was at chapel on Sunday morning for the first time for many weeks. I am sorry to have been the occasion of disappointment in many quarters, but I am not in my own hands. I suffer from various sources of annoyance, but am now able to drive out daily. I cannot walk a dozen yards, my breathing is so difficult. I hope that I may be permitted to take part, on Thursday next, in the opening services of the new chapel which Mr. Kelly's friends have built."

Dr. Raffles was able to realise the wish he expressed at the close of this letter. By making a great effort, he was present at the dedication of Norwood Chapel, West Derby Road, and took the introductory part of the service, the Rev. Dr. Vaughan preaching the sermon. On the following day, however, he was compelled to write to the Rev. Henry Simon, Castleford, Yorkshire, for whom he had engaged to preach, to say that he found himself unable to travel so far. It was with great reluctance that he abandoned several services which he had in prospect, but he had no option, and was obliged to submit to the painful necessity.

On Sunday morning, the 26th, Dr. Raffles was present

at his old chapel for the last time, and heard Mr. Mellor; and on the following Sunday, though urged by his youngest son to give up the service, being more fit to be in his bed than to undertake it, he managed to preach at Norwood Chapel, according to his promise. The editor has been kindly favoured by Mr. John J. Stitt with the following memorandum, which is of peculiar interest, relating as it does to the last public act of the life of Dr. Raffles. Mr. Stitt says:—

"Though suffering acute physical pain, he, with his accustomed punctuality, came amongst us on the morning of Sunday, the 3rd of May, 1863, and selecting for his text the words of John i. 16, 'And of His fulness have all we received and grace for grace,' he proceeded to preach his last sermon.

"The service was one never to be forgotten. The signs of bodily infirmity, which were very visible at the commencement of the discourse, soon vanished as he came to unfold the wondrous grace of that adorable Saviour, which was the theme of his text, as it had eminently been of his whole ministry. Supported, no doubt, by secret communications of Divine strength, the spirit of God's aged servant triumphed over the infirmity of the flesh; much of his wonted vigour and animation returned, and, in tones of mingled tenderness and solemnity, he reviewed the mercies of the past and present; and, rearing again the standard of the cross, he pointed his hearers to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

"It was remarked that he spoke with all the earnestness of one who knew that he was standing on the brink of eternity—as a dying man to dying men. The impression produced that Sabbath morning was peculiarly solemn; what the permanent effects were, eternity alone will disclose. It subsequently came to my knowledge that, in the case of one anxious inquirer, it had been greatly blessed, and probably this was the case with others.

"At the close of the service, Dr. Raffles experienced so much

pain and exhaustion that it was some time before he could converse. Such was the last public act of your revered father, and thus he finished his course in his Master's service. Our thoughts follow him to that world of bliss where he now dwells in the presence of his Saviour. Asleep in Jesus, he rests from his labours, and his works follow him. The armour of his earthly warfare he has exchanged for the palm of victory and crown of glory in heaven."

His last words, as he concluded his last sermon, were, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." It was a fitting close; the epitome of all his preaching; the great theme of his ministry through life.

He frequently referred afterwards to this service, and expressed great thankfulness that he had resisted all temptation to preach one of his more elaborate sermons, and that he had selected one which had embodied so fully what had been the essence of his ministry—Christ and His salvation. He added that, when he preached, he had no presentiment that it would be his last sermon.

The effort of preaching aggravated some of the symptoms of his complaint to an extent which alarmed his medical attendant, who thought it his duty to call home the editor, who had gone to London for a fortnight. He returned immediately on receiving the summons, and found his father extremely ill. It was deemed desirable to seek further medical advice, and Dr. Vose, an eminent physician in the town, was summoned to the bedside of the invalid, who continued under his care from that time till his death; Mr. Moore being equally anxious with the members of Dr. Raffles's family that every method should be tried to stay, if possible, the progress of the disease,

and readily resigning his patient into Dr. Vose's hands. Everything was done that medical skill could suggest, but the invalid seemed to grow worse. On the 15th of May, from four A.M. till three P.M., he remained in an unconscious state, from which no one thought he would have awakened in this world. His condition was most distressing, under the peculiar circumstances in which his family were at that moment placed. His second son, James, was about to embark, with his wife and step-daughter, for Queensland, and they were to be on board in the course of the evening. It was very sad that the son should have to say farewell to his father in such a time of illness, but to leave him unconscious, and without a parting blessing, would have been painful beyond measure. Happily, about three P.M., he awoke from his long lethargy, and his family hurried to his side to receive, as they then thought, his last benediction. He said a few words to each, singularly appropriate to their several circumstances, and commended to God those who were about to embark for a distant colony; after which he became exhausted, and seemed to relapse, but his repose was more natural, and in the evening, to the astonishment of all, he appeared to be considerably refreshed.

The Congregational Union of England and Wales was holding its annual session in London at this time, the Rev. Enoch Mellor being the president of the year. The intelligence of Dr. Raffles's alarming state during the week being communicated to his ministerial friends, they manifested their affectionate regard by suspending business for a time, in order that special prayer might be offered up for him; and a resolution, drawn up by the

Rev. George Smith, moved by the Rev. James Parsons, and seconded by the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, expressive of the deep sympathy which the tidings of his dangerous illness had awakened, was telegraphed to the editor, and by him communicated to his father, who gratefully recognised the kindness which dictated the message.

For three months longer he lingered on, and so far seemed to improve, that, about the middle of June, he was able to drive out in his brougham on three occasions, but though the carriage was especially easy, the motion affected him too much, and he was obliged to give it up. Henceforth he was confined wholly to the house. It would be ungrateful in the editor not to record the ever kind and unwearied attentions which his father received from every member of his household, and especially from his old and kind friend and housekeeper, Miss Snell, who scarcely ever left him, and now tended him with unremitting care. Friends on all hands strove to cheer his last days by deeds of kindness or messages of loving sympathy. To one of these, the Rev. Dr. Ginsburg, especial reference is due. Though a friend of comparatively recent date, Dr. Raffles was much attached to him. They had many literary tastes in common, and Dr. Ginsburg was ever ready to cheer by his presence the lonely hours of the invalid, whom he had soon learned to regard with love and veneration.

Dr. Raffles wrote very few letters after his partial recovery; one or two, however, have come into the editor's possession. On the 12th of June, he wrote with a trembling hand a few lines to his friend Mrs. Birch, in acknowledgment of some beautiful flowers which she had

sent to him from London; and on the 15th he writes to his old friends Dr. and Mrs. Bell, of Bath:—

"I take pen in hand, once more, to thank you for the kind expression of your sympathy. It is now, I think, five weeks since I wrote a letter, with one exception, and this must be brief. I am, I believe, a miracle and a marvel to all around me—to the medical men especially. For one whole day I was, to all intents and purposes, out of the body. But here I am again, a prisoner once more, but a prisoner of consolation and of hope. All right! 'He hath done all things well.' I can't write much; I begin already to tire; but I must add one line, to bear testimony to His faithfulness and love, who has cheered and sustained me, and vouchsafed sweet communion with Himself in the solitude I now realise. God bless you, my dear old friends. Receive the renewed assurance of my love and esteem."

The last letter which the editor has been able to obtain, and certainly one of the last—if not the last—which he wrote, is addressed to the Rev. A. Clark, Secretary to the Committee of the College. It was fitting that his parting benediction should be pronounced upon an institution with which he had been so intimately connected for so many years, for which he had laboured so much, and whose interests had ever been so dear to him. He writes, anticipating his absence from the sessional anniversary at midsummer:—

"So kind a letter as yours, and one on a subject so dear to my heart, demands an ample reply; but I cannot write anything worthy to be called a letter—only a few words. O! that I could compress into them all the affection and gratitude I feel to my friends in Manchester for the kindness they have ever shown, and are still showing, to me. In the prosperity of the College, you well know how heartily I rejoice. May it still continue, and

even advance, and the hearts of our excellent professors be cheered, and their labours stimulated and recompensed by the assurance that they are not spending their strength for nought. I never cease to bless God on their account, and pray that they may be long continued in the high and important positions which they have hitherto occupied so well. My spirit will be with you in the meeting. My absence in person I deeply deplore. But I am in His hands who doeth all things well, and without repining I desire to submit. Nothing can gratify me more than the knowledge that one whom I so much love* is to occupy the place on Thursday which the kindness of my friends has so long assigned to me. I know of no one to whom, on all accounts, it is more befitting. May God be with you, and a thousand blessings rest upon the institution so dear to my heart, and upon all its friends assembled to celebrate its anniversary, and pray for and promote its prosperity."

Dr. Raffles continued in very much the same state during the whole of July. He remarked one day to the editor, "I fear that my complaint is confirmed dropsy," and seemed from that time to have concluded in his own mind that he should not recover, though previously, during his illness, he had not given himself up, for he had occasionally spoken of going to some quiet place in the country, when he should be better, and able to travel. His sufferings at times were extremely distressing to witness, but he was wonderfully patient for a man of his quick temperament. The difficulty of breathing, which had tortured him for many years past, and compelled him to take his nightly rest propped up by pillows, now increased fearfully, so that he was obliged to abandon altogether the upper rooms, on account of the stairs,

* The Rev. James Gwyther, of Manchester.

and at length confined himself wholly to the ground floor.

Many interesting reminiscences of his last days remain with various members of his family, some of which have already been given to the public in the admirable funeral sermon by the Rev. James Parsons, and in the eloquent and graceful tribute which the pen of the Rev. Baldwin Brown has paid to the memory of his uncle. The editor shrinks from further lifting the veil, which fitly shrouds the privacy of the chamber of death. Enough has been given to show that the great doctrines of the faith which it was the business of his father's life to commend to the acceptance of his fellow-men were his only consolation in the anticipation of eternity.

But the closing scene was at hand. For ten days previous to his decease, those who were nearest and dearest to him sadly watched the gradual decay of physical and mental powers, though it was hardly anticipated that the end was so near. It became more and more difficult to recall the slumbering senses to sufficient wakefulness for even the briefest conversation. The voice of daughter or of son failed alike to call forth the loving smile which had been wont to play upon his fine countenance, even amidst the weariness and depression of his long confinement. The few utterances which fell from his lips betrayed the consciousness of a soul hovering on the confines of the eternal. "To depart and to be with Christ which is far better;" "Made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," were the sentences which most frequently caught the ear. He had evidently done with earth and time, and was calmly

awaiting the summons of the Master to His faithful servant.

During this time he never moved from his library. Occasionally, during the night, he reclined upon the bed, which had been temporarily made up for his use, but, for the most part, he sat in his arm-chair, or on the sofa, propped up by pillows. Being on the ground floor, he could look into the little garden, which had been laid out under his own superintendence, and in which he greatly delighted. His old love of nature lingered with him to the last. To his youngest son, who passed the greater part of the Sunday previous to his death with him, he remarked, turning to the window through which the sun was streaming, "how beautiful!" He roused himself for a few moments afterwards, on the editor coming in, and speaking to his brother of a well-known townsman, recently deceased. Upon the name reaching his ear, he enquired of whom they were speaking, and evidently followed all that was said; but he speedily relapsed into a state of drowsiness, and seemed lost to the outer world.

On Monday afternoon, the 17th of August, his eldest daughter-in-law became aware of a change, which caused her to send an intimation to the editor, who found the summons on his arrival at home after the discharge of his daily public duties. He hastened to Edge Hill, prepared to remain during the night. He could not rouse his father to converse, though occasionally he answered in a monosyllable when spoken to. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could be moved in the smallest degree, the limbs apparently having lost all their power. The

family retired for the night with an uneasy feeling; but though they feared that the great change could not be very far distant, they little imagined that the angel of death was so near, and that they should be aroused from sleep to witness the last moments of their aged parent.

But so it was. About five in the morning of the 18th, he looked towards the bed on which Robinson, his faithful coachman, was sleeping, and his ever-watchful attendant, Miss Snell, asked him if he wanted him. "No," he said, "I want Christ;" and soon after he was heard to murmur two lines of a favourite hymn, altering one word, "*Christ* shall complete what *Christ* begins." This was his last utterance. His attendants became alarmed very shortly afterwards, and called up his daughter, and his eldest son and daughter-in-law, who were speedily by his side. They found him seated on the sofa, propped up with pillows, his chest heaving at intervals, and the death pallor on his countenance. His son called to him, "Father!" but he answered not. A few convulsive breathings preceded the final struggle, and at six o'clock, calmly and peacefully, he expired. "*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them!*"

And thus he died. In the room which he had for thirty-eight years consecrated by the labours of his life, surrounded by the books which he loved so well, and had long used to so high and holy a purpose, he drew his last breath. He remained in the posture in which he died for more than half-an-hour, until the arrival of his youngest

son. The happy expression of perfect repose which lingered on his features will long be a sacred and cherished memory to those who were around him, for even after the spirit had fled, it was difficult to realise the presence of death.

* * * * *

The intelligence of the event spread rapidly, and, though not unexpected, the announcement was received with deep and sincere regret throughout the town in which he had been so long resident; while the local press, representing every phase of political and religious opinion, with singular unanimity, bore testimony to his high character and unblemished reputation, and to his useful and honourable career as a minister of religion, in a manner which was most gratifying to surviving relatives and friends.

The funeral took place on Monday, the 24th of August. Early in the morning, the remains were conveyed from Edge Hill, accompanied by his eldest and youngest sons, and his nephew, the Rev. Baldwin Brown, to the chapel in Great George Street, and were placed in the vestibule, which was hung with black cloth. Before the hour fixed for the funeral service the chapel was densely filled. The centre of the building was reserved for ministers and friends from a distance, who came in large numbers to testify their respect to the memory of the dead. The service was commenced by the singing of a hymn, which was given out by the Rev. E. Mellor. The Rev. C. M. Birrell, minister of the Baptist chapel, Pembroke Place,

then read several admirably-selected passages of Scripture and led the prayers of the congregation, after which the following beautiful hymn, composed by Dr. Raffles, was sung :—

"High in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise,
Glad within these blest abodes,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Emmanuel's love."

"Once the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But, these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again!

"'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

"All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows:
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest."

The Rev. John Kelly, with deep feeling, then delivered a brief address, concluding, with emotion which he was with difficulty able to suppress, in the following words:—

"There, in yonder vestibule, lie the remains of one, than whom a more genial, kind, and loving spirit it would be difficult to find. His grand distinction was that he was a faithful and successful minister of Christ, who knew and felt the power of that Gospel which he was honoured to preach to others. His own Christian character was above suspicion. Occupying a position of wide and extensive usefulness, and endowed by the Master with powers which qualified him to fill it with singular efficiency, he was necessarily brought largely before the public. His profession was, therefore, open to the scrutiny of general observation for an unusual length of time; and I fearlessly affirm that its sincerity was never impeached by the breath of slander. His reputation, to the last, was without a stain. He was acknowledged to be a good man in the true sense of the term. The Saviour whom he preached was the object of his warmest attachment, and the source of all his excellences. He was a good minister of Jesus Christ, whose person and work were the grand themes on which he delighted to dwell. He had no fondness for novelties, no love for speculation. He kept to the *old paths;* and never did he falter in the uncompromising exhibition of the truth, and never did he weary in his earnest endeavours to win men to its reception, and bring them to obedience. By his own Church and congregation he was deservedly held in high honour. To many of them he was the instrument of great spiritual good; and, till his health failed, he was ever at their call, in any matter which could promote their best interests. Who that knew him did not love him? Who is there to whom he intentionally gave offence? While keenly sensitive to unkindness, who ever offended him and did not find him placable and ready to forgive? During an intercourse of thirty-four years, I can lay some claim to a knowledge of what he was. There are incidents in that intercourse which come up clearly and vividly to my recollection now, strikingly illustrative

of his character and his genial disposition. Frequently brought together by the general interests of the same denomination, to which his attachment, if not ostentatious, was warm and steady, I can testify to his great ability in the management of business —to the close attention which he paid to whatever came before him—to the soundness of his judgment, and to the uniform urbanity with which he treated all who came into contact with him. This much respect and affection prompt me to say. I am not here to attempt any full delineation of his character, or to pronounce his eulogy. This is not the time for such an undertaking, were I even equal to it. Our loss is too recent. Our feelings require to be calmed down. It is a subject which needs to be approached with composure, thought, and prayer, to do it justice. Our immediate object is different. We are here for instruction, for consolation, and to have our grief mitigated by those glorious truths which are given for the nourishment, comfort, and joy of all redeemed souls. May this end, through mercy, be abundantly attained!

"To his family he has left a fragrant memory, a bright example, and all the consolation which the hope of the Gospel in his case inspires. This is an inheritance far more precious than wealth or rank can bequeath. In this, the hour of their bereavement, may they richly enjoy the comfort which these considerations are fitted to supply. May the God of all grace sustain them in their present sorrow, and enable them through their future life worthily to honour the name they bear.

"To his brethren in the ministry, to his intimate friends, and indeed to all, the lesson of his life comes with impressive force, now that his pilgrimage is closed. It tells us that the religion he professed, and which proved his solace in his last hours, is the only thing worth living for; that life without it is mere waste, and worse than waste; that our chief interest lies in being in Christ, in living for Him, and in holding fast the beginning of the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end. How impressively this event reminds us that the longest life comes to a close; that however distant we may think it, it will surely come; and that it is our true wisdom to

give all diligence to make our calling and election sure, that when the Master comes He may find us as servants with our loins girt, and our lamps burning, waiting for His summons. O that the lesson were permanently impressed upon our hearts by God's Holy Spirit, and its influence habitually felt in our daily walk! Arise, let us go hence, and bear these remains to their last resting-place. Farewell, dear friend, but not for ever! No—not for ever! We shall meet again, if we are only faithful to Christ, to renew an intercourse which shall never be marred by any infirmity, and never reach a possible termination."

The service concluded with the hymn:—"Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims," and the procession was then formed to attend the remains to the Necropolis. A large body of gentlemen, consisting of clergymen of the Church of England, ministers of various Nonconformist Communions, members of the Great George Street Chapel congregation, and other friends and fellow-townsmen, in number about 600, preceded the funeral cortége, and the Mayor of Liverpool, and many other gentlemen, followed at the head of a long line of carriages. It was estimated that 50,000 people lined the route of the procession. The shops and private houses were partially closed, while the bells of St. Luke's Church, in the immediate neighbourhood of the chapel, tolled muffled peals. The six officers of his Church acted as pall-bearers. At the grave the Rev. Enoch Mellor read portions of the burial service of the Church of England, with the addition of an appropriate prayer for the family. One long, last look into the vault which had now received another precious deposit within its already consecrated enclosure, and the mourners retired. But it is said, that, "it was a late

hour of the evening before the last reverent visitor to his tomb withdrew."*

On the following Sunday morning, the Rev. James Parsons preached the funeral sermon; and the Rev. Enoch Mellor, in the evening, made the death of his revered predecessor the topic of his discourse. In very many other pulpits, both of the Established Church and of the various denominations of Dissenters, sermons were also preached, having reference to the event.

The committees of the Lancashire Independent College, of the Lancashire Congregational Union, of the Liverpool Auxiliary Bible Society, and of various other societies with which Dr. Raffles was connected, at their earliest meetings subsequent to his death, passed resolutions expressive of sympathy with his family, and of their own deep sorrow at the removal of a valued friend and coadjutor in their labours. The Congregational Union of England and Wales, which met in Liverpool, in September following, under the presidency of the Rev. E. Mellor, united in paying a special tribute to his memory in the place which he had consecrated by the work of his life.

His old congregation resolved upon perpetuating his name by the erection of a building in Greenland Street, in the neighbourhood of the chapel, to be called the "Raffles Memorial Mission Rooms," intended to contain a mission chapel, rooms for the ragged schools, and accommodation for the Female Bible Mission and Working Men's Club. The building, which is admirably

* Thomas Raffles, D.D., LL.D. A Sketch by the Rev. J. B. Brown, p. 17.

adapted to the purposes for which it was designed, was opened in May, 1864.

A monument to his memory is shortly to be erected within the walls of the chapel, for so many years the scene of his labours. Over the family vault in the Necropolis, a mural tablet has been placed, to mark the spot where his remains, and those of his wife, repose. On this tablet the following inscription has been placed :—

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

THE REV. THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D., LL.D.,

&c., &c., &c.,

FOR FORTY-NINE YEARS MINISTER OF

GREAT GEORGE STREET CHAPEL, LIVERPOOL,

BORN MAY 17, 1788,

DIED AUG. 18, 1863 :

AND OF

MARY CATHERINE, HIS WIFE,

ONLY DAUGHTER OF

THE LATE JAMES HARGREAVES, ESQ., OF LIVERPOOL,

BORN JULY 31, 1796,

DIED MAY 17, 1843.

THEIR SURVIVING CHILDREN DEDICATE THIS TABLET

TO THE MEMORY OF THEIR BELOVED AND

HONOURED PARENTS.

ERRATUM.

Page 158, note, for *Rev. William Alexander*, read "Rev. George Greatbach." The editor regrets that he did not ascertain, until too late for correction, in the body of the work, that he had attributed the allusion in Dr. Raffles's diary to the wrong person.

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